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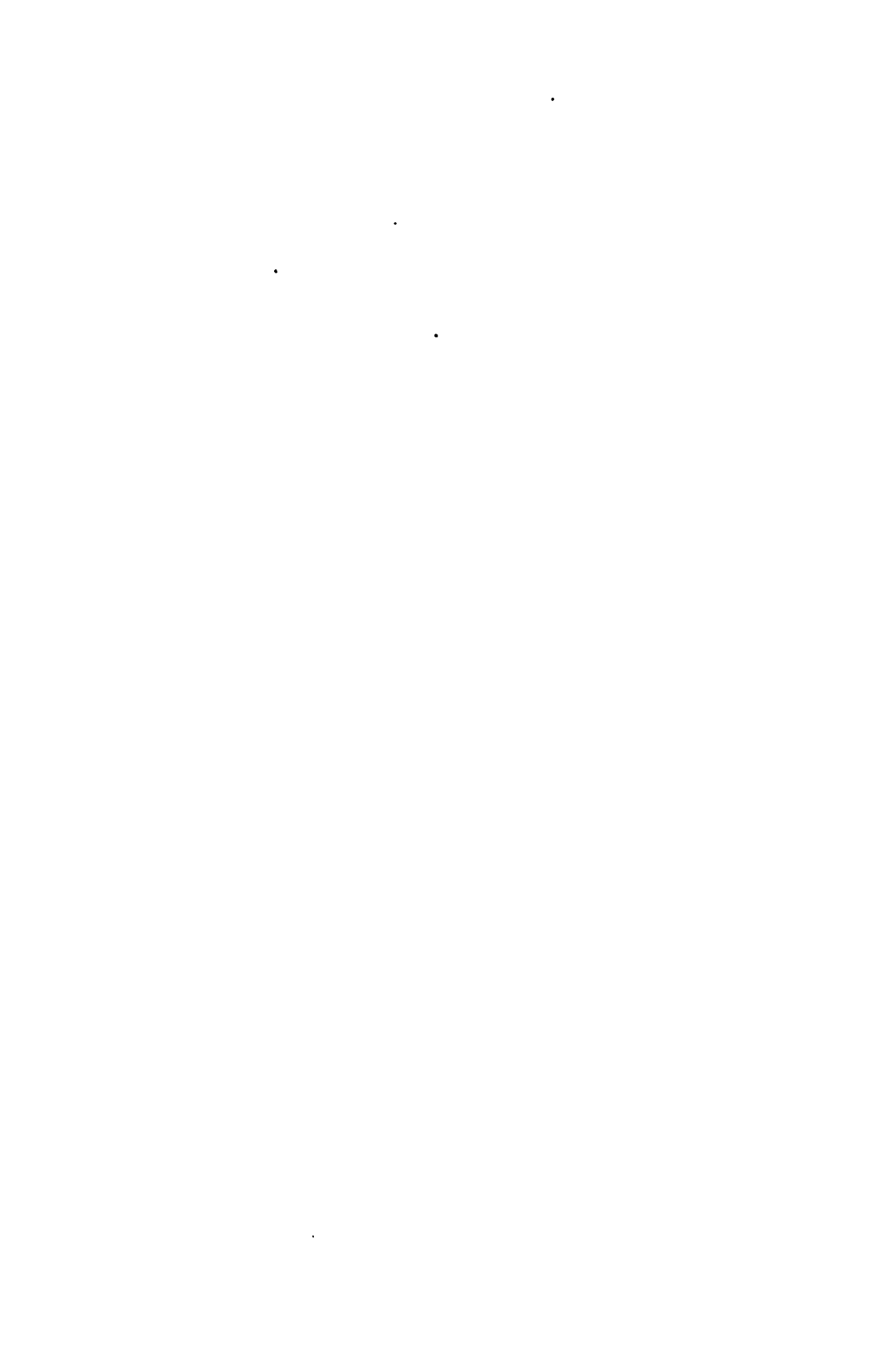
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HOOD'S MAGAZINE.

TALES OF THE COLONIES.

SECOND SERIES.

BY CHARLES ROWCROFT.

THE BUSHRANGER OF VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

OIONOO.

It was one of the men who first observed a figure moving up the ravine in which they were lying; he pointed it out to his comrade, who touched the Major's foot with a dead branch which lay ready to his hand, and the three remained without moving, their eyes fixed on the object. The Major at once perceived that it was a native, who was advancing cautiously towards them, and who seemed anxiously looking out on every side, as if in search of something.

"It is a spy of those black devils, looking out for us," said one of the soldiers.

"It's a woman, by George," said the other, as the native continued her advance.

"I wish it had been a man," continued the first, who had levelled his piece sharp-shooter fashion towards the native; "it goes against one's feeling to fire at a woman."

"She is tall and straight," remarked the second, "and if it wasn't for her being black, she wouldn't be amiss."

"She looks like a young girl," said the other, as the native advanced nearer.

But it seemed that the sound of his voice had struck her ear; for she stopped, listened, snuffed the air like a pointer scenting game, looked about on all sides, and turning her head half round behind, remained for a brief space in an attitude of fixed attention.

The Major regarded the native girl with much attention; and the men, seeing that she was alone, were curious to observe her motions.

She remained for some time fixed and motionless as a statue, her

black body shining like polished ebony. She was entirely naked; there was no mark of paint or of tattooing visible on her sleek and glossy skin; her hair was not woolly, but hung from her head some inches behind in frizzly curls. Presently, suspecting, as it seemed, that some danger was nigh, she resumed her walk, but with more caution even than at first. With a timid and frightened look, she turned her large eyes, which were singularly black and bright, towards the spot where the Major and his men were hidden, and tried to pierce into the space before her, which the shades of the evening had begun to render obscure, treading lightly, and lifting up her feet in that peculiar manner characteristic of the natives, who walk like a high-stepping horse, in order to clear the dead wood with which their path in the woods is encumbered. To judge from the supple movements of her well-formed limbs, the Major guessed that she was possessed of great agility; but there was a something in her manner which convinced him that she was not abroad with any hostile intentions. Indeed her countenance, when she was close enough for them to observe it, expressed suspicion and fear, rather than any other feeling. As she approached the spot where they lay concealed amidst loose rocks and stones, she suddenly stopped again, and snuffed the air with her broad flat nose, and made a step back, as if with the intention of flying from some unusual danger.—But after a few moments of anxious scrutiny of the point which she had left, she again advanced a few steps with a quick motion, as if she thought it better to encounter the new danger that was before, than that which was behind; and again she stopped and snuffed the air, and seemed surprised and alarmed at some unexpected discovery.

The Major whispered as low as possible to his men : —

“ We must take this woman.”

Low as his whisper was, however, it was heard by the quick-eared native. She gave a fearful look towards the spot where they lay concealed, and at that moment the two soldiers starting up, the girl uttered a loud scream of fear, and darted up the steep ascent before them. The men followed; but they would have had little chance in pursuing a native in the bush, had not the girl, in looking back to see if her pursuers were nigh, stumbled over a loose stone and fallen to the ground. Paralysed as she was with fear, before she could recover herself, and uncertain, perhaps, which way to fly, for it seemed to her that there was danger on every side, the men seized her by the arms. She made no struggle, but, doubling herself up, she sat on her hams and bent down her head in terror, expecting doubtless that she was to be put to death. In this state the Major approached the native with the intention of calming her fears; but for some time she remained in such an agony of terror as to be insensible, seemingly, to all that was going on around her, and her whole body shook and shivered with fear.

The Major directed his men to release her arms. They did so, but the native showed no sign of being sensible of the restraint having been withdrawn.

He spoke to her kindly and soothingly; but the girl's teeth continued to chatter with terror.

He extended his hand and patted her on the shoulder as jockeys do horses when they desire to calm them ; but the native, supposing, perhaps, that this was done in order to ascertain if she was fat enough to be eaten, only shuddered the more, and shrunk herself up from the touch of the strange creatures, the like of whom she had never beheld before.

The poor Major was puzzled to know how to communicate with her, or what to do, now he had got her, with the young lady whom he had so violently taken under his protection. But as he was desirous of making use of the native to guide him back to his cave, he determined to persevere in his attempt to bring about a mutual good understanding.

He desired one of his men to give him a bit of "damper," which he offered to the native, but she would not take it. He then eat a bit himself, and invited her by signs to do the same. She looked wistfully at it for a moment ; there was hunger in her looks, the Major thought. He put the bit of damper down on the ground. She raised her head up timidly, and looked at the two soldiers, and then at the Major, and then at the bread. At last she took it in her hand, and smelt it, tasted it, and ate it up greedily. The men as she opened her mouth could not refrain from an involuntary exclamation :—

"What grinders !"

Seeing that she liked it, the Major threw her another piece. The native ate that also.

"Try her with some brandy," said one of the soldiers.

He poured out a small quantity into a metal cup which they had brought with them, and the Major, after having taken a little sip to show the lady how the liquor was to be disposed of, handed her the vessel with his arm outstretched, much in the same manner as a visitor hands a morsel to a wild animal in a cage in the Zoological gardens. She took it, and having smelled at it, let it drop.

"D—— her," said one of the soldiers, "the black brute has wasted the brandy."

The tone of the soldier's voice as he uttered this exclamation, excusable in the bush, where brandy is scarce, seemed to renew the fright of the native. She looked round her anxiously, as if meditating escape.

"Give me some sugar," said the Major ; "we will try her with that."

The man unpacked his parcel in a twinkling, and brought it to the Major, who, grasping a small handful of it, placed it on a piece of the bark of a tree, and putting some of it in his mouth, passed the bark plate to the lady, who took it without hesitation. She smelled at it as before, and poked it with her finger, which she carried to her mouth. Seeming satisfied with the taste, she poked her finger into it again, and then diligently licked it with much apparent satisfaction. Then, being unable to resist the temptation of its sweetness, she bore the piece of bark on which the sugar was deposited to her mouth, and ate it all up in a moment, cleaning the bark with her tongue of any remaining crumbs as a dog does a plate.

This last mark of attention on the part of her entertainer seemed to

re-assure her considerably ; her trembling ceased ; and she sat on her hams more composedly than before. The Major now tried by signs to make her understand what he wanted.

He pretended to drink, and looked all about as if he was trying to find water. The native understood him, and pointing in the direction of the path by which she had come, shook her head, and made signs of being frightened at something from which she had fled. Then pointing in a direction forwards she nodded her head, and rising from her sitting position began to move forward.

Had the Major been a younger man, he would not perhaps have minded the total absence of dress on the lady's person, which, as she stood on her hind legs, was more conspicuous and striking than it had been in her sitting posture ; but, as he was the father of a family, he would have preferred that she should have been clothed with some sort of covering, however trifling. Desirous of remedying the deficiency in some way, he drew his handkerchief from his pocket, and presented it to the black lady, not being able to express his meaning by words, nor even by signs, but hoping that what is called the natural modesty of her sex would instruct her to make a proper application of the gift. The native girl accepted the handkerchief readily, and turning round on the strange white man, whom she rewarded with a smile which exhibited to view her formidable row of teeth, tied the handkerchief round her head, and continued her way.

"She knows no better," said the Major to himself ; "and, after all, our civilised habits are only conventional : but certainly if a lady of any colour was to appear at court in the old country in that state of primitive simplicity, it would produce no slight sensation."

The further philosophical reflections which he might have made on this point of etiquette were put a stop to by the native suddenly pointing to a tiny stream of water which trickled from the side of the declivity. The Major and his men drank of it eagerly, and the native drank some also, the sugar having made her thirsty ; and when the party had satisfied themselves with the pure element, which the men remarked would mix admirably with any sort of spirit, but to which hint the Major paid no attention, the question was, what was to be done next ? The young lady showed no disposition to escape, and seemed to wait quietly to know how she was to be disposed of ; but as the evening was advancing, and as it was nearly dark, the excellent Major was somewhat puzzled to know what to do with his new acquisition during a night bivouac. If it was possible, he thought it would be best to endeavour to reach the cave that night, but as he calculated that he must be at a great distance from it, he despaired of being able to accomplish the journey, fatigued as he was with his day's march.

He essayed, however, to communicate his desire by signs. He pointed to the water of the spring, and endeavoured to make her comprehend the idea of a large quantity of water spread over a wide surface. It seemed that the native comprehended him, for she stretched out her arm towards the right and shook her head, exhibiting signs of great fear from that quarter ; but what the cause of her fear was it was impossible for them to make out. But they could make her

understand nothing further. The Major was inclined to regard her as a fugitive from her tribe, or perhaps a prisoner who had escaped, for he could not otherwise account for her being alone, and for the expression of alarm which she had displayed in her demeanour before they had secured her.

His men took the liberty to represent to him, that the natives were a savage and treacherous race, and that it was very likely that this young girl had been sent out as a decoy, in order to throw them off their guard; and they related many instances, which they had heard in camp, of the cunning of the blacks, and of their insuperable animosity to the white people.

This view of the case, however, the Major repudiated, for the girl's countenance, black as it was, had something in it of that softness which is never entirely absent from the youthful of her sex; and her manner indicated besides, as it struck him, that she was in want of protection, and was inclined to accept it even from the white people rather than again encounter the dangers from which she had recently escaped. He pursued his inquiries, therefore, and made another attempt to communicate with the native by the universal language of signs, although the coming darkness scarcely allowed him sufficient light for his operations.

He directed one of the men to scoop out a hollow basin in the course of the rill, which soon filled the excavation with water. He then took a piece of the bark of a tree, and stuck a couple of sticks in it to represent miniature masts, clothing them with pieces of paper, to represent sails. He then, by signs and gestures, contrived to make the black girl understand that he wanted to go to a great thing like that. The girl looked at it attentively for some time, gazing alternately at the mimic ship and at the Major, as if striving to comprehend his meaning. Suddenly she broke out into a wild laugh, and clapped her hands, and pointed with her finger in a direction over a high tier of hills.

The Major made signs to her to go forward in the direction in which she pointed, but she showed much reluctance to move, for the dark was setting in, and the natives have a great dread of travelling in the night, fearing to fall into the power of an evil spirit. The Major was not aware of the cause of her fear, but it was clear that she was afraid of something, and he showed to her the guns of himself and the soldiers to re-assure her; but it was evident, from her manner, that she did not comprehend the use of such weapons.

He then directed his men to unsheath their bayonets. She retreated at the sight of these strange instruments, but the Major, taking one of them in his hand, offered it to her. She took hold of it, but let it drop immediately, alarmed at its coldness, and at the unusual feel of metal. But as, in falling on its point, it stuck in the ground, the circumstance seemed to strike her with much admiration; and when the Major picked it up and offered it to her again she took it, and continued to hold it in her hand, though a little frightened. As it did not move, however, and as she felt no harm, she touched the point gently with her finger, and was surprised at its sharpness.

The Major then made signs to her to hold the weapon in her hand

and move forward ; and the native, after a little hesitation, and seeing that the white strangers showed no signs of fear in the dark, and supposing perhaps that the curious cold spear which they had given to her was a protection against the evil spirit, set out at a tolerably rapid pace in the direction to which she had pointed as the place where the great moving thing that resembled the little bark ship lay in the wide water. Her new friends followed, keeping a sharp eye on her to guard against an escape ; but of this it afterwards proved the poor girl was not thinking ; and after a brisk walk of about three miles, after passing over some high hills, the Major suddenly found himself on the margin of the bay ; and, as he presently perceived, not far from the cave which he desired to reach.

He now became aware that he had been wandering nearly the whole of the day in a part of the country abounding in high and low hills, and at a comparatively small distance from the place of his destination, confused as he had been by the intricacies of the bush. Determining to profit by this lesson, he led the way at a rapid pace to his old encampment, having previously relieved the girl from her bayonet for fear of accidents, and having invited her by signs to accompany him.

The native now, in her turn, followed her conductor with great willingness ; a circumstance which rather surprised the Major, as it betokened a confidence which he had been given to understand was altogether contrary to the disposition and the habits of the aborigines ; but the reason was afterwards explained when she had been taught sufficient words in the English language to enable her to express her meaning. The Major now thought that he might do an acceptable service to the colony and to the government by taming the wild creature which had thus been placed in his power, and who seemed well contented to abide with him and to receive his commands. He determined therefore to make the attempt, not a little pleased to have the opportunity of studying closely a specimen of the singular people who inhabited a country unlike any other part of the known world. With this view, he made up his mind at once to send her on board the brig, and to place her under the care of his daughter Louisa, to whom she might be taught perhaps to perform the part of a female attendant.

He immediately made the signal to the brig which had been agreed on, by lighting three fires on the beach at particular distances, and the distant sound of oars on the water soon proclaimed that his signal had been understood and attended to. The mate was not in the boat, and the Major immediately despatched it back for clothes of some sort for their visitor ; not liking, although it was night, that his new acquaintance should make her appearance in her present unsophisticated condition before his daughter. The boat returned promptly ; and the Major with much delicacy showed the young lady how to put on a pair of sailor's trousers, which he tied on with a bit of rope yarn round her middle. Over this was placed a petticoat to give her a proper feminine appearance, and a faded light blue spencer, which hooked on behind, "put her bows in decent trim," as a sailor expressed it. Her head was left bare, and shoes and stockings were

dispensed with, and thus elegantly dressed, the young lady was politely assisted into the boat by the sailors, where she squatted down on her hams, preserving an extraordinarily grave countenance all the time, the poor creature being in truth utterly lost in astonishment as to what had been done and what was to happen next. Thus freighted, with the addition of the Major and the two soldiers, the boat was rapidly rowed to the vessel.

The affectionate Louisa was overjoyed to see her father again ; a delight, however, which was presently damped by the thought of his ill success in his search after her sister Helen, and by his informing her that it was his intention to recommence his journey at the dawn of day. With respect to the novel sort of lady's maid which her father had brought for her, she felt a little repugnance at first to allow the black girl to remain in close proximity to her person. But that feeling soon wore off, and she soon ceased to regard the colour of her skin ; while the gentle aspect of the kind-hearted Louisa and the soft and silvery tones of her voice so won on the simple heart of the native, who was not long in learning that the beautiful creature, who she at first supposed had come from the skies, was of the same sex as herself, that she threw herself on the floor of the cabin, uttering sounds which were unintelligible, and then raising her head, laughed, and addressed to Louisa some words which, although spoken in an unknown and barbarous tongue, were evidently meant for the expression of her gratitude, and obedience, and devotion.

The personal appearance of the native was so grotesque, that Louisa could not forbear some little laughter at the incongruous nature of her habiliments. Her laughter seemed to please the girl. She coiled herself up at Louisa's feet, and although her wild bright eyes glanced rapidly at every motion or sound that occurred, she seemed quite resigned, and pleased with her new position.

Louisa made attempts to talk with her, but that was impossible. She tried to find out the name of her new acquaintance, but it was some time before the native could be brought to comprehend what she wanted. At last, by frequently repeating her own name and pointing to herself, she made the girl understand her meaning. The native repeated the name of "Louisa" with a readiness and correctness which was quite startling : and then pointing to herself, said, "Oionoo."

"Oionoo," repeated Louisa.

The young native girl, at the sound of her own name thus pronounced, showed the most extravagant signs of joy. She again threw herself on the ground before Louisa, and kissed her feet, while great tears ran from her bright fierce eyes down her black face, and she seemed convulsed with the most violent emotion.

The Major regarded this scene with extreme surprise, and his daughter was much affected by it. They could not conjecture the reason of the violent emotion of the black girl ; and they were not aware that she was in fact the last of her tribe, and had escaped, when she was encountered by the Major, from those who were about to put her to a cruel death. How amply the kindness which was bestowed by the fair and gentle Louisa on the forlorn native girl was afterwards

repaid by services the most important, will be seen in the sequel of this narration.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A FIGHT WITH THE NATIVES.

It is impossible to describe in words the intensity of the terror of Helen, as she sat on the ground a helpless spectator of the deadly preparations made by the Bushranger for the destruction of those whom she doubted not were her lover and her father. And if Trevor was foremost in her thoughts in that time of mortal agony, it was from no lack of filial affection towards her parent, but it was in accordance with that powerful principle of our nature which prompts a woman's heart — in its absorbing love for that one being whom it has selected from all other men in whom to confide her virgin trust — to consider him as all in all to her — and of all things on earth the most precious and the dearest!

It was in vain that she racked her brain to find some expedient either to divert the Bushranger from his object, or to frustrate his design. She thought that she would scream out, in the hope that her voice might be heard in the stillness of the bush, so that Trevor might be warned of his danger. — But then she considered, that, if she made use of such means of giving him notice prematurely, it would only cause her own instant death without benefiting him. It occurred to her also that she should have the means of ascertaining her lover's and her father's near approach from the looks and gestures of the Bushranger, and that it would be best for her to reserve her caution until they were near enough to profit by it; then — what might be her own fate — he being safe — signified nothing!

Neither was poor Jeremiah Silliman insensible to the peril which hung over the friends advancing to their rescue; but the fatigue of his long march, encumbered as he was with a heavy load, and the frequent rebuffs and threats which he had experienced from Mark Brandon, and the blows which he had suffered from the brutal Grough, without his being able to defend himself or to retaliate, had so broken down his spirit, that he had become almost like an impassive piece of mechanism at the will of his captors. He could not, however, survey unmoved the cool and impenetrable Mark Brandon with his fowling-piece directed in the line leading from the side of the stream to the thicket; and his good feeling predominating over his fears, he ventured to begin a remonstrance with Brandon on the cruelty of his proceeding: —

“Mr. Mark Brandon,” he began, “I have a thousand dollars . . .”

But before he could proceed further he felt the butt-end of Grough's musket on his head, which stretched him prostrate on the ground. Grough was about to repeat the hint to be quiet by a second blow, which would have silenced for ever poor Jerry's tongue, when he was stopped by a sign from Brandon, who, making a significant gesture,

and pointing towards the line on which their pursuers were expected, said in a low firm voice:—

“Be ready.”

Grough immediately brought his musket to his shoulder, covering obliquely the point at which Brandon's weapon was directed.

The Bushranger cocked his fowling-piece;—Grough did the same.

The sound of those two “clicks,” in the awful silence of the bush, rang in Helen's ears like the tolling bell of her lover's doom!—She felt that the decisive moment was come!

The Bushranger ran his eye down the hollow between the barrels of his piece—for it was his habit to fire with his left barrel first—and edged the sight a little to the right of his victim;—it was a deadly aim.

Helen now tried to scream out:—but excess of terror paralysed her. She opened her mouth;—but her voice stuck in her throat! She could utter no sound! The moments were fleeting away! In another her lover would be slain!

“Fire!” said Brandon.

But at the instant when he pronounced the word, a shower of spears from behind, came whistling through the bushes. One of them struck Brandon's right shoulder, and another stuck in Grough's huge back, which caused the discharge of both to be ineffectual.—Helen and Jeremiah being on the ground, the spears passed harmlessly over them; but the report of the guns, and the sudden appearance of the native spears acting as a sudden shock on Helen, she gave vent to her pent-up shrieks, which apprised Trevor—who, not heeding the shots, that missed him, was advancing with the corporal at the charge—that his mistress was nigh, and in danger! At the same time a yell arose from the body of natives, who had, as they thought, surprised the white people at a disadvantage, which, responding to Helen's shrieks, made the bushes and woods resound with discordant cries.

Nor did the natives delay in following up their first discharge of spears by a bodily attack on those whom they considered as the spoilers of their country. They knew but little of the nature of fire-arms, but some of them had learnt that after the first noise of the thunder, an interval must elapse before it could be made again. The white men, Brandon and Grough, therefore, having made their thunder, the natives in a mob made a rush, with frightful yells, on their enemies, and Helen and Jerry found themselves in the midst of the blacks, who fell on the two bushrangers with inconceivable fury.

Brandon, being unable to resist the impetuosity of this first onset, called out to Grough to come to his side, and retreated on the right hand side of the thicket, while Trevor and the corporal charged to the left, where they were encountered by the natives, who had driven away the other two, and who, flushed with success, immediately attacked the new-comers with their waddies.

Trevor fired, and shot one and wounded another of the natives with his double-barrel, but as they did not cease from their attack, the corporal was obliged to fire before Trevor had time to load again. He killed one of the savages on the spot, but the natives, heated with

the combat, and confiding in their numbers, and emboldened besides by the retreat of the other two white men, continued to press forward; and Trevor and the corporal were obliged to retreat, in order to get free from the crowd which assailed them, and to load their weapons. When they emerged from the thicket, they beheld on their right the two bushrangers.

The natives, on their retreat, which was almost simultaneous with that of Brandon and Grough, set up a shout of triumph, and pursued them closely. The four white men—two and two, and at the distance of about a hundred yards from each other—retired in the same direction, till they reached the stream which they had previously crossed.

But short as was the time which it took them in this quick flight, the steady and practised corporal was enabled to insert a cartridge into the barrel of his musket, which he instantly rammed down, and then faced about.

"Load, Sir," he said to the ensign, "as quick as you can." At the same time he fired at the mob of natives yelling after them, and checked their advance. Before the ensign had loaded the corporal had fired again, and had brought down another native.

There was a short pause; and the cries of the natives for a few moments ceased.

Trevor took advantage of the opportunity, and, raising his voice, called out to the men on his left:

"If you are Mark Brandon, as I suppose you are, I promise you a free pardon if you will join us against the natives? Where is the young lady?"

Brandon, who had retained the most perfect coolness during the sharp and sudden conflict with the savages, and who were still in considerable numbers before him, replied immediately, and with a voice seemingly of entire unconcern at the danger of his position:—

"What authority have you for promising a pardon; and what assurance can you give me that I may trust you?"

"My word of honour as a soldier and a gentleman," replied the ensign. "I will promise you good treatment, and I will use my best endeavours with the governor for your pardon."

"Is that all?" returned the Bushranger, with a sneering laugh;—but at that moment a threatening movement on the part of the natives stopped his reply:

"Don't fire on the natives," he said to his comrade—"let the others do it. See! the soldier has fired."

The fire of the corporal disabled another native, and checked the rest, among whom there appeared some hesitation.

"If that is all," resumed the Bushranger, calling out to Trevor, "I had rather remain as I am."

"Let us shoot them both," said Grough; "we can deal with the natives afterwards."

"We can do better than that," replied Brandon:—"besides—never commit murder if you can help it. It is our being here I think that keeps the natives off from the soldiers. They don't like to make

a rush on four white men armed with guns. I can see they are wavering at this moment."

Saying this, he retired with his comrade beyond the stream, and took his station at the foot of the hill.

The natives, seeing this retreat, gathered courage again; and they began to assail their two remaining enemies with spears.

"That rascally Bushranger," said the corporal, "has got some devilry in his head; you see he has got behind us, so that we are between two fires, and his going off makes those black villains more confident. We must shoot some more of them before they will leave us alone."

"We must make our way through then," replied the ensign. "I heard the voice of Miss Horton in yonder thicket, and we must rescue her or die in the attempt."

"Your Honour has only to say the word," said the corporal.

"Come on then," exclaimed Trevor, darting forwards.

The corporal fixed his bayonet and advanced side by side with his officer against the natives, who were collected together in a dense body of about a hundred, and were jabbering to one another with excessive vehemence.

"Shall I fire?" asked the corporal.

"Reserve your fire," said the ensign; "perhaps they will retire without shedding more blood."

But the natives received the charge firmly, and met their enemies with a shower of spears, which, as the distance was not more than twenty yards, told dangerously on the two soldiers. The ensign received one in his left breast, and the corporal had three for his share. They fired simultaneously.

"I have brought one down," cried out the corporal.

"And I another," responded the ensign.

"Stand firm," said the corporal; "they are going to make another rush."

The natives discharged another shower of spears which hit both the ensign and the corporal.

Trevor fired, and in a second afterwards the corporal banged at them, which checked the savages again.

"Load, sir, quick," said the corporal, "they have not had enough yet. But you are bleeding fast, sir; those two last spears have done mischief."

"And you are bleeding too, corporal. We must increase our distance, so as to get out of the reach of their spears while we can command them with our long shots; or shall we make another charge at them?"

"They are too many," replied the corporal. "It is as much as we can do to defend ourselves; and if we get off with our lives we shall do very well. This mob is one of the most determined that I have heard of on the island."

"We must advance and rescue Miss Horton," exclaimed Trevor.

"I am ready, your Honour," repeated the corporal, "to try a charge again; but they are too many, sir, to be got over that way; we must ply them with long shots—and, come what may, the young

lady must be saved from their clutches. The black wretches shan't eat her if I can help it."

"Fire again," said Trevor, stamping his foot on the turf—"fire."

"There goes down another," said the corporal, as he obeyed his officer with the most cheerful readiness, and promptly recharged his musket; "if we keep up a steady fire, your Honour, we must break them up at last. Only don't be without a shot in one of your barrels. It is the rush of the savages that is the danger; and we ought always to have a reserve fire to check it. They don't seem to like it," continued the corporal, as he fired away as fast as possible. "They are off, sir, our bullets are too hard for them."

"Don't fire if they run," said the ensign, in a faint voice.

"Your Honour is bleeding very fast," exclaimed the corporal, grounding his musket, and regarding his officer with much concern.

"Never mind! see, the natives are retreating; now we will follow up and charge—but don't fire unless they attack us—now, charge."

But as poor Trevor spoke, his voice grew fainter and fainter; he made a step or two forward—he staggered, and presently fell to the ground. Loss of blood from the wounds of the natives' spears had exhausted him; he made an effort to rise, but he sunk down again on the grass, and fainted.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A BUSH SUPPER.

THE corporal was not a man to lose his presence of mind at a faint. He had seen too much service, and had been in too many fights to be scared at the sight of a dying man. But he could not refrain from giving utterance to his indignation at his officer being wounded—and slain it might be—by "those black rascals," he muttered, "and with such tools as these," as he contemptuously kicked a spear on one side with his foot.

"Such murdering wretches," said he, as he shook his musket towards the spot where the retreating natives had disappeared among the bushes, "don't deserve quarter. And now I suppose they are going to make a feast of that poor young lady!—a delicate morsel she will be for them—the blackguard cannibals!"

It was well that Trevor's condition did not allow him to hear the last exclamation of the angry corporal, who, promptly fetching some water in his cap from the adjacent stream, threw it over his officer's face. Then observing that the blood flowed most from one particular spot under his right shoulder, he opened Trevor's coat, and applying a suitable bandage, soon had the satisfaction to see that the flowing of the blood ceased. He fetched another capful of water from the stream, and dashed it plentifully over Trevor's face, and wishing mentally that he had ever so little a drop of brandy, he endeavoured to pour some water down his throat. Trevor seemed to revive at this, and the corporal continued his attempts, till at last, to his great joy, he saw his officer open his eyes.

He urged him to take a good drink. Trevor drank some of the water, which refreshed him ; for he was faint as well from want of food and drink as from loss of blood. Presently he was able to stand up ; and although weak and tottering, he insisted on proceeding into the thicket in search of Helen. The corporal endeavoured to dissuade him from so rash a proceeding, and offered to go alone ; but to this the ensign would not consent, urging that he was strong enough to pull a trigger, and as his double barrel had been reloaded by the corporal, they could fire three times without loading, if there should be occasion for more fighting.

Leaning on the corporal's arm, therefore, he made his way into the thicket, behind which Brandon had been hidden, and from which had proceeded the shriek which Trevor did not doubt had been wrung from Helen in her double fear of the bushrangers and the natives.

But when they arrived at the spot they could see nothing of her, for whom alone Trevor was at that moment solicitous. There were several bodies of the natives lying about, and the marks of much trampling on the grass : — but no living thing was to be seen.

The corporal having cast his eye about for a convenient object, supported the ensign to the foot of a dense thicket at no great distance, and requesting him to sit up and lean against the matted branches, so that he might be protected from a sudden attack from behind, offered, "with his permission," to make a survey round about to endeavour to discover some trace of the young lady.

To this the ensign assented ; and the corporal immediately proceeded to make rapid circles around, keeping a sharp eye on every bush which might conceal an enemy ; but without success. He continued his search for some time, and even penetrated for some distance into the wood beyond ; — but he could see nothing of Miss Horton nor of the natives : they had disappeared as suddenly as they had come, and he feared that they had taken the young lady away with them to make a feast on her ; a suspicion which he communicated freely to Trevor on his return, with many supplemental embellishments of that horrible surmise.

Trevor could only reply by a faint groan of anguish. He attempted to rise, but was unable from weakness.

The corporal again made a diligent investigation of every square yard of ground, as well as the dusk which was now coming on would allow him, on the spot where the fight had begun. But he could find no trace of the poor girl, living or dead ; nor of the other prisoner — the gentleman — Mr. Silliman — whose body was no where to be found.

The corporal, having made his report to the ensign, requested his "further orders ;" and receiving his request to do as well as he could under the circumstances, for Trevor was too weak to walk, he immediately set himself about making such preparations for passing the night as the place afforded.

He gathered some of the soft and flowering branches of a Mimosa tree which stood close by, and made of them a tolerably soft bed ; and by cutting some stout stakes with his clasp knife from a grove of

straight-stemmed shrubs which grew by the margin of the water, he contrived to prop up other boughs which he gathered, so as to make a tolerable bush hut for Trevor, and sufficient at that season of the year to shelter him from the weather. Having accomplished this to his satisfaction, he began to resolve the serious question of "how the garrison was to be victualled."

There was drink enough, for the stream of fresh and sparkling water at hand ran close by, and the corporal knew very well that so long as a soldier can get a good drink of clear water, although he might grumble a little for want of spirits, he could not come to any great harm; but food was indispensable. While the old soldier was "rummaging his head," as he expressed it, for remembrances of expedients under a similar difficulty in his various campaigns, and regretting the non-existence of villages and farm-houses in those desolate regions, he beheld to his infinite delight an immense kangaroo hopping leisurely towards the water on the other side of the stream.

The animal advanced at a slow pace; sometimes hopping and sometimes moving himself forward on all-fours, as he was enticed to stop on his way by some patch of sweet grass which particularly tempted him. Now and then the animal raised himself up to his full height, as he rested on the inferior joints of his hind legs, with his long tail serving as a part of his triangular support behind; and then the corporal guessed that he stood at least six feet high, and his heart leaped within him as he surveyed the magnificent piece of game, for he had made up his mind that "on that kangaroo he and his officer should sup that night."

The kangaroo hopped on straight to the water; and putting down his head, prepared to drink; but suddenly raising it up again, snuffed the air, and looked fearfully about. So exquisitely delicate are the senses of those timid animals, that the noise made by the corporal in the cocking of his musket, and the separating of the bushes on the other side of the stream, which was not more than a dozen yards across, alarmed the creature, and it was about to take to flight; but at that critical moment the report of the corporal's musket rung in the air, and the poor kangaroo, making a mighty spring from the ground, fell dead; for the ball had passed through its small and deer-like head, and life was gone in an instant.

The sound of the corporal's piece put Trevor on the alert, and he looked anxiously about for the new enemy which the alarm betokened. He was not a little relieved when he saw his faithful subaltern staggering under the load of the hind-quarters of a kangaroo, which seemed as much as he could carry, while the ponderous tail of the animal hung down the corporal's back behind, and bumped him as he walked along, keeping time, as it were, with the corporal's movements.

"There," said the corporal, as he cast his burthen heavily on the ground; "there's supper for us, at any rate;—and now, to cook it!"

The old campaigner was not long in lighting a fire with the dead brushwood which lay about; and while the embers were burning clear he occupied himself in cutting some tender steaks, artistically, from the loins, the most delicate part of the animal, and which he

had taken care to include in the portion of the carcass which he had brought with him. He then looked about for two convenient stakes, two feet and a half long, with a fork at the end of each, which he laid on the ground ready for use. He had taken out the kidneys and liver of the animal; the latter of which he placed to bake in a convenient receptacle of hot ashes; as the liver of the kangaroo, from its extreme dryness, is used by the old traveller in the bush as a substitute for bread to eat with the other part of the flesh.

From the kidneys, which is the only part of the animal on which, except in very rare cases, any fat is to be found, for the kangaroo is almost all lean and sinew, the corporal carefully separated all the fat he could find. Then taking his iron ramrod, — first carefully ramming down a cartridge, having previously primed, into the barrel of his musket, he slipped it through the pieces of flesh and fat which he had cut, after the manner of more ancient heroes — taking a layer of flesh and a layer of fat alternately.

Matters being thus in progress, and the corporal in a state of considerable excitement, he scraped away with a stake as much of the fire as he did not want for his cooking, and reserved the clear glowing embers of the hot charcoal for his kitchen fire. Then driving in his short stakes, one on each side of the live coals, with their forked ends uppermost, he laid his ramrod, which performed the part of a spit, on the upright supports, the two ends resting on the two forks, with the fire in the middle. This being arranged, he set himself to turn his ramrod round and round with great assiduity, so that the pieces of flesh might be equally roasted. He kept his eye also on the liver, which was baking, as he declared, "beautifully."

A sudden thought, however, striking him, he took the liberty to ask the ensign if he felt himself strong enough to turn the ramrod while he manufactured some plates, and procured some water, to which Trevor cheerfully assented.

The corporal then cast his eyes about, and spying a tree, which seemed to his mind about a hundred yards to the left, and not far from the water, he proceeded to the spot, and cut through the bark with his knife, though not without much difficulty, and peeled a long strip, which he broke into two pieces — one for a plate for his officer, and the other for himself. Thus provided, and with his cap full of water for their drink, he returned to the fire, and finding the meat cooked, he slid off a couple of slices, which he presented to the ensign on his bark-plate, waiting with much deference, for his officer to finish his meal before he began his own.

"Eat, my good fellow," said Trevor: "this is neither a time nor place for ceremony; we are comrades now."

The corporal swung his open hand up to his forehead, but missing the peak of his military cap, was baulked in the military obeisance which he intended; perhaps he would have completed his salute by touching the peak of the cap as it stood on the grass like a jug full of water, for habit is strong, — but at this moment a gentle air from the north-west wafted the fragrance of the crisped venison to the corporal's nose! It was too much! military etiquette is strong, but nature is stronger still! The corporal's bowels yearned for the meat,

and without further ceremony, he plumped himself down by the fire; and as he stuffed himself with the exquisite morsels his appetite did really seem to grow on what it fed on, and he declared, with moistened eyes and greasy chops, that never, no—never, had he feasted on such delicious meat before.

The ensign, albeit that his heart was sorely troubled at the uncertain fate of Helen, acquiesced by a nod in the eulogium of the corporal.

“And to think,”—said the corporal, sympathisingly, as he took in another huge mouthful of the dainty viand,—“to think that, at this moment perhaps—those black savages are doing just the same as we are doing with this kangaroo,” he continued, speaking with difficulty through the mass of meat which he was discussing,—“just the same with that poor young lady!”

Trevor dropped his meat and his bark plate at this horrid and most ill-timed suggestion, and made an effort to rise; but he was too weak, and his wounds had begun to stiffen: he sank down again, and putting his hands before his face he groaned aloud.

The poor corporal, excessively abashed at the effect of his remark, which he had intended as amusing conversation wherewith to enliven the repast, suspended his diligent mastication, and pondered for a few moments within himself. Not knowing what else to do, he proffered his capful of water to his officer, who declined it courteously.

Having refreshed himself and invigorated his appetite by a copious draught of the pure element, the corporal finished his meal in silence, and, having eaten up all the meat from the ramrod, which he carefully wiped and returned to its proper place, he proceeded to attack the liver, which he devoured leisurely, amusing himself with it to pass away the time. But, thinking that the ensign showed signs of drowsiness, he assisted him to his bed of leaves and blossoms, and covered him with boughs so as to guard him from the night air as well as possible. Having attended to this duty, and having so arranged the fire that it should communicate its warmth to his sleeping officer without danger of its blaze reaching the temporary habitation, the corporal dissected from the hind quarter of the game one of the legs, which he arranged to cook gradually near the fire on three small stones which he set under the meat to keep it in a convenient position. This he did in order to provide refreshment ready for the next morning.

The dirty condition of his firelock after the work of the day now grieved him sorely; but he did not think it safe to attempt the cleaning of the inside, as he might want to dispose of its contents on the sudden against an enemy; and he considered also, that the discharge of his piece, besides disturbing his officer, involved the waste of another cartridge. He remedied the evil, however, as well as he could so far as the outside went, and fixed his bayonet as an additional means of defence against surprise, although he trusted more to the butt-end of it as a cudgel in an affray, than to its point as a scientific weapon.

Thus prepared, he mounted guard over his officer's quarters, pacing

up and down regularly, after the manner of sentinels, and resting occasionally in a standing posture, with his hands reposing on the muzzle of his firelock. After an hour or two of this watching, the poor fellow found himself so overpowered by fatigue that he was obliged from mere exhaustion to sit down on the ground; but he kept diligent watch on all sides, nevertheless.

He sat gazing at the fire, and listening to catch the slightest sound; but all was still, and the vast bush seemed buried in universal repose. The stars above his head, and the moon which gradually rose, shed their quiet light over the tranquil scene; but there was no stir of any living thing. The corporal gazed at the sky, and the kangaroo's leg which was roasting, alternately. He looked at the fire, and thought of his night bivouacs in former campaigns, and of his old comrades whom disease or the shot of the enemy had long since sent to their last homes. At last his eyes began to blink—and wink—at the fire;—and the light of the moon—and the twinkling of the stars—faded from his sight;—he thought he was still awake—but even as he determined not . . . to give way . . . to the drowsy . . . oppression . . . which . . . mastered him . . . his eyes closed—and the wearied soldier slept.

THE CHRONICLES OF "THE FLEET."

BY A PERIPATICIAN.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE hackney coach containing Ned and Dick Bristol was just on the point of setting off—the latter in his character of a lord having smiled intensely on the city constable as he requested him to desire the coachman to drive as fast as possible to his Lordship's mansion in Park Lane,—when the turnkey who had Kitty in charge, whom he was escorting to the justice-room, came up, and being curious to know who the distinguished individuals were to whom Mr. Jacob Coddlewhiffe was bowing so profoundly, he took the liberty to poke his ugly mug into the coach-window, and there he saw, to his infinite joy—the escaped one!

"Drive on," cried out Dick from the other window; "five pounds if you get to the Park in half an hour! it's a race, and there's a bet on it."

The coachman immediately began to flog or "to wind up," as he called it, his unsympathising horses; but, as those unhappy beasts had no interest in the bet or the reward of five pounds promised to the coachman, they merely wagged their stumps of tails with a slight degree of emotion, and prepared to set the coach a-going at their leisure—the one waiting, as the coachman declared, "like Christians," for the other to do the work.

"Drive on," cried Dick, "there's a hundred pounds on the race!"

"Stop," called out the turnkey;—"here, Stephen—do you take Kitty before the alderman, and leave me to deal with these coves." His fellow-jailer obeyed, and while he marched off with Kitty to Guildhall, who screamed, and kicked, and fought the whole of the way, Joe remained by the coach, threatening the coachees with all the terrors of the law if he moved a step, averring that the persons in the coach were two prisoners escaped from the Fleet; at the same time he opened the coach-door, and summoned the pair to surrender quietly.

But this was precisely what Ned most objected to. To be ignominiously taken back to the Fleet after having got on so far successfully, was more than human patience could bear. He intimated to Joe, therefore, in terms the most decided, that if he attempted to take hold of him he would break his jaws to eternal smash, and knock his head clear off his shoulders into the gutter!

What the effect of this tremendous threat might have had on the not over-pugnacious Joe it is impossible to say; but at this moment the officious Peter Kokkide, panting for breath, and his eyes gleaming ferociously in every possible direction, arrived at the spot, and as soon as he could find breath to articulate, he informed his venerable superior, who was standing by, speechless with amazement, that the landlord of the Cat and Fiddle had refused to comply with the order

of the lord for the dinner, and that he, the landlord, declared there was no such person as Lord Dunham in the book of peerage at all, he having consulted, for that purpose, a copy which he had procured from a circulating library over the way, and that in short he must have some earnest of payment in money down!

This afflicting news, throwing suspicion as it did on the noble Lord Dunham and the gallant Captain Brown, made a most powerful and painful impression on the worthy Mr. Coddlewhiffe, who began to have a confused notion that he had been duped! No sooner did that idea get possession of him than his original suspicion returned—that the pair were two housebreakers or thieves of some sort, who had been surprised in the very act of planning some audacious robbery, which, without the vigilance so meritoriously exercised by himself, would doubtless have been carried into effect, to the great loss of some one of his Majesty's faithful citizens. In the mean time the turnkey had been employed in examining with particular attention the person of Mr. Richard Bristel, whom he was unable to recognise, but he knew Ned at once by his voice.

"Lord Dunham!" said he; "which is Lord Dunham?"

"That is Lord Dunham—at least he said so"—groaned Mr. Coddlewhiffe,— "and that is Captain Brown."

"Which?"

"Which?—why that—that gentleman in lady's clothes—that is, if he is a gentleman; but it's my opinion they are two housebreakers, and worse, perhaps, for anything I know!"

"Gentlemen as is gentlemen don't go about without money in their pockets," chimed in the disagreeable Peter, the lost dinner, and above all the never-to-be-received two one-pound notes, rankling in his breast. "And the landlord says, there's no such lord as Dunham in the Peerage Book, for that's the book that his visitors most like to read, as it is the genteelest work that is written for the gentlefolks."

"No such name in the peerage!" said Joe, with a sneer at the lord in the coach; "no—I'll be bail there isn't—nor no such captain in the army. But it's no use talking; my young fellow, you must come with me, and that's the long and the short of it; and as to the other one, I charge him with aiding and abetting an escape: and that's no joke, as his 'Lordship' will find out when he is asked about it at the Old Bailey."

But here the venerable city constable, who had remained in an attitude of profound meditation for the last minute, interposed authoritatively:—

"It's all very well for you, Mr. Ward, to claim a prisoner who has escaped from the Fleet, but how am I to know the truth of that? These chaps are in my custody as the head-constable of the ward; it was I and Peter who took them first, and if they be as I suspect they be, two maleficious housebreakers, it is my duty to take them before the alderman at Guildhall."

"And it is my duty," said Joe, "to take our prisoner back again to the Fleet. As to the other gentleman, I tell you I give him in charge for being concerned in an unlawful act,—so you may take him where you please."

But the city constable was by no means inclined to abate one jot of his prerogative; if it was a criminal offence, his was the privilege to have a prior claim on the persons of the offenders, and a criminal offence it was, even by the turnkey's own showing. "They were in his custody," he maintained, "before the turnkey came up, and the merit of their capture, and the reward, if any, was due to himself and his colleague Peter, who supported his superior's claim with all the eloquence of which he was master; and as a practical illustration of their constabulary rights, he stepped into the coach, and told the occupants that they were his prisoners.

Joe was about to get in also; but the superior constable opposed him, alleging that it was necessary for both the constables to accompany the prisoners, and that there was only room for four. He then directed the coachman to proceed with his charge to Guildhall; and Joe lost no time in making his way back to the Fleet, to acquaint the warden with the turn which affairs had taken, and to receive instructions for his future proceedings.

The coachman, wrapped in his own virtue and his great coats, was an impassive spectator of the scene enacted within the walls of his ambulatory theatre, save and except that he grieved profoundly at the loss of the promised five pounds. But, as the said five pounds were not likely to come his way, he submitted patiently to his destiny; and as it was his fate to drive two rogues to the justice-room, instead of two sparks of quality to Hyde Park, so long as the fare was paid, it was all the same to him!

But the altercation between the constables and the turnkey had attracted a considerable concourse of idlers round the coach, who waited for the issue of the contest with intense curiosity; and as soon as it was buzzed about that a Lord and a Captain were being conveyed before the justice for some atrocious crime unknown, no small portion of the crowd accompanied the vehicle to Guildhall; so that on their arrival at that celebrated tribunal, Ned and his friend Dick found themselves escorted by a large train, which had increased, as is usual on such occasions, like a snowball as they had passed along, and their approach therefore was hailed with much excitement by the subsidiary authorities assembled at the entrance of the office.

But as there was a culprit at that moment under examination for aiding a prisoner to escape from the Fleet, the new-comers had to wait for their turn, as the good old rule of first come first served, holds good at police offices as elsewhere, although it is a rule which those who entertain a reasonable prospect of being hanged, would willingly waive in favour of others with inferior pretensions.

The prisoner under examination at that moment was Kitty, who had been put to the bar on the charge already mentioned.

The alderman consulted the clerk on the nature of the offence. The clerk was a little puzzled at first, such cases being rare; and whether it was a felony or a misdemeanour only, he could not positively say; but it certainly was an offence of some sort; for, as the alderman sagaciously observed, that if it was right to put people in prison for

debt, it must be wrong for people so put in to get out, an opinion in which the clerk entirely acquiesced, with many expressions complimentary to the alderman's superior discrimination. The case therefore went on.

Kitty was asked "whether she denied the fact?"

"What fact?" asked Kitty, who had not yet recovered either from the effects of the gin or her fright.

"The fact," said the alderman, in a severe tone, "of a prisoner having escaped from the Fleet, and of your having helped him to do it."

"Lord love your worship," replied Kitty; "I never helped nobody to escape. If it was done by anybody it was not done by me, but by the old gentleman!"

Now the magistrate was rather an elderly gentleman himself, but he by no means liked any allusion directly or indirectly to that fact. He inquired, therefore, with increased severity, "who the woman meant by the 'old gentleman!'"

"Did you never hear of him!" exclaimed Kitty; "why, I thought everybody had heard of him, if they never saw him, for he makes himself very busy with people's affairs who would rather he didn't meddle with them."

"What old gentleman does the woman mean?" repeated the alderman.

"What old gentleman do you mean?" echoed the clerk; "what is his name?"

"It's a name that I don't like to speak," replied Kitty, lowering her voice, and winking at the magistrate, in a confidential manner; "but I dare say your worship knows who I mean. It's him as has done all the mischief, and no other, let alone my own ghost that appeared to me in a flame of fire!"

"Is the woman drunk or mad?" asked the magistrate.

"I'm not drunk, and I'm not mad," said Kitty, shaking her head from side to side, with great gravity; "but it's enough to make any one mad to see your own self gibbering at you; and if it was the old gentleman himself, I take it as very unkind to appear like me! I'm sure I never did him any harm,—but always spoke of him respectfully, as the 'Old Gentleman;' and never abused him as some do—and to serve me such a trick!"

"Please your worship," interrupted a constable, "there's another woman in a coach at the door, as calls herself Kitty, as like to this woman as two peas, and a man who is charged with being a house-breaker, and the Farringdon officer has brought them both before your worship, for he doesn't know what to make of them."

"Bring them in," said the alderman.

"Oh Lord!" exclaimed Kitty.

"Silence, woman!"

There was a little commotion among the spectators at the announcement of another Simon Pure being at hand, claiming the questionable honour of being the respectable Mrs. Strongbolt; but as soon as Ned was ushered in, there was a murmur of admiration and applause.

As soon as poor Kitty beheld her double in the person of another prisoner, she uttered a loud shriek, and was with difficulty prevented

from making her escape from the apparition ; but Ned, thinking that he might be as well in for a sheep as a lamb, stood boldly forth in his female character ; but unlike the true Kitty, he assumed a modest attitude, and with his arms folded across his chest, awaited the customary interrogation.

"What is your name?" demanded the clerk to the second Kitty.

"Katherine Strongbolt," replied Ned, mincing up his mouth, and dropping a respectful curtsey.

"Oh!" groaned Kitty.

The office was so dark, that it was not easy to detect the false colours on the counterfeit Kitty's face and nose, and certainly the resemblance was so strong that it was sufficient to deceive more acute observers than the worthy alderman. Even the bonnet that Kitty had borrowed from a sister charwoman, was the counterpart of her own.

"What are you," pursued the clerk.

"I'm a poor charwoman," replied Ned, "and I waits on the gentlemen in the Fleet, and does for 'em, please your worship."

"It's the devil come to torment me again!" screamed Kitty, struggling to get away.

"Silence, woman!" repeated the magistrate. "But how is this! Can there be two such women in the world?"

Ned, upon this, affected to turn round towards the other woman, and lifting up his hands with astonishment exclaimed—

"Oh! the wretch!"

"The wicked woman!" moaned Kitty, "he has got on my own bonnet!"

Ned clasped his hands and leant over the dock, as if overcome with the abominable insinuation of "that bad woman!"

"Here is the constable," said the Guildhall officer, "who took them into custody."

"Let him stand forward," said the magistrate.

Mr. Jacob Coddlewhiffe upon this stood forth, and turning his head from one to the other of the two Kittys, seemed to be in a state of considerable bewilderment at the sight.

"You apprehended this woman," said the alderman.

"Which woman, your worship?" asked Coddlewhiffe.

"Which woman! Why, don't you know which of them you brought here?"

"I brought one of them," replied Coddlewhiffe, examining them both. "Which of you was it I brought here?" he asked, appealing to the women themselves, and wisely judging that they knew, if he didn't.

"It wasn't me," said Ned, demurely.

"Then it must be the other one," said the constable, "but they are both so alike, that which is which is more than I can tell!"

"It's the Evil One!" roared out Kitty, trembling and shaking.

"Oh! you wicked woman!" ejaculated Ned.

"You was with her," said the constable, speaking to Dick; "which of the women was it who was with you?"

"That was the woman," replied Dick, pointing to Kitty.

"Oh! you wicked one," said Kitty, appealing to Ned with a face in which fear and rage, and a certain respect for the "old gentleman,"

were curiously blended: "you will never be so cruel as to say that you are me! What did I ever do to anger you?"

"Bad and intoxicated creature," said Ned in his turn, "how can you have the impudence to pretend to be me, as has waited on the gentlemen of the Fleet for these twelve years past? Is not this my poor husband's 'versary, as the savage New Zealanders ate up and pickled his head: do you deny that, woman?"

"It's all true," said Kitty, dreadfully agitated; "it's all true as the gospel! and how could the thing know that if he wasn't the Evil One himself? I give it up! That must be me! I'm changed to somebody else! and I shall never be myself any more! But if I ain't myself," said she, suddenly appealing to the magistrate, "who am I? I must be somebody! Will your worship be pleased to tell me?"

His worship was as much puzzled at this appeal to his sagacity as Sancho Panza in the island of Barataria, and he began to revolve within himself the expediency of calling a jury of matrons, to examine the two female Dromios, when the officer of the court announced—

"The warden of the Fleet Prison, your worship."

The warden made his way through the crowd, and took his place by the side of the magistrate.

"Sir," said he, "I claim the person of one Edward Attical, who has escaped from the Fleet in the disguise of a charwoman, one Katharine Strongbolt." . . . At this moment, the warden regarded the duplicate Kittys, and stopped in amazement, for it was impossible to distinguish between the two either from their countenances or dress, so perfect was the resemblance, and so well had the painter performed his part in depicting on the face of Ned the portrait of the remarkable features and colours of Kitty's visage.

"Then one of those two women is a man!" observed the alderman.

"Just so," replied the warden; "but which—Joseph Ward—which is the real woman? Call Joseph Ward."

Joe stood forward by the side of the bar.

"Which is Mrs. Strongbolt, and which is our prisoner?" inquired the warden.

Joe regarded Ned and Kitty alternately, with a curious eye.

"You may know Kitty any day by her breath," said Joe.

The officer in waiting immediately applied his nose to Kitty's face. Kitty saluted him with a strong but by no means odoriferous gale.

"Gin," pronounced the officer.

"Try the other one," said the clerk.

The officer made a similar examination on the other woman.

"Gin again," said he. "Please, your worship, they both smell of gin; but this one, pointing to Ned, not so bad as the other."

"I see no way to settle it," said the alderman, "but by a jury of matrons."

"They shan't touch me," said Kitty.

"I won't have a pack of old women examining me," said Ned.

"Stay," said Joe. "Please, your worship, will you allow me to take the bonnet off from that one?"—meaning Ned.

"You may do so," nodded the alderman; "but I don't see how that will help you."

Joe, however, guessed it would help him a good deal. Ned could make no resistance; so his head was politely uncovered by an officer. The alteration in his appearance was apparent. — "He's booked," said an officer.

"That is our prisoner," said Joe to the warden, pointing at Ned. "You see this woman's hair is all fuzzy, as if it hadn't been combed since she was born — besides, it is long; and the other one's hair is short."

"If your worship would be pleased," suggested the clerk, "to desire the two women to show their hands."

"Here are mine," said Kitty, protruding two paws of the hardness and colour of mahogany.

"Show your's," said the clerk to Ned.

Ned was obliged to comply; he would willingly have rubbed them on the floor of the office, which would quickly have made them dirty enough to pass for a coalheaver's; but he had not the opportunity.

"Show your hands," repeated the alderman, peremptorily.

The officer standing by him seized the sham charwoman's right hand — taking the precaution, however, to defend his own, by interposing the protection of his pocket-handkerchief — and held it up for inspection.

The hand was white and delicate. The clerk came close and examined it.

"This is not a hand that ever did hard work," your worship. —

"The other one," he said to Ned.

Ned was obliged to comply. His left hand was even more delicate and white than his right. The evidence against him grew strong. The officer close to him, who had in the mean time been examining his face, clinched it.

"Please your worship," he said, "this here one is painted."

"Get a basin of water," said the alderman.

A basin was an article not readily to be found; but one of the people about the place, taking from some corner a piece of rag with which the magistrates' desk was wont to be dusted, wetted it at the adjacent pump, and the wet dishcloth being applied to poor Ned's face, a little rubbing soon caused the colours, which had been painted in distemper, to run into each other in the most extraordinary hues and shadings.

"That's enough," said the alderman. "That one stands convicted of being somebody else."

"Please, your worship," said Mr. Jacob Coddlewhiffe, who was exceedingly desirous of putting forward his own claim for sagacity in the matter of the false Kitty's identity, "he said he was somebody else at the watchhouse."

"And who did he say he was?"

"Please, your worship, that there one said he was a lord — Lord Dunham — and this here one said he was Captain Brown."

"Dunham! Brown!" exclaimed the alderman, — "a nobleman and an officer! What have you to say to this, fellows?"

"And, please your worship, they talked of Lady Emily this, and the Duchess that, and there was no end of dukes who was their uncles; and says this one, says he, What will Lady Emily say! and

then t'other chap, he said, How the duchess will quiz us ! The duchess, says he, is such a quiz !"

"He said the duchess was a quiz, did he ?"

"Yes, your worship ; and they tried to bamboozle us with its being a bet—didn't they, Peter ? and they wanted to persuade us that they were two nob's out on a lark—but we wasn't to be done by the likes of them"

"I can swear to him now," said the turnkey, suddenly interrupting Jacob's self-glorification.

"Swear the warden's officer," said the magistrate.

Joe was sworn accordingly, and identified the prisoner of the Fleet in due form.

"Take him away," said the warden to his turnkey. "Of course you will put him in the strong-room again."

"Stop !" said the clerk ; "I don't know that we can give him up so easily. This is a court of criminal jurisdiction, and he is in our custody."

"But he is my prisoner," said the warden.

"He was," rejoined the clerk ; "but he is our's now."

"But I will give you precedents for my right to resume possession of him," replied the warden. "There is the case of Gripe versus Cashless."

"If you wish to argue the point," said the alderman, "I am ready to hear you. Shall you be long ?"

"I am afraid I cannot make my argument a very short one," replied the warden ; "but in the case of Gripe versus Cashless"

"Be so good as to excuse me for a few minutes," said the alderman, "while I have a short consultation with the city solicitor, who is waiting for me in the private room. Officer, you may remove the prisoners, and keep them safe till I come back."

The alderman retired, and Ned and Kitty were removed accordingly ; but as Kitty kicked and screamed with the most violent contortions of arms and legs, swearing that she would do for the "vile vagabone" who had dared to personate her so "howdaciously," she was thrust into the common cell apart, and Ned was placed in a more decent place adjacent, but which was equally secure. Dick, in the meantime, finding that he had been forgotten in the interest excited by the examination of the two Kittys, took advantage of the little confusion occasioned by the retirement of the alderman and the removal of the "females," and quietly slipped away, and made off rapidly to his theatre, where he buried himself among the scenery, and began to paint right and left with excessive diligence.

After a rather long absence, the alderman returned, and it was presently seen that he was more favourably disposed to the claim of the warden of the Fleet, so that the case was quickly disposed of, and the prisoner was ordered to be replaced at the bar, in order to be discharged from criminal custody, and restored to the keeping of the civil power. But to the extreme astonishment of the officer, and the warden, and the alderman, no prisoner was to be found !

(To be continued.)

THE BAR OF ENGLAND.

(FROM THE PAPERS OF THE LATE J—— E—— A., ESQ.)

(Continued from Vol. IV. p. 521.)

BEFORE proceeding, I will mention that one cause (and some may think not too early) of the inconsistencies which are found in the profession of the Bar, is its aristocratical bearing, while it in fact has little or none of the substance of aristocracy. A successful counsel may rise to the highest dignities of the state, but his chances of elevation rest, in the first instance, on the extent of favours shown to him by a rank below him; for a mere barrister, without practice, was certainly never made a peer. The result of this assumption of quality, upon so base a foundation, is a contradictory necessity of conciliating a class which should be otherwise despised. The rules of the Bar are all calculated to impress a belief that attorneys and clients are persons favoured by the acceptance of their briefs and the conduct of their cases; while there is not a single practising barrister who would venture to refuse them, under ordinary circumstances. And why? Because the number and character of his retainers is the measure of his influence, wherever that extends; of his approach — by the state and ceremony which they enable him to maintain — to the circles above him; and, consequently, to the accession of place, profit, and dignity — at which he ceases to require them. The vaunted independence of the Bar, as a body, has thus no real existence. It is spoken of, because the contrary quality is inconsistent with aristocratical pretensions: it cannot be because the very assumption of the superior character is dependent for support on the means supplied by those whom the pride of station reposes as of inferior degree. The humble term of client is retained as to the latter, but the noble one of patron is lost; or, speaking according to facts, instead of words, their relation is reversed, the clients being now the acknowledged patrons of the barrister. In short, our profession, while it would fain claim to be akin to that patrician class, created by Romulus, to whom, as Horace says,

“ ————— dulce diu fuit et solemne, reclusâ
 Mane domo vigilare, clienti promere jura,”

when fees were unknown, and forensic pleaders were animated by paternal* interests only, — yet adopts the practice of the adepts in law

* The classical reader will recollect that it was the duty of the patron to do every thing for his client that a father would do for his children. Vide Kennet and Adams, “Roman Antiquities;” and Horace again,

undè domo quis,
 Cujus fortunæ, quo sit patrè, quove patrono.

in the time of the Emperors, when, under the borrowed term of "honorarium," they began to claim the "certam justamque mercedem," the only difference being, that the latter did not receive it until after it was earnt, while we carefully stipulate for its payment before doing anything (that is, if the etiquette of the Bar be strictly observed), and ought not to undertake any business unless it be made*, ay, and kept.

Having alluded to the independence of the Bar, I may here conveniently clear the ground before me, by noticing another distinction claimed by it (especially after giving the above extraordinary advice), that of illustrious honour and integrity. In fact, these virtues are usually spoken of conjointly with the other. Writing conscientiously, however, I cannot concede the Bar any solid right to any special distinction in these respects beyond any other class of society, of whatever degree, whether we refer to their conduct towards the public, or each other. I will not say, nor insinuate, on the one hand, that the profession is totally deficient in moral principles, as our enemies are apt to assert; but neither can I admit, on the other, that we excel in them. Men of noble, ingenuous, and liberal dispositions, and of "exceeding honesty," no doubt adorn it; but as much may be said of every other rank in life; while no one will venture on the proof, unless in the purest spirit of ignorance or rash presumption, that the Bar is exclusively composed of men exempt from the ordinary failings of mankind, until he show that the process which converts the student into the barrister can wholly eliminate, as it were, the evil qualities which previously predominated in him. But, as we have seen, there is no such magic in the operation. There is nothing to change the cunning and artful into the candid and open; the bold, impudent, and disingenuous, into the modest and sincere; nor the mean, cowardly, and sordid, into the dignified, courageous, and generous. If there is any tendency in the practice of the law to alter the usual proportion between the worthy and the unworthy, it is rather to increase the latter; at least so it appears to me, from various facts which have crossed my observation. The silent indifference (not to say contempt) which meets the unfortunate barrister on every side, originating in causes already mentioned, or the patronising politeness, alternating with the rude, dictating, offensive behaviour of his seniors, are more than commonly calculated to "know the very inwards" of a young man of education and refinement,

"And, practising upon his peace and quiet,
Even to madness †,"

* I was informed by a barrister, now well known, that a short time after his call he received a brief at one of the metropolitan courts to defend a prisoner. Accidentally hearing that the mother, in order to defray the expenses of the trial, had pledged her only bed, and wedding ring, and made other sacrifices, which left her destitute of the means of returning home at a distance in the country, he sent for her privately, and finding, on inquiry, that such was the fact, he immediately handed back the guinea received from her agent, and thus enabled an aged woman to ride when she must otherwise have walked. This act of generosity coming to the ears of one of the leaders, he spoke to my friend on the subject, assuring him that he had done wrong, inasmuch as such conduct was unprofessional!

† This word is here strictly applicable, as I could prove by lamentable instances. One barrister, who has survived his early difficulties, assured me that, at one period

to drive him to courses which his soul had otherwise disdained, until he find himself "even" with his tormentors. Such circumstances, I say, are rather adverse to the preservation of a high-toned principle of action.

As I would not be accused of being the first to utter any thing so derogatory to the character of our profession as what I have above advanced, I must anticipate the charge, by alluding to the statute passed in 1275, and commonly called the first Statute of Westminster, chap. 29., which tells us that the honour and integrity of the Bar were early impeached, without reference to Lord Coke's distinct annotations on it. By this it is provided, "that if any serjeant-counter* or other do any manner of deceit or collusion in the king's court, or consent to do it in deceit of the court, with intent to cheat the court or the party, and of this be attainted, he shall be imprisoned for a year and a day, and shall not be heard in the king's court to plead for any one; and if he be other than a counter, he shall be imprisoned for a year and a day in like manner. And if the trespass require greater punishment, it shall be at the king's pleasure."† The necessity for this statute is thus stated by Coke:—"Before this statute, in the irregular reign of Henry III., serjeants, apprentices, attorneys, clerks of the king's courts, and others, did practise and put in use unlawful shifts, and devices so cunningly contrived (and especially in the cases of great men) in deceit of the king's courts, as often times the judges of the same were by such crafty and sinister shifts and practices inveigled and beguiled, which was against the common law, and therefore this Act was made in affirmance of the common law, only it added a greater punishment." For hear what the Mirror‡ saith of the serjeant-at-law, what his office and duty was:—"Every serjeant-counter is chargeable by oath§, that he shall not maintain nor defend wrong, nor falsify to his knowledge, but shall plead for his client the best he can according to his understanding. Also that he shall put no false delays into court, no false witnesses, nor move, nor offer neither corruptions, deceits, falsehoods, nor false lies, nor consent to them, but faithfully maintain the right of his client, that he fail not by his folly, negligence or default, nor by any threatening, hint, or villany disturb the judge, serjeant, or any other in court, by which he may hinder the right hearing of the cause."

That I may further exonerate myself from the charge of groundlessly objecting to the Bar assuming the character of universal ex-

of his career, he was so overcome by conduct such as that to which I allude, that on one occasion he could scarcely restrain himself from plunging into the water, from Blackfriars Bridge.

* Vide *antè*, Vol. IV. pp. 143, &c.

† This chapter is translated literally from the Norman law French of the period. The ordinary translations make the word counter to signify an ordinary pleader, in contradistinction to serjeant, which I humbly submit to be a mistake, as the ancient of the latter was serjeant-counter, while other pleaders were termed "apprentices," *antè*, Vol. IV. p. 143. The words "or other" will include the latter, and thus justify the construction put on the Act by Hawkins, that counsellors not sworn like the serjeants are within the Act.

‡ This was "The Booke called the Mirror of Justices," written in old French by Andrew Horne in the reign of Henry II.

§ The barrister is not sworn like the serjeant, as will be explained hereafter.

cellence and invariable purity of practice, I must allude also to the statute of 1 Richard II., c. 4., which enacts that none of the king's counsellors, officers, or servants, &c., "shall take or sustain any quarrel by maintenance*," under grievous penalties at the king's pleasure, and the various other statutes on the same subject, and on champerty, which are collected in Coke's *Institutes*, part 2., *articuli super Chartas*, ch. 11., all of which imply that the Bar was early suspected of not being immaculate. Indeed, that author furnishes a case in point where, after stating that serjeants, apprentices, and attorneys "cannot contract to have any part of the thing in demand after recovery," he mentions, "that in a writ of champerty brought against Penros, 'for that he had parcel of the land recovered against him [the plaintiff on the writ] at another man's suit,' Penros said that he was of counsel with the party which recovered, and had that land *for his wages*." The learned writer then adds, "the taking of the state for his wages, after the recovery, could be no champerty, unless there had been a covenant or promise, hinging the plea, on the demandant's part, to make the same after the recovery, which was not alleged, but only the taking of the stake," and concludes with a most significant, though rather inconsistent, remark:—"And we are of opinion that it shall remain for ever a blemish to his reputation as often as it is cited, for *quamvis aliquid ex se non malum, tamen si sit mali exempli non est faciendum*." But it may be said that I am only disturbing the dusty abuses of an antiquated period—that the modern Bar has advanced far beyond the irregularities on which Coke animadverted. I wish I could conscientiously assent to such an opinion; but to do so is impossible, although I treated the loud clamours even now ringing in my ears, on the dishonest and faithless neglect of clients, as the basest calumny. I have seen and heard too much to allow me to acquiesce in it, as a few anecdotes will show; while, at the same time, they instruct the young barrister, which is the main object of my writing.

Many years ago, a counsel, yet living, I believe, and enjoying a pension granted on his retirement from a high office, to which he was subsequently elevated, was a celebrated leader on the circuit. It happened at one of the assizes a cause—of ejectment, if I remember rightly—was set down for trial, and the plaintiff's attorney, anxious to secure his assistance, not only sent a special retainer†, but a brief with a satisfactory fee, at least three weeks before the circuit commenced, and consequently while the learned gentleman was in town. He had thus an opportunity, of which he availed himself, to study the plaintiff's case. On his arrival at the assize town, one of the defendant's attorneys called at his lodgings with a brief for the latter,

* The unprofessional reader is informed that "maintenance" is the offence of supporting another's quarrels without lawful interest in them, as by advancing money to carry on proceedings at law. Champerty is supporting a quarrel on condition of sharing in the proceeds of a suit if successful.

† A retainer, or retaining fee, strictly speaking, is a fee paid to a counsel before delivering a brief, that he may not be engaged on the other side. When paid on account of one case only it is called special; but where a solicitor desires to secure his services at any time, he pays a general retainer of at least five guineas.

when he was apprised by the clerks of the pre-engagement. I should mention that this attorney with his partners formed an influential firm, having a superior business, and being "good" and constant clients of Mr. ———, while the solicitor on the other side was nearer the reverse in all respects. Blaming the clerk for not writing to them in the first instance, (though there was no general retainer,) to learn in what cases they required his master, the attorney immediately had an interview with the latter, in which he urged the necessity of abandoning the first, and undertaking the second case. There is no doubt his arguments were convincing, for at a late hour of the evening the plaintiff's attorney was informed that, by the *neglect of the clerk*, a prior retainer (which had no existence) by the defendant, had been overlooked, and consequently that Mr. P ——— could not be his counsel. His brief and fees were therefore returned; another counsel was engaged within a few hours of the trial; and the ill-used plaintiff lost that verdict of which he felt himself secure, probably more by the knowledge which his adversary's advocate had obtained of both sides of the question than the merits of the case; while the clerk was obliged to endure all the obloquy. His master, however, avoided offending a "good" client, who might otherwise have been "good" no longer, and this object being attained, it mattered not who suffered. I must add, by the by, that none but a senior could have achieved this exploit without serious consequences.

(To be continued.)

THE THREE LETTERS.

LETTER II.

(Continued from Vol. IV. p. 549.)

"ARE there any letters for me, Wilson?" demanded Harcourt, pacing the room impatiently.

"Yes, Sir, there is one;" and the man handed it him. Katherine's well-known writing; and his heart beat violently as he broke the seal: —

"My dear Grahame,

"I feel truly thankful that you have allowed my uncle to explain your feelings towards me, and I hasten to assure you I release you fully from your engagement. You are free, Grahame: and again I thank you for your sincerity. We were so young when it was formed — perhaps partly deceived by our childish intimacy.

"But I see clearly *now*, that it would never add to the happiness of either; and once more, you are free — free as before your last visit here. Let not a doubt regarding me cloud your present prospects. Most fully and heartily do I agree in thinking it is far, far best as it is.

"God bless you always, my dear Grahame, prays

"Your affectionate cousin,

"KATHERINE."

"Edith, my own one, what ails Cecil to-day?"

"I know not, Grahame," she answered, though a tell-tale blush mounted to her cheek. "He goes to Oulton to-morrow for a week."

"He was such a happy, light-hearted creature," said her companion. "He is like you, Edith, very like you — really too beautiful for a boy."

Cecil Derwent had heard that morning of his cousin's engagement to Grahame Harcourt — in a few hours he was on his way to Oulton Manor.

"Cecil, my dear Cecil, how ill you look!" exclaimed Katherine, as her young cousin entered her sitting room.

"Oh no, Katherine, you fancy so; I am very well," he said, faintly.

"You may wish to deny it, Cecil, but you cannot deceive me; you are suffering —"

"Katherine," replied the boy, hurriedly; "I will tell you all; but for Heaven's sake breathe not a word of it, I entreat you. I have told no one; but you suspect, and I must speak or my heart will break. You have never seen *her*?"

"Who?" said Katherine, in a low voice.

"Edith," he replied. "Katherine, she is lovely quite. I have loved her from a child. Oh, she must have known it. She must have felt I loved her. She must have known I lived only for her. How little is a woman's heart to be relied on!" he said bitterly. "No, no, Katherine, you are no judge," he continued, interrupting her kind soft words of consolation. "You are coldness itself. Had *you* remained true to Harcourt, I should not now have been so miserable. Yet no, Katherine, I did not mean to be unkind — forgive me," he said, as her dark eyes filled with tears, "forgive me, dear Katherine, you know I am very fond of you, and would not pain you for the world."

"Oh, no, dear Cecil, I know you would not; I do not mind your hasty words," said Katherine, calmly, — and she stood motionless — her whole heart crushed within her — reproached for coldness — for want of truth!

It is said in the coldest regions there is warmth beneath the snow. Katherine was cold as marble; but a warmer, truer heart never beat in woman's breast. Had she given way in the least, her feelings must have overpowered her, and no one knew, or had an idea, of the agony the forsaken girl had endured in writing her few calm lines to her lover. She was acting for his happiness, and that idea supported her. Grahame wished the link that bound them broken, and she would not compel him to keep it whole. But when the last link *was* broken, and broken by her own hand, her courage had nearly failed — then again she saw the misery she should cause him, and the strength of her affection enabled her to conquer her own feelings, and herself to sanction his marriage with another. None knew her secret. General Grey was, of course, asked to the wedding, and Katherine received a kind invitation. Her uncle, perfectly deceived, accepted it for her. Her mother, not aware of her sufferings, did not interpose; and Katherine, not daring to refuse, accompanied her uncle to Aston Hall.

"None shall know," she thought, as she prepared for dinner that day, "none shall know how wretched I am;" and as she exerted herself in conversation, and commanded her attention to what was going on around her, her cheek flushed, and her dark eyes were brilliant — all were surprised — and even Grahame thought he had never seen her look so well.

In the stillness of her chamber Katherine sat. The excitement was over, and a flood of tears relieved her aching heart. How beautiful the fair young bride was! perfectly beautiful — and a feeling of envy crossed her. Repelling it instantly, she knelt and prayed earnestly for their happiness, for strength and support under her bitter trial. Day dawned before she retired to rest, and, perfectly exhausted, she at length fell asleep. It was late when she awoke, and the rain was pouring against her window. Their wedding day, and such a gloomy one! Then came the friends and relations of the bride, and the carriages rolled off one by one towards the church; and Katherine found herself among those assembled in it; and then appeared the young girlish bride, with the long white veil half concealing her features — and

Grahame—she looked up once at him, for one last look before he was indeed another's; and, though she felt almost fainting, yet no one noticed her, and she remained cold as a statue. The ceremony commenced. The deep full tones of his voice as he gave the responses, and the whispered words of Edith,—words that for ever separated him from her,—fell on her ear with painful acuteness; and when they were indeed all said, and they really were "*joined together*," Katherine endeavoured to breathe a prayer for them; and General Grey, looking fondly on his adopted son, who stood there proud and smiling, Edith's arm within his own, raised the long veil and kissed the beautiful face of the young bride. "Bless you, Grahame! bless you both!" he said, as he wrung his hand; and Katherine returned to the house—and the breakfast was served—and all sat down happy and gay—and then Grahame led his young wife to the carriage, and bore her away from the home of her childhood.

Some weeks ere that day the young sailor had again left his native land, and Katherine mourned over his departure, for she felt that though Cecil knew it not, yet his heart sympathised at her's. She knew too well what he felt; and it was almost a comfort to hear him give vent to feelings to which she did not dare give utterance.

Three years elapsed before she again saw Harcourt. They went abroad after their marriage, and though Grahame often wrote that he longed to be in England again, and at the dear old manor, yet his young wife, amused by the novelty of the scene, insisted, month after month, on their prolonged stay; and he, at first fascinated by her beauty, yielding to her entreaties, month after month delayed their return. Katherine perceived that her uncle, though he said little, was deeply disappointed at every alteration in their plans. She exerted herself to amuse and distract him, and he became daily more and more fond of her. Her endeavours to interest him in different pursuits were rewarded by the pleasure she soon really felt in them herself; and Mrs. Grey having followed her husband to the grave about a year after Harcourt's marriage, poor Katherine's time was now entirely devoted to her Uncle. At last Grahame arrived; but his wife did not accompany him; he could not persuade her, he said, to leave Brighton during the gayest season, and he came only for a hurried visit. Both General Grey and Katherine felt his mind was not at rest; still he evaded all inquiry, pleading recent illness as the cause of his evident depression.

"Katherine, my child," said General Grey, after Harcourt's departure, "come here, I must speak of business to you. I would fain you should understand exactly how matters stood with me when I invited your poor mother and yourself here, that when I am gone you should never think I had acted unjustly towards you."

"Oh, my dear uncle," replied Katherine, as she seated herself beside him, and raised her reproachful eyes.

"You see, my dear Katherine," said the General, "I have left you only a small sum in my will, and even that I do not consider myself entitled to give you altogether. In case of Grahame's surviving you, it must return to him. I have told you this, that you

should not feel disappointed when you hear it ; for I would not that an unkind thought of your old uncle should ever rise : indeed, I am almost inclined to give you some account of my early life, that you may understand my reasons for what you may otherwise think strange conduct."

"Oh!" exclaimed Katherine, and she placed herself on a low stool at his feet, "oh, if you would, my dear uncle, there is nothing I should like so much, that is, if it would not pain you," she added gently, as she saw a shade pass over his brow.

"Painful it is, my child ; few were the happy days of my life, for all was dark and clouded before I was eight and twenty, and though since *that* day I have been calmer, and, I hope, more resigned to the will of heaven, yet gloomy and repining thoughts will sometimes rise, in spite of myself. Still, I will tell you, for I feel as if it would be a relief that some one should know and feel what I have suffered, and you will then more readily excuse the many times I have been harsh towards you, my dear Kate."

"My dear uncle, I can't bear you to speak in that way," replied Katherine, and the tears started to her eyes.

"Well, well, it is true, but let it pass for the present. Perhaps you know, Katherine, from a child I longed to be a soldier, and being pretty much my own master, I entered the army very young. Oh, the transport with which I saw myself gazetted to the regiment of dragoons, then in the Peninsula ! I joined them, and the excitement was life to me ; my regiment was a noble one, and I trust I did not disgrace it. 'Grey, you will get your troop, if any of us live through this night,' said my colonel, in one desperate struggle with a force four times as numerous as our own. I was left for dead on the field for some hours. But my friend Vernon (poor fellow, long since dead and gone!), remembering the spot where he had seen me last, found me, and I was carried to the hospital. I rallied. I did receive my troop, and, having been too severely wounded to be immediately able for active service, I was sent home with despatches ; and a proud man I felt, as I again trod English ground. I went home, and everywhere I was received with open arms ; for a soldier then fighting his country's battles, was not what a soldier is now. One of our nearest neighbours was Lady Villiers. I remembered very little of her, for she had not lived at the abbey much during Sir Thomas's lifetime. Since his death she had resided there altogether, and I was a frequent visitor. Katherine, Alice Villiers was the most lovely being then that could be imagined. Grahame resembles her, but she was beautiful, — and I loved her with my whole heart, — never have I cared for any other. One day I was going towards the abbey, when I heard the sound of a horse coming at full speed towards me. Something made me pause, and I stood behind a large old tree, for the path was narrow, and there was thick wood at either side. It came on. Alice was upon it, and I saw her vainly endeavouring to stop the creature ; her slight hand had no power over him, and on he galloped towards me. I waited till he was close to the tree, and then I seized the rein ; throwing one arm round her, I extricated her from the saddle in a moment, and she stood safe

beside me. Never did she look so lovely ; her hat was off, and her long hair hanging over her face and shoulders, as she stood, frightened and trembling, clinging to my arm. But I would not add to her agitation by speaking to her then, and when she had recovered a little, I led her home. We neither of us spoke. She looked up once and tried to thank me, but her voice failed, and I seated her in the deep window-seat of the library ; and when her alarm was over, I knelt beside her, and told her, what she knew full well, that she was all the world to me, — and she loved me, Katherine, — and I put my arm around her, and called her my own, own Alice. Such happiness could not last long. I was to rejoin my regiment, and I left her, feeling then that nothing but death could separate us, and that I was bound for the battle-field, and she would remain in her peaceful home, the idol of all around her.

“ My last morning came, and we stood together in the old library, and I gave her my likeness set round with pearls, and a ring with the word “ Remember,” engraved on it, and I placed it myself on the magic finger, and fondly trusted that there it would remain until I took it off to change it for a dearer one still ; and she hid her face on my shoulder to hide her tears, and I felt happy — happy even then, to think she had indeed given me her whole young heart.

“ Katherine, that dear head once more rested on my bosom, and once more I pressed my lips to her cheek, but it was the day she made Grahame over to my care, — it was the day she died. She smiled as I pillowed her head on my bosom, and she breathed her last as I gave her my last long kiss.”

The old man paused.

“ Katherine,” he continued, “ I rejoined my regiment, and for some months her letters reached me constantly, and then they strangely altered, and then they altogether ceased. About a year and a half after my leaving England, I heard she was married ! — yes, married to another, — and I was frantic, nearly wild. I was first in every danger. It was the only thing that had any charm for me. And I yet escaped from every field, and was thankless for the life prolonged. I was distinguished ; at the end of the war a baronetcy was offered me, and I declined. I had not fought for glory. I had fought only to rid me of my wretched existence. I retired here to end my days in solitude, as I then thought. Years had passed ; thirteen years since I had seen her, and I had heard that she was miserable, that her husband (Sir Frederick Harcourt) had gambled away the whole of his property, and then I heard he had fled to Paris and been killed in a duel. Of herself I heard nothing from that time until I received a few hurried lines entreating me to go her, — that she was dying ; and I went, and then she gave me a little packet, and in it she had written at full length, what she had not then the strength to tell me. And I swore, as she lay dying before my eyes, to care for her child as if he were my own, and that he should have my all at my death. And she thanked and blessed me, and, I trust, died in peace. And when I read the long account she had written for me, my brain felt on fire. *He* had persecuted her with his addresses, and she, trusting to his generosity, and

believing he would at once cease if he knew how she was situated, in the innocence of her heart told him of her engagement. He acted accordingly. He deceived her by immediately entreating he might, at any rate, be considered as a friend, and then he contrived to intercept my letters to her, to imitate the writing, for doing which he had a particular facility, and in their place he wrote such as to make her believe I had actually forgotten her. The last, she said, told her that I had positively formed other ties. Hers to me he changed in the same way. When he saw he had succeeded in arousing her doubts regarding me, he again came forward. Lady Villiers, justly enraged against me, was most anxious for the marriage; and Alice herself, telling him she never should, never could love him, allowed him at length to lead her to the altar.

"About a year after their marriage some alteration was made in the furniture of the rooms they inhabited, and an old-fashioned writing table was moved into her's. She was looking over its many drawers and secret corners, when she fell upon some of my writing. There was one letter I really *had* written — and there were others begun in his, and then left unfinished, as not sufficiently resembling mine. I have the words that follow by heart. 'I took them all, and I rushed to him who was now my husband — I showed them — I implored him to tell me my suspicions were not correct. At that moment it would have been a relief to me to find that you were indeed, what I had been made to believe, false — rather than that he, to whom I had bound myself for ever, had been capable of such fearful treachery. He was out of temper at the time — he took them from me and calmly threw them on the fire. I know not what I said — but, Richard — he *struck* me — and I fell fainting on the floor. He left me so — when I recovered, I felt my former misery was nothing compared to this. Your *own* letter I had still — I read it once, Richard, and then I put it with the others — your miniature and your ring — and I only opened them two months ago when I knew I was dying — and I wrote this that you might know the truth. Richard you must have been unhappy — I feel sure your life has been embittered by me — but I die, believing you will indeed forgive me when you think how endurable it has been compared with mine since that fearful day.'

"She could not give me these particulars," he continued, "but she told me in a few words what had occurred, and it was happiness to think I had not been deceived by her — my own beautiful Alice.

"Katherine, can you wonder that as she told me this I thought of no one but her? — I forgot that I had any relation who had claims upon me, and promised her boy should have every thing I possessed. When you and your poor mother came I began to think I had not dealt fairly by you — but then I hoped your future comfort would be secured by your marriage with Grahame. At one time I thought your little heart was very cold, Katherine — but I cannot believe that now — and it has pained me often to think that I revealed to you the change in his feelings before I clearly ascertained yours — and that you — tell me, was it indeed so, Katherine?"

Katherine turned crimson — and then the colour fled, and she be-

came deadly pale — struggling for composure, she said in a low trembling voice, "I'm very happy now, dear uncle."

"And is it as I feared!" exclaimed the old man, "Katherine, my noble child," and he pressed her fondly to him, "and did you, indeed, love him, and give him up for what you thought his happiness? and I misunderstood your noble heart so long," he said tenderly, whilst the poor girl hid her face in her hands.

But her secret was revealed — and at last raising her burning face, she said, "No one, not even my mother, ever knew this — and believe me, my dearest uncle, it is a dream that has long since passed away."

"Bless you, my child, my noble child!" he repeated, kissing her high pale forehead, when she sat calm as usual, before him — "but Katherine," he continued, "would it make you happier to know how often I have regretted that he did choose the wife he has. He is not happy — and I have heard," he said mournfully, "things that make me fear some dreadful blow is in store for him — he may not suspect her yet, but I feel sure he is annoyed at her frivolity and selfishness."

Katherine was speechless with horror, "Oh, uncle Grey," she said at last, "Oh, I will not believe she could do anything she ought not — she is young and very thoughtless — but not wicked — oh, I trust not — indeed, I trust not."

"I hope not either, Katherine — but I have feared for him for some time — and now, my dear child, good night — God bless you, Katherine! — I have kept you up long past your usual hour, and you are pale and worn out, I fear."

THE TWO MINSTRELS.

ON New-Year's eve two minstrels stand
 By every board throughout the land ;
 Side by side they stand and sing,
 And softly touch the tuneful string.
 The one looks up, the other down ;
 One in sad-coloured robe of brown,
 Wears a thought-clouded brow, o'ershaded
 With yellow leaves and flow'rets faded :
 The other drest
 In light-green vest,
 Is garlanded with wreaths of rosy hue,
 Of fair young buds just opening to the view.

From palace-hall to peasant's cot,
 From India to the frozen zone ;
 Oh ! there is not,
 A single spot,
 Where those two minstrels are unknown ;
 Where'er a human heart is beating,
 They breathe their sad or jocund greeting.
 Ah ! who are they ? Why, who can doubt ?
 For, where's the human heart without
 Memory and Hope ? Away, away,
 Thou tearful Bard ! We'd fain be gay !
 Come, sing to us, bewitching Hope,
 And draw the Future's horoscope !
 And while thou sing'st, we'll toast and cheer
 The rising star, the dawning year ;
 And quaff a brimming goblet up,
 And crown with thy sweet leaves the cup.
 Kind Hope ! — immortal evergreen,
 Which Disappointment can but blight ;
 Firm-rooted tree of life ! not e'en
 The coldest blast can kill thee quite !

Look! With that ever-beaming smile
Which all our sorrows can beguile,
Buoyant as skylark's soaring wing,
And gladdening as the breath of spring;
Forward she bounds, and 'gins to play,
Hark to her blithesome roundelay!

1.

List to Hope's voice!
Rejoice, rejoice!

Tho' youth is a flower too sweet to last,
And every hour when youth is past
A wrinkle plants where dimples were,
Worse furrows far are those of care!
Wit's diamond-flash, and wisdom sage,
With brilliants gem the ice of age;
Young hearts and minds contain in sooth
Th' elixir of eternal youth!

2.

Then hear Hope's voice,
And aye rejoice!

Nay, do not sigh! Although too fast
The present joy becomes the past,
And friends go off as years glide on,
And long ere life, life's zest is gone;
Each season something dear bestows,
Fruits ripen when the flower departs;
As Friendship's circle narrower grows,
Let's clasp it closer to our hearts!

What! deeper sighs from all around,
And glances fix'd upon the ground,
Like yonder Minstrel's downward cast,
Shadowed with visions of the past?
No wonder! Since her poet's dead,
Since Campbell's lay from earth is fled,
No wonder Hope *now* sings in vain.
Chant, then, O Mem'ry! chant the strain
Which melts our souls with pleasing pain.
Give, give to *our* emotions vent;
They speak in Memory's lament!

With trembling hand and voice, revealing
How tender and intense her feeling ;
She faintly sighs these pensive words,
And, mournfully, the clear strings sweeping,
Waken's at once the harp's sweet chords,
And those which in our hearts lay sleeping.

1.

Sing me a dirge, a wailing dirge,
Thou sobbing winter-blast !
Wild as thy requiem o'er the surge,
When wrecking storms rush past.
'Tis for the dead—the dead delights,
Whose graves are years gone by —
The happy days and love-lit nights,
Like *us*, born but to die !

2.

Fill high, my friends, and let us pour
Libations from the bowl,
To the wan shades of joys no more,
Now hovering round each soul.
Come !—to the spirits of past years
Fill high the cup !—yet why ?
'Tis fill'd already—with the tears
That gush from every eye !

ELEANOR DARBY.

A STATE SECRET.

(Continued from Vol. IV. p. 594.)

"By the simplest means imaginable," replied the Count, also rising. "There is a most important document relating to the very mission which has brought the Saxon Minister to this court, and the loss of which would cause the disgrace of his Excellency's good-looking private secretary."

"Well, sir, and this document?"

"Is (by a curious adventure, which I need not detail to you) in my possession. It shall be yours, my dear Baron; for the affairs it treats of, I am given to understand, may affect the interests of his Imperial Majesty."

The Count drew from his pocket a long ministerial-looking paper, carefully tied up, sealed, and labelled, which he politely presented to Hubert, adding, "You will perceive that the electoral seal is still unbroken; I would not have made myself acquainted with the contents save in your presence. I place the fate of your would-be rival in the hands of your Excellency, as well as my secret."

"Rely on it, Count de Clairval, I shall respect the latter. But with respect to the young secretary, is it absolutely necessary that he should be disgraced? Could we not show him a little mercy?"

"It would be impolitic; he is in the way. To tell you the truth, my Lord, I have caused it to be hinted to his protector that the dismissal of the young gentleman would oblige me; but on account of some foolish prejudice in favour of the boy's talents, or integrity, and other like trifling recommendations, he has positively refused to accede to my request. Does not such culpable obstinacy deserve to be visited on the young man?"

"Oh, certainly, Count; I am convinced, and the Saxon Minister, I promise you, shall know what it is to have offended you."

"And my niece — the alliance?"

"My lord, could I obtain her hand, it would be the happiest moment of my life; and, believe me, when *you* consent to receive me as your nephew, there will be no obstacle to our marriage."

"Baron! you transport me — my proudest hopes are fulfilled; and to prove my sincerity, allow me to request you will peruse this at your leisure; it contains what I know to be the private opinions of France on the treaty now pending; to you they will be invaluable." The Count handed him a second paper, similar in appearance to the first, directed to his Excellency, the Baron von Lindau, and marked *confidential*, which Hubert received as smilingly as it was presented.

"I think, my Lord, our conference may now end for the present. You shall hear further from me," said Hubert, "respecting our silly young secretary. Duty now demands my absence; can I leave your

hospitable château unnoticed? Am I to return the same way by which I came?"

"By no means, there are several stragglers in the neighbourhood; allow me to show you down the private staircase in my suite of apartments, where I have placed a servant to prevent interruption. This way, Baron." Then with a profusion of bows, the Grand Chamberlain escorted his guest from the apartment.

Ere the echo of the last footstep had ceased, the panel again slid back, and forthwith stepped into the room a cavalier, some few years older than Hubert Walstein, rather good-looking, with a military air, and dressed, like him, in the costume before described. On his hand was perched the very white dove that Ernestine had despatched with her billet-doux. The new comer looked round the room.

"I wonder in what apartment of the Château de Clairval I am," said he, soliloquising, "and what fair lady has done me the honour of sending me an invitation so romantically mysterious? It appears that she intends to try my patience ere she condescends to show herself. I must secure her feathered messenger; this, I suppose, is his cage." He then replaced the dove in its gilt wire dwelling, and thus continued:—"Upon my word, this is a curious occupation for a colonel of cavalry, and an Austrian minister plenipotentiary—to be stealing by secret passages into the château of a grand chamberlain; how is this adventure to end?"

Before he proceeded further in his conjectures, Estelle de Valey entered from the door leading to the apartment of Ernestine: the stranger was still standing by the gilt cage, and she advanced so noiselessly, that he never heard her approach.

"It must be him," thought Estelle; "the dress and appearance are exactly what Ernestine described."

The gentleman turned round, started on beholding her, bowed, and then stood looking at her, as if he were endeavouring to recognise her. Estelle saw in him the cavalier whose indifference to her beauty had piqued her vanity.

"Oh, why have you ventured here?" was her first remark.

"Why?" repeated the stranger, "surely, my fair questioner need scarcely ask me why I am here, after the note I have received."

"True; but knowing the danger you must run if you should be discovered——"

"Danger!" repeated the cavalier.

"To be sure, danger both to you and my cousin. What would become of you, Monsieur Walstein, if the Count de Clairval knew that you were not only in love with his niece Ernestine, but had the imprudence to come here, unknown to him, and by that secret passage too?"

All this was as unintelligible to the gentleman as Chinese, but he said nothing.

"I am very angry with Ernestine, who has just confided her secret to me, and I ought to scold you—only, unfortunately, there is no time: but tell me has the Count de Clairval discovered who you are?"

"Certainly not, I have scarcely seen him."

"Ah, I have such sad news for you! That odious Baron von Lindau——"

"Von Lindau!" said the stranger, "what of him?"

"Poor Ernestine had no time to tell you. Alas! it is all settled! she is to marry that hateful creature; he is coming here to-day to be presented to her, and you must make up your mind to be very miserable. I am really exceedingly sorry for you."

"Really, Madam, you are too kind; but are you sure there is not some mistake respecting the Count's decision?"

"Do not flatter yourself, there are no hopes for you: but if it will be any consolation for you, Ernestine detests the Baron von Lindau most cordially, and will do every thing in her power to escape from her uncle's tyranny."

The gentleman appeared thoughtful; he said to himself, "I am evidently mistaken for some favoured admirer, and have received the note originally meant for him." Then addressing Estelle, he continued—"Is this presuming person, Baron von Lindau, known to you?"

"We have never seen him, he is but lately arrived on a secret mission from Vienna; I make no doubt he is a very disagreeable combination of the usual ministerial ingredients, and as uninteresting as his own protocols—I beg your pardon, Monsieur Walstein, I forget that you, as private secretary to the Saxon Minister, are of the diplomatic corps."

"Why, yes, I have the honour of belonging to that much-abused body," said the stranger, smiling with much meaning.

"How unfortunate for this Baron von Lindau to be the object of your aversion!"

"I dare say the poor man is well enough, and if he would only confine himself to what he understands,—such as treaties, state secrets, the affairs of Europe, and other trifles of the sort,—one would say nothing against him; but when he has the impertinence to pretend to make love, and the assurance to insist on marrying a young lady against her will, he deserves——"

"Don't be too severe on him, poor man! for if your friend Ernestine be but half as charming as you are, he might well be excused."

"Monsieur Walstein, I shall be seriously displeased if you talk in that strain. Do you imagine that I can be gratified at any compliment paid me at the expense of another?"

"Pardon me, I only spoke the truth; if I have been indiscreet, you should forgive me for the novelty of the offence. Truth, you know, is a failing that *we* of the diplomatic corps are seldom guilty of."

"Enough! and now you must make your escape; the Count will return soon; there! run away; Ernestine shall contrive to send you a note to-morrow, she dare not leave her apartment now."

"It is extremely cruel to dismiss me thus," said the stranger, laughing, "especially since you are deputed to be the representative of your fair friend."

"Oh, do go! Don't stand making silly speeches" (said Estelle

impatiently, very much disposed to eject the pseudo Hubert, not only through the doorway, but through the door itself, had it been possible). "Pray, Monsieur Walstein, make the best of your way out of the château, by the panel yonder."

He advanced to the panel for the purpose of opening it, and found that it resisted all his efforts. "It is secured on the other side," he said quietly to Estelle.

"'Tis the Count! he has discovered your stolen visit here. What is to be done?"

"Apparently nothing, unless I can walk out of the door."

"And so pop upon some of the servants, or perhaps the Count himself, for he is generally prowling about in the corridor. Where have you left your horse?"

"By the pavilion yonder."

"Then, as there is no other way of getting out, mind that at the end of the corridor you turn to the right, and then — Ah! here is the Grand Chamberlain himself, — he is in the ante-room through which you must pass. We are lost!"

"Really, that is very unpleasant!" said her companion.

"Unless," continued the frightened girl, disregarding the extremely cool manner in which this news was received, "unless you could pass yourself off as my lover."

"Your lover? Most willingly, I shall be delighted."

"Quick then! I hear the Count's step,—come here, kneel by my chair—not in that clumsy manner,—dear me—how awkward you are!"

"You should have commenced this lesson before," said the stranger, dropping gracefully on one knee by the arm-chair in which Estelle was seated.

"Now take my hand,—but remember, this is mere make-believe love; when the door opens, act confusion, and leave the rest to me. Hush! he is coming!"

The lover impromptu, following her instructions, and even going beyond them, was imprinting a dozen kisses on the fair *mignonne* hand he held, when the Count de Clairval entering the room, stood morally petrified at the sight he beheld; and Estelle, uttering the prettiest little shriek in the world, started from her seat, and the gentleman, rising also, assumed a very natural look of confusion.

"I am shocked!" cried the Count.

"Monsieur de Clairval says that he is shocked," observed the gentleman to Estelle, who had buried her face in her handkerchief, for she was strongly tempted to laugh.

"What is the meaning of this?" demanded the Count, stalking majestically into the centre of the apartment, and looking from the stranger to Estelle, and from Estelle to the stranger.

"The Grand Chamberlain wishes to know what all this means," repeated the latter, with the same imperturbable gravity.

"Young man, this presumption deserves the fullest punishment." And the Count, who had seated himself in an imposing attitude, awaited a submissive reply. But the supposed culprit, with miraculous gravity, was looking straightforward at a fat pink and white

cupid, who was painted bestriding a very plump cloud in an intensely blue sky.

"Mademoiselle de Valey, perhaps *you* will condescend to explain?"

"Ah, my Lord, pardon him! and let your displeasure fall on me, for I alone am guilty;" said Estelle, endeavouring to look penitent.

"*You!* this is incomprehensible! Who is this stranger?" haughtily, demanded the Count, very much in the manner of a melodramatic papa, who interrupts a love scene.

"Monsieur Hubert Walstein," was the reply.

"Monsieur Hubert Walstein! the secretary to the Saxon Minister! *I am* surprised. Pray, young man, how came you here?"

"Through a side door, up a perpendicular staircase, down a long narrow passage, and finally, by means of a sliding panel, into this apartment;" replied the stranger, bowing very low.

"He will betray himself," said Estelle aside, signing to him to be silent. "My lord," she continued, "I will confess all, and trust to your generous forgiveness. Monsieur Walstein here came at— at —"

"At your instigation, Mademoiselle?" said the Count.

"And blinded by an unfortunate passion — oh, pardon him, for my sake —"

"And could you, Mademoiselle de Valey,—to whom I have the honour of being distantly related,—could you encourage the presumptuous attentions of this young man? Do you dare, in my presence, to avow a mutual love for him?"

This was an embarrassing question, for as Estelle was about to stammer forth an affirmative, she saw the stranger's dark laughing eye fixed on her, with a very arch expression; so she merely looked down, and twirled the silver tassels of her cordelière.

"I perceive," said the Count, "you need not reply,—I read the degrading confession in your eyes."

"An extremely clear-sighted physiognomist," said the unknown to himself.

"And perhaps, sir, you will next have the assurance to tell me that you love my cousin Estelle de Valey; and I should not wonder, sir, if you even presumed to ask her in marriage." Here the Grand Chamberlain looked ominously dignified, whilst the stranger replied —

"Monsieur de Clairval, from all I have seen of Mademoiselle de Valey, I can assure you that if I thought my homage would be accepted, I would willingly offer her my hand and fortune."

The Count actually started in dismay, as though he expected some signal mark of divine anger to follow this daring declaration; but as the castle was not shaken to its foundations by a sudden clap of thunder, nor the roof tumbled in on him, nor the floor opened under him, he could only look *lettres-de-cachet*, bastilles, and banishment at the rash lover. Yet, midst his anger, it was some consolation to find that Estelle, and not Ernestine, was the object of Hubert Walstein's romantic passion. Now one mighty obstacle was removed, his niece could marry the Baron, and the Grand Chamberlain might not object to receive the young secretary as the suitor of Estelle. But then he had striven so industriously to ruin him, in the estimation of the

Austrian Minister ; and what says the wisdom of nations ? "*Those who are injured may forgive, those who injure never do forgive.*" Count de Clairval having meditated the annihilation of Hubert, could not feel charitably disposed towards him ; so looking very awful, he said : —

"Mademoiselle de Valey, oblige me by retiring to your apartment. I shall have some conversation with this gentleman."

Poor Estelle was now as much alarmed as if it really were her lover from whom she was parting ; she sprang towards the inexorable Count, her hands clasped and her beautiful eyes suffused with tears ; "Oh, my lord, have pity !" The Count waved his hand, and walked away.

"Whatever happens, do not betray us," said Estelle aside to the false Hubert ; "respect the secret of my poor cousin, and you may command my eternal gratitude."

"He must be heartless indeed who could betray such a trust, or withstand such a bribe," replied the gentleman. Somehow, — I suppose it must have been by chance, — the latter found himself so close to the lady, that he naturally enough took her hand, and, shocking to relate, at the very moment the Count turned round, he was actually pressing it to his lips. The Grand Chamberlain fortunately was without his sword, otherwise fatal consequences might have ensued ; he stamped his foot, and exclaimed, "audacious !" but the door of the corridor opening, and the real Hubert hastily bursting into the room, the Count's harangue as well as his anger was suddenly cut short.

"My Lord !" said Hubert, — and there *he* stood, utterly amazed at beholding the stranger.

"Ah, my dear Baron !" said De Clairval, with a voice, smile, and manner of the blandest. "So soon returned ; you have become witness to a little domestic scene, which I will explain to you. Estelle, my dear, we need not detain you ; Baron von Lindau will excuse your departure."

Of course Hubert bowed ; and the Count, taking the tips of Estelle's fingers into his, conducted her to the door ; the *soi-disant* Hubert approaching the other, whispered a few words to him ; but what those words were must for the present remain a profound mystery.

They both turned quickly away as the Count joined them ; the latter, bowing to Hubert, said, "Will not your Excellency be seated ? I have to inform you of a discovery I have made during your absence. This young man, I presume, is not known to you ?"

"I believe not," replied Hubert, hesitatingly glancing at the stranger, who, with a mighty humble air, stood rather apart.

"That, my Lord, is the young man of whom I spoke to you this morning, — Monsieur Hubert Walstein."

"Ah ! the young secretary, who has unfortunately fallen under your displeasure. Be satisfied, my dear Count, I have settled that little affair you mentioned, and by this time the Saxon Minister is acquainted with the loss of the document."

"Hush, my dear Baron, here is a third person present ; I fear we have been rather hasty ; it appears from his own confession that,

instead of being in love with my niece, he is the secret admirer of a relative of mine, the young lady who quitted the room as you entered."

"Indeed! then perhaps, as he is no longer my rival, we may show him a little mercy. I should like to hear what he has to say for himself."

"Certainly, my Lord, — you command here: — Monsieur Walstein, his Excellency has prevailed on me to overlook your temerity. I had been given to understand that your ambitious views had aimed at my niece. It is necessary to assure me that I was mistaken."

"You were indeed, my Lord; I am guiltless of having even presumed to think of Mademoiselle de Clairval; and I am aware how far superior are the claims of that gentleman to her affection," the stranger bowed to Hubert, who tried not to look surprised; "and could my poor services assist in forwarding his views, he might command them."

"You hear, my dear Baron," said the Count, highly delighted, "there now remains no obstacle."

"Save *your* consent, my Lord," replied Hubert; "and a full pardon for me," said the stranger; "for, if you remember, Count, you hinted just now something respecting a little severity; perhaps imprisonment for life, or some similar unpleasantness, which I am very anxious to avoid."

"Monsieur Walstein, you are forgiven: I trust that I know how to pardon a mere youthful indiscretion." The Grand Chamberlain looked as dignified as though he had been the emperor himself granting a general amnesty.

"I am rejoiced to find you so indulgent, my Lord," said Hubert; "for I have also to beg your forgiveness for a little deception that has continued long enough. Count, I must confess, and very reluctantly too, that I am *not* the Baron von Lindau."

"You are not the Baron von Lindau!" said the Count, gasping forth the words.

"Alas! no. I am merely plain Hubert Walstein; rich only in possessing the affections of your niece, and fortunate in regaining, thanks to you, a certain document which had been abstracted from my official papers."

To say that the Count de Clairval was thunder-struck, wonder-struck, and conscience-struck all in one, is saying very little. He could only just articulate, "How dared you tell me that you were the Baron?"

"I beg your pardon, Count," replied Hubert; "It was *you* who told me so, and it was not for a mere private secretary to contradict a Grand Chamberlain in his own house."

"Oh! how I have been deceived and cheated!" cried the Count, trying to suppress his rage. "Who, then, is this second impostor? How dared you tell me that you were Hubert Walstein?"

"I beg your pardon," replied the stranger, in the meekest manner; "It was Mademoiselle de Valey who told you so, and it was not for a mere stranger to contradict the cousin of a Grand Chamberlain in her own boudoir."

"This villanous plot shall be severely punished! Who *are* you?"

"Alas, I am only plain *Leopold von Lindau*, commonly called Baron von Lindau."

The Count heard no more; he literally tumbled, rather than fell into a chair—his horror was at the acmé. To think of the direful deeds he had been committing, the unpardonable crimes of which he had been guilty, against court etiquette, and, worse still, the blunders he had been seduced into perpetrating, because two gentlemen dressed alike happened both to come by appointment through the same secret passage into the same room—to think of his having been *Young Manning* the favourite, and minister plenipotentiary of his imperial majesty, and threatening with his displeasure and disgrace the great card of the ambassadorial pack—to think that he had caressed, fawned on, flattered, and discovered all his little paltry feelings and plots to his *bête d'aversion*, the young secretary; nay, more, betrayed to him a *State Secret*, by which his own ruin might be effected; for could he expect that Hubert Walstein would act towards him as a generous foe, by returning the fatal paper intended for the Baron, and saying nothing of the purloined document—all this rushed with railroad rapidity through what nature intended for brains; and if his hair did not stand erect, it must have been owing to the ponderous wig that protected his caput, which wig, had it been the growth of the said lordly skull, and not the "dowry of a second head," must have uncurled in sympathetic terror. Never since Marie de Medicis, in the celebrated *Journée des Dupés*, was there ever a more mortified, baffled, and detected unfortunate than the astute Count de Clairval.

"My Lord," said the Count, when he had partly recovered the shock, "How can I sufficiently apologise for the apparent rudeness of my behaviour? but not being aware of your Excellency's rank—I—I—very naturally mistook you for my young friend there."

"But then, I make no doubt, Count, that you made ample amends by your politeness whilst he was my representative."

"That I can vouch for," said Hubert maliciously, enjoying the Count's confusion; "I was equally charmed with Monsieur de Clairval's politeness and *generous* sincerity; but that, of course, is what we look for in a nobleman of his distinguished position—admirable talent."

"And do not omit kindness and benevolence of sentiment, which add a lustre to his rank," observed the Baron.

The poor Count felt that he was acting the part of a football between two skilful players. "Gentlemen!" he at length said, "we might perhaps arrange this little affair. I am sure that Monsieur Walstein will accept of my apology for all I said of him."

"Count, it was all true—I own that I came here by stealth to see your niece, to whom you well know I have long been attached. It appears that I was accosted by your servant in mistake, and supposed by you to be the Baron von Lindau. In that character I have heard perhaps a few home truths, and also a secret or two, which shall be as safe in my keeping as your own. But I shall take no more than I can honestly claim. The paper has been returned to my patron without explanation; this (he continued producing the letter ad-

dressed to the Baron) shall be delivered to the right owner. Baron von Lindau, it is intended for you."

"Hold! hold!" exclaimed the Count, "I feel that I am at your mercy; hear me, Baron von Lindau, I will speak the truth."

"For the first time in your life," I suspect, *thought* Von Lindau; but of course he was too well-bred to think aloud.

"Baron von Lindau, I am placed at this moment in a peculiarly awkward situation; some hints on state affairs, confided by mistake to this young gentleman, under the idea that he was my intended nephew-in-law—"

"And what should prevent you from making him so in reality? He loves your niece, and is loved by her in return,—why not consent to their marriage?"

"Consent to the marriage of my niece with Monsieur Walstein! consider the dignity of my ancient house,—our sixteen quarterings."

"Consider the indignity of being deprived of your golden key of office, and of having no quarter shown you. In one word, Count, consent, and your secret is safe."

"But Monsieur Walstein merely—the private secretary,—is not a suitable match for my heiress."

"Perhaps not; but the *Chevalier* Walstein—*my* friend, one of the attachés of the Austrian embassy, and under the immediate protection of my royal master,—may aspire to the hand of even your heiress."

The Count cried, "What do I hear!"

Hubert exclaimed, "Amazing! am I so fortunate as to have obtained your patronage, my Lord?"

"My dear young friend, I am only discharging a debt of gratitude. I had the advantage of serving under your late gallant father when I first entered the service; to his advice and his example, I owe my present good fortune. Nay, more, I am indebted to him for my life, which he preserved at the risk of his own. His death, and the seclusion in which your mother has lived, have hitherto prevented me from testifying my gratitude; it is but lately I discovered that my brave friend had left a son; and the munificence of his imperial majesty, as well as his gracious kindness, enables me to offer you, in his name, more than an empty title. But there is one favour I must ask in return; it is your friendship." The Baron held out his hand to Hubert, who grasped it, saying,

"May I, Monsieur von Lindau, ever prove worthy of yours!"

"Of that there is no doubt; and now, Count, you will, I am sure allow me to congratulate your charming niece on her approaching marriage."

"Of course, my Lord," said De Clairval, "were I only certain that the grand duke would sanction it."

"Make yourself easy, my dear Count; he will scarcely, I think, thwart the wishes of the Emperor."

"Well, my Lord, I must acquiesce, though grieved at losing the honour of your alliance."

"But the young ladies, Count, are in terrible suspense; and I owe one of them a thousand apologies for reading a note intended for Monsieur Walstein."

"They shall pay their respects to you;" and, in obedience to the Grand Chamberlain's summons, Ernestine and Estelle made their appearance, both looking very humble. They were not a little astonished at seeing the two gentlemen apparently on such good terms, though Ernestine, trembling and confused, dare scarcely look at either.

"Ernestine!" said the Count, pompously, as he advanced, and led her towards Hubert, "the Baron von Lindau, who is so good as to interest himself in your happiness." Ernestine had not ventured to raise her eyes; she merely curtsied, but said nothing.

"So, he is here!" said Estelle in a whisper to the Baron; "really, that Monsieur von Lindau is a very presuming person."

"Oh, shocking!" said Von Lindau. "He wants a little of your advice, to bring him to his senses."

"Hush!" said Estelle, for the Count was about to continue.

"And as I understand," said the Count, "that you have long been attached to the son of that excellent Madame Walstein, I have been prevailed upon to consent to your union with him."

"Uncle, dear uncle!" cried Ernestine, for the first time looking up, and encountering the gaze, not of the dreaded Baron, but of her lover, — "Can it be possible!"

"Yes, my beloved Ernestine," said Hubert, "I am permitted to call you mine, thanks to the noble and generous friend who has pleaded for me, the Baron von Lindau."

"And who," said the Baron, "is richly repaid by witnessing your happiness. Mademoiselle de Clairval will allow me to be the first to congratulate her on the choice she has made, for I know my excellent young friend Walstein must inherit the virtues of his respected father." The Baron raised the hand of Ernestine to his lips, and respectfully kissed it. "Oh, Count de Clairval," he continued, as the lovers withdrew to the window, "do not such moments as these make amends for the many sacrifices we are obliged to make in this dull life of state intrigue?"

"Your philosophy, Baron, equals your judgment," replied the Count, who, though ready to burst with vexation, would not show it.

"You are complimentary; but what says Mademoiselle de Valey? She has not yet recovered from her surprise at my sudden transformation from an agreeable young gentleman into a 'dull minister-plenipotentiary, as uninteresting and ridiculous as one of my own protocols.' Those were your words, if I mistake not?"

Estelle would willingly have run away; but as that could not have *unsaid* what she had uttered, she resolutely fixed her eyes on the forefinger of her right-hand glove, and tried to look unconcerned.

"Dear me! I trust, my Lord, you do not imagine that any young lady here could possibly apply such terms to your Excellency," hastily replied the Count.

"My Excellency was merely paying the usual penalty of listeners; only I had the advantage of hearing some truths far from disagreeable. This young lady kindly professed to be interested for me—nay, more, promised to feel eternal gratitude if I kept the secret of her friend; and even hinted to you, my dear Count, that I was honoured with her regard. It would not be generous to retract."

"I really do not exactly comprehend you, my Lord," said Estelle, coquettishly arranging her bouquet.

"No—that must be owing to my stupidity; frankly, then, Made-moiselle de Valey, could you overlook those terrible defects you pointed out to me, and forget that, as the Baron von Lindau, I was to have been the rival of my young friend Walstein. I own I am merely a plain-spoken soldier, very ill-fitted to shine amongst your court suitors; but if sincere respect, and admiration for your character, could induce you to bestow your hand on such an awkward lover as I am——What! still silent?—Count, I must appeal to you."

"My dear Lord," said De Clairval, "you do me too much honour. My young cousin Estelle, of course, is sensible of your merits: such an alliance as yours must be received as it merits. Estelle, you could not refuse."

"But this marriage is so sudden," said the young lady.

"That is owing to a State Secret," replied von Lindau, looking slyly at the Count. "I was sent here in search of a wife; only think how mortifying it will be for me to return without one."

"Besides, it has been rumoured that the Baron Von Lindau was about to contract an alliance with our family: the Grand Duke,—the Emperor,—have signified their pleasure, which, of course, is equal to a command."

"Say no more," said Estelle, "because I might be tempted to rebel, merely for the pleasure of asserting my right to do so. Let me assure Baron von Lindau that I appreciate the honour he does me as much as though it had not the disadvantage of being sanctioned by my friends."

"And you consent?" eagerly inquired the Count, who was resolved to make her a baroness if he could.

"Why," replied the young lady, smiling, "it is so rare to meet with those vulgar qualities, candour, generosity, and common sense, in a courtier, that one ought to encourage them. We shall have time to become better acquainted with each other before marriage is thought of. I have a thousand faults, my lord; I tell you so beforehand."

"I am not obliged to believe that," said Von Lindau; "but it will be of very little consequence; I happen to have just that number myself. So during my probation we will strive to discover our mutual defects of temper; and perhaps our industry may be rewarded by stumbling now and then upon a hidden virtue, that this good-natured world never gave us credit for."

The Count de Clairval prevented any further reply; he was not desirous of entering into details, lest any unlucky explanations should compromise his dignity. But in spite of this fortunate termination to what had nearly proved a blunder (which Talleyrand avers to be worse than a crime), he took especial care to make assignments only with those he knew; and his first act, after the departure of the several brides and bridegrooms to Vienna, was to shut up a certain dark passage and staircase, lest at any future time they should aid a disguised enemy in detecting a *Court Secret*.

A VISIT TO GREYSTONE HALL.

"To one who has been long in city pent,
 'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
 And open face of heaven—to breathe a prayer
 Full in the smile of the blue firmament." — KEATS.

It was one morning in the gloomy month of November that Arthur Lonsdale received an invitation from his college friend Charles Percy Somerville, to spend a few days at his country seat in Yorkshire. The friends had not met for several years, during which period Somerville had married the daughter of a neighbouring nobleman, and settled on his paternal estate. His father having died during his minority; and Lonsdale, being in great measure dependent on his own exertions, had steadily pursued the profession of the law, residing principally in chambers, like other bachelors whose hopes of preferment are greater than their means. It was, then, no small gratification to a lonely barrister to receive a warm and pressing invitation, couched in terms particularly flattering to himself, to join the young squire's select circle of acquaintance annually assembled at this season of the year, when country hospitality is more than usually active. Not many days passed before Lonsdale was seen making all haste in a cab to reach the Euston-square station in time to take his departure by an early train for Yorkshire. Many were the thoughts which passed through the active and sensitive mind of the young barrister, as he found himself rapidly moving out of the precincts of the metropolis into the healthy and cheerful country, where his boyhood had mostly been passed in the enjoyment of all those out-of-doors recreations which fall to the lot of those who are not pent up in cities vast. Life had been to him eventful. He had seen the last decay of a once ample fortune in the hands of his poor father, who was incompetent to retrieve the slow ruin entailed upon him by the extravagance and folly of his ancestors, and who, before his own and afflicted wife's death, parted with the last estate, upon which the family had resided for centuries. Lonsdale, at the completion of his college career (which was, by the by, a highly honourable one), found himself an orphan, with nothing but his poor mother's marriage settlement secured to him for his subsistence, and with few friends willing or able to assist him in the outset of life. It was these trying circumstances which led him to shun the world, and much of its society, and seek in an honourable profession a constant occupation for his active mind, and an independence for his declining years. These efforts had succeeded more than he at first anticipated; and he had found time, in the comparative seclusion which he had chosen for himself, to cultivate a love of religious truth, which followed him, like his mother's last blessing, through all the vicissitudes of life.— In person he was about the middle size: his forehead was ample and lofty, his dark eyes were peculiarly fascinating, combining the pene-

tration of a man of ability and observation with the sunshine and tenderness of an affectionate and kindly disposition, together with an occasional archness of expression, which showed their possessor neither incapable of appreciating wit in others, nor of exercising it himself. His voice was firm and manly, and at the same time musical, and, being directed by a good ear, never failed to impress the hearer, whether engaged in public, or in private discourse; nor was it deficient in the exercise of vocal harmony, which he had frequently cultivated during his residence in town. To this slight accomplishment, Lonsdale added those of a good draughtsman, and, sometimes flattered himself, of a POET also. Be this as it may, he was verily believed guilty of writing verses for the magazines! He played chess and billiards well; and hoped that he had not forgotten his seat in the saddle, or his use of the gun and fishing-rod; and therefore trusted that his presence at his friend Somerville's would not be unpalatable to the guests there assembled, — the male portion of whom, he supposed, might be great proficient in rural sports, — and the ladies, he flattered himself, would appreciate the exercise of his voice, of his pencil, and, perhaps, of his muse.

It was natural, then, that Lonsdale should almost unconsciously have thought over the events of his early life, awakened in the first instance by the glimpses of the brooks, fields, and cottages (gleaming under a bright morning sun), which seemed hurrying by him, as he moved rapidly forward in the train which was to convey him to within a few miles of his friend's country seat.

Nor was it improbable that he should also run over his own scanty stock of accomplishments (as we are wont to do the contents of our portmanteaus, fearing lest we have left behind us some important article of clothing), apprehending lest that stock should be too small — as his native modesty told him it was — to render his presence welcome to the circle he was about to fall in with. And then came the curiosity as to *who* would be there. His friend Somerville, he knew, remained unchanged; but his wife he had never seen. Some of his friend's sisters might be there. Ah! his poor heart might get entangled! But all was mere innocent conjecture; for Somerville had not told him a syllable about his guests. He was certainly impatient to arrive; and became fidgetty when the train drew up at small stations. He spoke little to his fellow-passengers, and seemed more pleased with his own thoughts than with theirs. At length he found himself approaching the end of his journey. The train stopped. He heard the name of the neighbouring town: it sounded like music, for the first time, in his ear. There was a pony-chaise, a livery servant — yes, it was Somerville's servant — waiting for him. He was soon trotting off to Greystone. He had not been there for years. He looked with delight on the rural village — its square-towered church and parsonage. Yes, he remembered the parsonage — a slight colour rose into his cheek; he had been there when a boy, and played with the Vicar's daughter, a sweet girl, younger than himself, of whom he had heard nothing since. "Can Laura Stapleton be there now?" thought he. "Is her excellent father, the Vicar of Greystone, living?" — He would have asked the driver

of the pony-chaise, but the words stuck in his throat. They drove on, and soon passed the lodge of Greystone Hall, and were traversing the park. It was a beautiful scene. The setting sun was gleaming in the short-lived splendour of a fine November evening over the majestic trees which stood in almost leafless avenues around; their huge branches all burnished with gold. The deer were brousing on the sward, and soon the mansion of Greystone rose on the hill facing the traveller, its windows glittering in the dying blaze of day! This was a moment when Lonsdale felt he had a heart. It rose and beat within him: it was the recollection of past scenes, which crowded upon him more rapidly and more forcibly than he knew how to control. He thought of those days when he had parents living — when they too possessed a family seat — when he visited Greystone Hall on a seeming equality. But it had pleased God that this should no longer be so. Enough! — he was content. He strove manfully, and at last overcame his emotion; and by the time the carriage had reached the front of the mansion, he was himself again. It was a handsome stone building, with a centre and wings. The centre had a double flight of steps leading to the entrance, and was ornamented with four massive columns surmounted by some Grecian decorations — only a poor substitute for the Gothic mansion which once stood on its site: although the elegant suite of rooms, the commodious offices which stretched out behind, and the princely stables, dog-kennels, and gardens which stood among the trees to the right and left of the building, were undoubtedly more in accordance with the luxury of modern life; and therefore had been substituted in this as in many other instances for the massive turrets and jealous mullions and casements of the Elizabethan age.

Lonsdale was met in the entrance-hall by his friend Somerville, and a moment was sufficient to convince him that the long interval which had elapsed since their last meeting had not impaired his friendship or lessened his cordiality. Lonsdale felt entirely at his ease. He was speedily conducted into an elegant library, and introduced as a particular friend to Lady Charlotte, who received him, though a total stranger, except by report, with all that ease and kindness which good-breeding has invariably at command. Lady Charlotte was of rather small stature, with great delicacy of contour and complexion. Her eyes were beautifully blue and full of expression, increased by the fine arched brow and long fringed lash which hung over them; her forehead and nose were chiselled like a Grecian statue, and there was great sweetness and kindliness in the expression of her lips. Her noble lineage shone through the natural grace and simplicity of her carriage. Lonsdale thought his friend had formed an admirable match, and soon made acquaintance with a lovely little girl and chubby boy who were playing about their mamma's chair.

There was much which the friends had to talk over, in which Lady Charlotte took a lively interest, having already received many particulars of Arthur Lonsdale's early life and connection with the family from her husband. A half-an-hour passed rapidly away, until

the dressing-bell reminded the company that dinner-time was approaching.

"Let me show you to your room," said Somerville. "You will wish to dress after your journey. We are expecting a few neighbours to dinner, whom I know you will like to meet. We dine punctually at seven," Mr. Lonsdale said. Lady Charlotte and the company dispersed to their several apartments,—the guests who were staying at Greystone having all retired to their rooms, fatigued with the sports of the day, or wishing to be alone before Lonsdale's arrival. As he again passed through the hall, which was now brilliantly lighted, he was struck by the beauty and value of the paintings which hung on every side. He mounted a spacious staircase, traversed a corridor, conducted by his friendly host, and soon arrived at his bedroom, where he found a snug fire, and candles burning on the dressing-table. "What luxury," thought he, "and comfort combined, in these English mansions: I have nothing to do but enjoy myself! The care, if there be any, is not with me; it is with my wealthy host and hostess. May God bless them, and theirs!"

It was too dark to look out of the window: so, having made his toilet, he quickly found his way down into the drawing-room, where the guests were assembling for dinner. Here Mr. and Lady Somerville were engaged in conversation with an elderly gentleman and a young lady, who were soon introduced as the Stapletons; and Lonsdale recognised, not without some slight embarrassment, his former playfellow, Laura Stapleton, and her excellent father, the Vicar of Greystone.

He looked to see whether he could trace any expression in Laura's face betraying a similar consciousness of by-gone acquaintance; but she appeared perfectly at her ease, and did not return his glance, until her father pointedly alluded to the subject, and spoke to Lonsdale of their early association; then, indeed, he thought he perceived the beautiful eyes of Laura wandering anxiously over his countenance and figure, as if recalling, or endeavouring to recall, some image that dwelt as a cherished inmate in her mind's eye. But all this might be mere fancy; for men are such presumptuous creatures, when they *hope* for notice, they almost always think they *receive* it.

These meditations were interrupted by the entrance of Lord Methley, Lady Somerville's brother, and Sir Harry Fortescue, a particular friend of her husband's. The former was in Parliament as a Whig, and had distinguished himself by his eloquence, political foresight, and philanthropy. Unlike his sister, he was very tall and commanding in appearance, with a fine lofty brow, but divested of all hauteur in his manner, which, on the contrary, was invariably winning and respectful to all classes. He was a great favourite wherever he went, and was never known to make an enemy. The latter was also a member of the House of Commons, and was generally supposed to have attached himself to the Young England party. He was an accomplished scholar, and had written well both in prose and verse. He was a short, broadset man, with long black hair, and rather a Jewish expression of countenance; a most incessant and entertaining talker, and a capital hand at private theatricals. Lonsdale had

scarcely spoken to these fellow-guests when Mrs. Somerville, the mother of his host, and her daughters Clara and Louisa, entered the room with their brother Tom, an Etonian. Mrs. Somerville was a fine portly lady, retaining much of her early beauty. Clara was a tall handsome girl, rather dashing and showy in appearance, with an off-hand manner, which rather alarmed than attracted the gentlemen. She was a capital rider; an excellent care-taker of the sick, especially of the poor; hated music, and liked dancing and romping. Louisa was a very timid retiring creature, who seldom could be fairly drawn out in society; though possessed of excellent abilities, a fine form and voice, an affectionate disposition, and great taste and accomplishments. Tom was full of roguery and fun, a true Etonian; teased his sisters more than enough, yet was a great favourite with them; knew more about dogs and horses than Latin and Greek; and had not lost his relish for currant wine and plumb-cake!

Lady Methley now made her appearance: she was very elegantly dressed, and was altogether a very striking person, and made a good match to her commanding-looking husband, her manner being no less pleasing than his, and her company therefore always acceptable. Captain Jones, a great fox-hunter and steady bachelor, followed her ladyship into the room; and the door was scarcely shut, when Mr. and Mrs. Goldrood, the country banker and his wife, were announced. Goldrood was a banker and magistrate, a man of good family and good breeding, who was admitted into the best society in his own neighbourhood. He was supposed to possess great wealth and a consummate knowledge of business of every kind, and was frequently consulted by those who had money to lend or money to borrow. He was believed to be the only man who knew the exact worth of every man's estate, and the limit of every man's income, for twenty miles round; and this gave him something of the same standing in the world which the possession of other knowledge invariably gives in the eyes of those who do not possess it. He was, beyond the circumstance of being connected with business, in no way distinguished from the society in which he moved; and his character as a banker was more known for liberality than for niggardliness. He possessed good landed property, and lived in a handsome country-seat adjoining the town where his bank was situated; and he was known to cultivate a taste for the fine arts. Dinner was now announced, and Somerville led the way with Lady Methley to the dining-room. Lord Methley took his sister Lady Charlotte; Sir Harry Fortescue was asked to take Mrs. Somerville, which he did not do until he had ogled all the young ladies round through his gold eye-glass. The Vicar took charge of the banker's wife. Lonsdale instinctively walked up to Laura Stapleton, which move was not unobserved by her vigilant father. The country banker made many apologies on account of his age and want of eye-sight, and offered his arm at last to Louisa Somerville. Jones made a rush at Clara, fearing she would escape with Tom, who hooked himself on to her left arm; and thus a pleasant party of fifteen moved into the dining-room.

Mr. Stapleton said grace in a clear and solemn tone; and the company were quickly seated around a handsome table, in the centre

of which stood three massive silver racing-cups, which had been won at Doncaster in by-gone days. There was nothing to remark in the dinner itself, as it consisted of the usual courses of soup and fish, turkey and venison, beef and mutton, game of all descriptions, and a few French dishes, and a profusion of sweets and fine foreign fruits at dessert, and an abundant supply of light wines, and ale for those who preferred it, with capital old port and claret after dinner. The only feature which struck the observing Lonsdale was the quiet manner in which every thing was conducted, especially by the servants, who moved about without the slightest noise, under the superior direction of Somerville's old butler Jenkins, handing every thing to every body, not omitting the fruits at dessert. Lonsdale was of course very attentive to his neighbours, Laura Stapleton being on his right, and Louisa Somerville on his left hand; but their wants were so admirably supplied by the servants in attendance, that little remained within his power to accomplish. He did his utmost to keep up a cheerful flow of conversation, which was responded to by Laura in particular with great spirit. The presence of a new guest at table, in a party accustomed to little variety beyond family connections and old acquaintances, is always apt to stimulate conversation, and put additional life into that quarter of the room where the stranger happens to sit. This Lonsdale thought was the case now, and he was not mistaken; for neither Laura Stapleton nor Louisa Somerville had talked in so animated a strain for many long months as on this occasion. Lonsdale was much pleased with his place at table, between these lovely girls, and felt really sorry when the time came for the ladies to withdraw.

He was gratified, however, to receive a warm invitation to the vicarage from Laura's father, whose vigilant eye he had frequently detected resting upon him during dinner. The worthy host now called his guests towards the top of the table, and was successful in drawing them out, according to the known ability and likings of each. Somerville was a man of good natural endowments, and excellent qualities. With a very considerable culture of mind, he united a love of field-sports. His occupations was chiefly those of an intelligent landlord and agriculturist; taking his turn on the bench as county magistrate, he was considered to discharge that important duty with ability and strict impartiality. He would sometimes run the gauntlet with Lord Methley on the subject of the corn-laws, never having brought his mind to relinquish a small fixed duty on foreign wheats. Those discussions were always carried on by both sides in the best temper possible. He sometimes trotted out Goldrood on the currency question, which fairly floored the patience of Sir Harry Fortescue, who said he never could comprehend what Peel was about when he tampered with that important, but perfectly inexplicable, circulating medium—bills, bank-notes, gold and silver, &c. The Vicar, Lonsdale, and Fortescue soon became interested in a discussion on the Fathers, which convinced the latter that he had got on the wrong scent, and that the pastor of Greystone had not troubled himself much with the Oxford divines of late days, and was too staunch a Protestant to go back to antiquated customs, even in his own Church;

but rather wished to do all in his power to render his parish an example of charity to those who differed in matters of doctrine with himself, considering them as much a part of his flock as those who were regular frequenters of his ministration. Captain Jones was very merry at Tom's expense, whose drolleries had greatly amused him, and with whom he kept up a perpetual joke. It was now proposed that they should join the ladies; and moderation being the rule at Greystone, no one appeared in any way excited by the good wines that had been placed so freely within their reach. When the drawing-room door opened, the rich tones of the piano, and the sweet voice of Laura Stapleton, met the ear of Lonsdale. He was loud in her praise, when her song was concluded, and he thought she seemed gratified at his hearty approval. There was now a rapid distribution of the party—some to whist, some to chess, whilst others remained in conversation; the ladies chiefly continuing their work, unless interrupted by a request to play on the piano. It was during this agreeable evening that Lonsdale made himself more fully acquainted with the different members of the circle into which he had unexpectedly fallen; and though he had a singular disposition to seat himself beside the lovely Laura Stapleton, he discovered in each of the party something which won his regard; and this feeling was evidently reciprocal, for he found himself growing a general favourite, especially with the ladies, who had seen much in him to admire. The Stapletons and Goldroods took their leave rather early; and the remainder of the party alighted out, one by one, when the great turret clock had chimed the midnight hour. Lonsdale also was glad to seek his chamber, not without a feeling of some fatigue, for the day to him had been a tiring one, commencing as it had done with a long journey; the whole appearing more like a dream than a reality, so rapidly had he passed from the gloomy metropolis to the society of old and new faces in a house full of old recollections. As Lady Somerville wished him good night, she informed him that, if it was agreeable to him, they would be glad to have his company at family prayers in the morning, at nine o'clock. This invitation gave Lonsdale much pleasure, as it assured him that the Somervilles were wishful to begin their day with a suitable acknowledgment to the great Author and Giver of life. He was also informed that Mr. Stapleton always attended the family chapel, to conduct the morning prayers, agreeably to the wish of the Somervilles, and that Laura frequently presided at the organ.

When Lonsdale looked out of his bed-room window on the following morning, he saw the dew lying thick on the lawn, and over the gentle swells of the undulated park. He observed many happy little children approaching by the carriage-drive, carrying their small milk cans, on their way to receive the bounty of the squire's dairy. Some of the farm servants were also seen going to and fro; and the village postman, covered with letter-bags, cantered up the drive and disappeared. The sun was now gaining power; and some of the mists, which hung over the lower part of the park, gradually disappeared, and displayed a gleaming sheet of water. The rooks occasionally brake the silence of the morning; and the distant clamour of the dog-kennels found its way on the keen fresh air.

Lonsdale did not forget Lady Somerville's mention of family prayers, and was agreeably surprised to find almost all the guests, and the chief part of the domestics, assembled in the little chapel at the back of the mansion. Prayers were conducted, it is needless to say, in a most appropriate manner, by the esteemed Vicar; and the morning hymn burst from the organ, and a small quire of village scholars, with surpassing sweetness. It was the voice of Laura Stapleton and her favourite pupila, and met with a response in the deep-toned bass of Lonsdale and others present in the family pew.

Breakfast was now ready in the dining-room. It was difficult to recognise, in the simplicity of their morning garb, the same elegant men and women who had adorned the drawing-room circle of the preceding evening. Each male guest seemed devouring, not only his breakfast, but, at the same time, a budget of news, which had arrived by the letter-carrier whom Lonsdale had seen approaching the house half an hour before. Lord Methley and Sir Harry Fortescue were equipped for shooting; whilst Somerville, Jones, and Master Tom were blasing in scarlet in preparation for the fox-hunt. Lonsdale was solicited by both these parties to join their ranks; but lacking the needful habiliments, and perhaps some of the zest which animated them, he seemed reluctant to do so: however, at length, he consented to mount a pony, and witness the "throw-off."

This was now a stirring sight from the windows of the hall; for, by this time, the whole pack had left the kennels, with huntsman and whipper-in, and was proceeding at a slow pace to "*the meet*" down in the hollow, on the skirts of the park. The splendid steeds of Somerville and Jones came neighing to the front door, pricking up their ears at the sight of the distant hunt, which was slowly collecting from all quarters. The horsemen were soon in the saddle, and Lonsdale thought he never saw his friend Somerville look more thoroughly the squire, from head to foot, than at this moment. Somerville was in fact a fine aristocratic-looking young man: all his hunting equipments were in first-rate style and order; he had an excellent seat on horseback, and never felt more at home than in the saddle. The ladies waved an adieu from the dining-room windows; and the four horsemen took the direct road to "*the cover*." Here they found a large "*field*;" the day promised excellent sport, and the dogs were immediately "*put in*." A few minutes now elapsed, during which frequent salutations were exchanged among the riders, who were either neighbouring squires or their dependants and guests, with a sprinkling of young merchants from the neighbouring town, and a few officers from the barracks. The delay was only brief. A fine fox was seen stealing out of the north side of the cover, and the pack rapidly broke out in full cry in pursuit. There was some jockeyship required, in so numerous a field, to prevent "*heading*" master reynard; but he had a clear start, and away the whole "*field*" galloped, at a magnificent pace, across the farm land to the northward! Lonsdale's first impulse was to follow in the rear; but when he remembered the diminutive size of the pony on which he was mounted, and the magnitude of the fences over which the horsemen were leaping, and, moreover, recollected that his steed belonged to Louisa Somerville,

and might receive some injury at his hands, he reluctantly reined in its fiery little head; and when the last red coat had disappeared, turned down a lane towards some plantations, where the shooters were to beat for game. Here he was not disappointed in the object of his pursuit, and found Lord Methley and Sir Harry Fortescue, and several keepers and rangers, enjoying what they considered excellent sport: but there was something about the dreadful certainty of their aim, which gave the humane mind of Lonsdale a dislike to stand coolly by, and witness the inevitable destruction of these beautiful tenants of the woods and meadows; and he made a promised call at the vicarage a sufficient excuse for withdrawing early from the scene of slaughter.

It was then with a fluttering heart that he found himself traversing the village of Greystone, and approaching the vicarage, so connected in his own mind with the early associations of boyhood. His pony's bridle was soon hanging on the garden-gate, and he leisurely sauntered towards the door. The wall-flowers and mignonette were still fragrant in the noon-day sun: there were a sufficient number of evergreens to refresh the eye on every side, and ivy in profusion covered a portion of the manse and garden-wall. Lonsdale raised the shining brass-knocker; the door was opened by a cleanly maid-servant, and he was ushered into a back parlour, where the Vicar and his daughter were seated at their several employments. The former had just completed his preparations for the succeeding sabbath; and Laura was counting up and balancing the pence she had received for the village clothing-society. They both looked pleased at the entrance of their guest; and the worthy Vicar gave him so cordial a squeeze of the hand, that Lonsdale almost felt him stand for the moment in the stead of a second father!

"We were just going out to the school, Mr. Lonsdale," said he; "will you accompany us? Any other day we would have deferred our visit; but this is Saturday, you know, and there is no afternoon school: it will be all over by twelve o'clock, and my daughter wants to fix the hymn-tunes with the mistress and elder children, before they separate." Lonsdale gave a hearty consent; and Laura put on the bonnet and shawl which were lying on a chair beside her; and all three were immediately on their way to the school at a rapid pace.

It was some time since Lonsdale had seen so many happy faces congregated together. The whole school rose as the Vicar and his daughter entered, — the girls curtseying, and the boys making their best and most respectful bows, and eyeing the stranger with considerable curiosity. The little arrangements for the singing were soon made, and as the church clock struck twelve, the Vicar, after a brief admonition to the children, would not detain them beyond their usual hour.

Lonsdale and his conductor now bent their steps down the village, and were pleased to see Clara and Louisa Somerville busied in conveying some little comforts to the sick. Lonsdale was also gratified to hear from the Vicar that Somerville had set out about thirty allotments, of one rood each, in the village, which were most acceptable to the more indigent poor, and had given promises of more, the moment they were required. Somerville was also

glad to hear what a good character his friend bore among his tenantry for consideration and kindness; that he seldom omitted to visit and look into their wants himself; and though always ready to hear what his bailiff had to say, formed his own judgment of the case by personal inspection. It was with real pleasure that Lonsdale received an invitation to spend the sabbath with Mr. Stapleton, at the Manse; as his own inclination, apart from the pleasure he derived from Laura's society, led him to prefer the quietude which is so desirable on that day of rest, and which he feared could not be so easily commanded in his friend Somerville's hospitable mansion. Though in this, we believe, he would have been agreeably disappointed, had he remained the Sunday at Greystone Hall. Before leaving the worthy Vicar, to return to the mansion, he inquired whether he should have the pleasure of meeting him that day at dinner? To which Mr. Stapleton replied, with a smile, that he and Laura made it a rule never to go out on the Saturday afternoon; and that Mrs. Somerville knew this, and would not expect them. Lonsdale felt that his presence might be in some degree an interruption to the active duties of his excellent friend; and remembering that he was to be his guest on the following day, disengaged himself from his fascinating company, and returning for his pony, which he had left at the Manse, rode off to the Hall.

On his arrival he found an excellent lunch on table, at two o'clock, for those who were pleased to partake of it; Lady Somerville doing the honours of the table. Lord Methley and Sir Harry Fortescue had returned from shooting, and having changed their dress, sat down as if determined to do ample justice to the good fare.

After luncheon, Lonsdale had a round or two at billiards with Methley and Fortescue, at which Clara officiated as "scorer." He could not help admiring her exuberant spirits, merry laugh, and hearty good-humour. Louisa was engaged with Lady Somerville in instructing her little nephew and niece, whose education had hitherto been entirely undertaken by their amiable mother. The gentlemen at length, tired of play, found their way into the library — which was amply stored with curious and substantial literature. A literary conversation sprung up between Lord Methley and Sir Harry, in which Lonsdale was glad to take part, and found that his acquaintance with English literature was such as to enable him to attract and command the attention of two men of considerable literary attainments. It was a gratification to him to find that these members of the English senate could recreate themselves so completely during the recess, and that they both were foremost in countenancing and supporting the diffusion of knowledge among the working classes. The ladies coming into the room, became frequently interested in the conversation, especially when their favorite authors were mentioned; — showing that they could well appreciate what was excellent in literature, without being guilty of pedantry, or claiming to be thought "blue-stockings."

All the party now thought a walk would be agreeable before

the day closed in ; and the garden and conservatories were visited ; and afterwards they strolled towards the point from which the hunters were expected to return from the chase. The three "red coats" soon made their appearance, at a terribly slow pace, to be sure, for the horses seemed "dead beat." Somerville flourished a fox-brush in the air — an evident token that they "had killed."

"We ran reynard to Old-Doggie-Bottom, and there finished him," said he. "Only think ! he took us twenty, or five-and-twenty, miles !" "However, here we are, all safe," said Jones ; and prettily splashed and dabbled they were ! Tom had tumbled off at a fence — but was no worse for the fall, except a stiff shoulder ; his sisters were full of commiseration at his misfortune ; which pity, by the by, he did not half like !

The whole party now returned to the Hall at a foot's pace. The only difference at table, between this day and the last, was an increased cordiality towards Lonsdale, whose company was acceptable to all present, and who was insensibly becoming a general favourite, even down to Jenkins, the butler, who told Mrs. Lily, the lady's maid, that he thought "*that* Mr. Lonsdale a very correct young gentleman !" The party broke up an hour earlier than usual, as it was Saturday night ; and thus closed the second day of Lonsdale's visit to Greystone Hall. There seemed to him much to be admired in the freedom and affection which extended over this amiable family, and the entire absence of effort, either in entertaining a guest, or in attempting a display. There was, in fact, little to remark between the habits of the Somervilles and those of the first nobility of the land. Things with the nobility are merely on rather a larger scale ; there is no essential difference in their pursuits or amusements.

The following morning brought with it the solemn sound of sabbath bells. There seemed to be an additional charm, at least in the eyes of Lonsdale, thrown over wood and valley, hill and plain. His pleasure, however, was somewhat disturbed by the receipt of a letter, with the word "immediate" upon the cover. This was handed to him upstairs — Jenkins very properly thinking it might be in a hurry ! The letter related to professional business, and required his personal attendance on Monday morning in London. He thought it better to keep his engagement at the Manse, and take the night mail-train to town. Having come to this determination, he explained matters to his kind host and hostess, who made all the necessary arrangements for his convenience, and only coupled them with a promise that his visit (which was to have lasted for some days longer, and embraced some private theatricals and other amusements, a county ball included,) should be resumed at his earliest convenience. Lonsdale took an affectionate leave of his kind friends and their guests before church-time, and made the best of his way to the Manse. Here he found only the Vicar at home, who had just returned from the Sunday-school, where Laura still remained, and was about to proceed to vestry, as the bells were ringing for morning service. They went out together, and met the Sunday scholars, headed by Laura, whom Lonsdale thought never looked more lovely, as she modestly ac-

knowledge his bow: the whole party filed into church together. Lonsdale found himself alone in the Vicar's pew — for Laura had gone into the organ-loft. The church rapidly filled with decent worshippers, from the villages and farm-houses scattered around the parish.

It was a plain ancient building, with scarcely any monumental tablets but those of the Somervilles, and a few stained-glass windows, of no great beauty. The squire's pew soon filled. It was a goodly sight. The conduct and behaviour of Somerville and his guests was all that the Vicar himself could desire.

The reverend man, followed by his homely clerk, now ascended the reading-desk; and after a short pause, in which his venerable face was buried in his hands and snow-white surplice, the full-toned organ broke the stillness of the church, and every member of the congregation rose simultaneously, and joined in the heavenly melody of the morning hymn! The shrill treble of the Sunday-scholars, led by the clear tones of Laura's voice, mingled in the deep bass of the organ and the manly strains of the "forefathers of the hamlet" of Greystone. Lonsdale could not but rejoice that he had early learned and loved the mode of worship which the Church of England has appointed in our land. Soon came that admirable form of confession on bended knees, the reading of the psalms, and lessons appointed for the day, intermingled with those magnificent chaunts which raise the soul in one gush to heaven; — followed by that admirable Litany, which seems appropriate to every state and condition in life. Then came another thrilling hymn, — then the reading of the commandments, epistles, and gospels, and, lastly, the earnest address of the Vicar from the pulpit. Lonsdale was able to join, *in heart*, with all this appointed service, and felt himself more than ever attached to its founders and upholders; believing it to be, under God, the means most conducive to that devotional exercise, which must spring from the *heart alone* to be acceptable to the great Father of spirits. He met Laura at the church-door, after the sermon was over: she seemed rather flushed with her exertions in the choir, but said she was not overdone. She pointed out her mother's grave, as they passed through the churchyard to the Manse. It was a touching moment to both: Lonsdale remembered Mrs. Stapleton, who had treated him with great kindness when a boy. They soon sat down to a frugal repast, constituted principally of cold meats and fruit pies, — all which had a peculiar relish to Lonsdale, who appreciated the motive which induced these excellent people to save their servants from all the trouble they could on Sundays, by eating a *cold* dinner, instead of a *hot* one, which once a week, at least, is no hardship, and permits the kitchen domestics to attend a place of worship, if they are so disposed. The afternoon service speedily succeeded this homely meal; and brought with it the same refreshment to the mind of Lonsdale, which the more lengthy one of the morning had previously done. This being ended, he found Mr. Stapleton entirely at leisure, and he entered into that intimate conversation with him, which a young man may feel himself warranted in doing with a pastor of high standing and character; and delighted was that pious man to

find that "the good seed" had already taken root in the heart of Lonsdale, and was likely to bring forth therein much fruit to the glory of God. Tea being over, there was a pleasing time for mutual converse between Laura and Lonsdale, who now thoroughly appreciated her worth as well as her *beauty*. He felt that much of the happiness of his future life might possibly be interwoven with their common destiny; and though prudence prevented his committing himself on such a short acquaintance, he left the Manse with a firm determination not only to ponder over any future proposals he might be disposed to make, but also to weigh the chances of success, should such proposals be made on his part. He bid adieu, for the present, to his kind friend the Vicar, with many thanks; and much of the night-journey was spent in thinking over his brief but agreeable visit to Greystone, — leaving an impression that the *wealthy and the noble are frequently instruments of great national good in our country, and are the stewards and almoners of God's bounty to thousands of the humbler classes throughout the length and breadth of the land.*

ALPHA.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES OF BOOKS.

IN our last number we made our readers acquainted with a work, by the Rev. Mr. Hewlett, intituled "Dunster Castle;" in our present number we propose to introduce to their notice two other works of a similar character, and relating to the same period of time. The first is:—

Arrah Neil; or Times of Old. By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq. In Three Volumes. Published by Smith, Elder, & Co., 65, Cornhill.

Mr. James's reputation is so well established, that it is necessary to do no more than to announce the publication of a work from his pen to ensure its general perusal, and the cordial thanks of the public for the favour which he has conferred on them by taking the trouble (not that it is any trouble to him), to write another novel; and we should have confined our notice of the present work to the above observation of it, were not that some passages in "Arrah Neil" present a similarity to another work, which shows how likely different authors are to fall into the same style of relation, and almost the same expressions, when writing on the same subject.

The other work to which we refer is intituled

The Levite, or Scenes Two Hundred Years Ago. By ELIZABETH MURPHY. In Three Volumes. Published by John Ollivier, 59, Pall Mall.

It is remarkable that each of the three novels begins with the same date.

"Dunster Castle" begins:—

"About six o'clock in the morning of a brilliant May-day, 200 years ago," &c.

"Arrah Neil" begins:—

"About two centuries ago," &c.

And "The Levite" commences thus:—

"In an old-fashioned chamber, in an odd-fashioned house, in one of the most retired suburbs of Amsterdam, sat an old man, on the afternoon of a day in May, in the year 1642," &c.

It may be observed that each begins also in the month of May. The battle of Edgehill is also introduced into the narrative of each; in "Dunster Castle," by a brief allusion only, thus:—

"But the fight, sir, what says the king of that?" said the same officer who had spoken before.

"Only that he has been so successful in its commencement that he entertains no doubt of a decisive victory. He refers me for further particulars to our guest, here, Captain Hurtonneau."

"And I will willingly supply them, though in truth I can only tell you that the royal guards, who claimed to be placed in the foremost ranks, and the cavalry under the princes Maurice and Rupert, made such short work of their part of the affair, that the enemy, although they greatly exceeded them in numbers and were well-provendered, fled before them like a herd of deer from before the hungry hounds whom our poor fellows closely resembled, seeing, as I have already hinted, that we were all of us nearly half-starved. My own regiment having but little or nought to do, his Majesty was pleased to select me to bear these tidings hither, and I doubt not but that other messengers will speedily arrive, who will be able to furnish you with all the particulars of what I cannot doubt will prove a decisive victory."

"Several questions were put to him by the officers assembled; but, more than that he himself had seen the enemy flying and being pursued on one of the wings by Prince Rupert and the cavalry, she could not say."

In "Arrah Neil" thus:—

"The morning of Sunday, the 21st of October, broke dull and cold; the grey clouds swept hurriedly over the sky, like charging squadrons, and the wind whistled through the branches of a solitary clump of old beeches, which marked the highest point of the sharp rise called Edge-hill. From the brow might be seen a wide open slope, extending down nearly to the little town of Keinton or Kineton, with some flat meadows at the bottom, having a number of hedges and enclosures on the left as one looked from the hill. On the other side all was at that time open, and the fair undulations of Warwickshire might be seen beyond, with the brown woods clothed in a light mist. It was a peaceful and pleasant scene in the gray morning, notwithstanding the coldness and dullness of the day; and very soon after dawn the pale blue smoke began to rise from the early chimneys of the little town, rising slow till it was caught by the wind from the hill, and then hurrying away with a few light rolls, and losing itself in air.

"Shortly after a drum was heard to beat below, and then came the blast of the trumpet; and soon troops might be descried forming slowly and quietly in the plain, as if about to commence a safe and easy march. Horse and foot took their places in long line, and here and there officers and camp-followers were seen walking carelessly about, while at other spots some more rigid disciplinarians might be observed putting their men into better order, and galloping hither and thither in all the bustle of command.

"Suddenly, however, some confusion was observed in one part of the plain, where a group of gentlemen on horseback had been visible for some time, and two persons detached themselves from the rest, and rode up at full speed towards the brow of the hill, towards which all eyes were now turned. What saw they there which caused such apparent surprise? It was a small party of horse, not more than twenty in number, which had just moved up from the other side, and now halted, gazing into the valley. There were scarfs, and plumes, and glittering arms amongst them, betokening no peaceful occupation; and, after a moment's pause, a trumpeter, mounted on a gray horse, put his instrument to his lips, and blew a long, loud blast. The next moment fresh heads appeared above the hedge, and troop after troop rode forward, and in fair array took up a position at the summit.

"All was changed on the plain below in a moment; activity and temporary confusion succeeded the quiet regularity which had been before observable. The two horsemen who had been detached from the group in front were hurriedly recalled; musketeers were seen filing off to the left; the cavalry was collecting on the wings; the foot began to form line in the centre; and the party which had remained a little in advance, were discovered moving slowly along quite across the valley, while from time to time a horseman

dashed away from it, and seemed to convey orders to this or that regiment in different parts of the field.

"Essex was now first aware of the presence of an enemy, and easily divined that he could march no further without fighting; but it is more with those above that we have to do. Soon after the small body of cavaliers on the hill had been discovered by the Roundhead army, up came at headlong speed, followed by some eight or ten gentlemen, who could hardly keep pace with him, a fiery-looking youth, with his beaver up, and his eye lightening with eager impetuosity. He seemed barely one-and-twenty years of age; but there was on his brow the look of habitual command; and in the quick roll of his eye over the Parliamentary army, the sudden pause it made here and there, and then its rapid turn towards another point, one might see how closely he scanned the forces of the enemy—how keenly he observed all that seemed worthy of attention.

"*'They see us, your Highness,'* said one of the gentlemen who had arrived before him. *'They were actually commencing their march when we appeared.'*

"*'They would not have marched far, my lord,'* replied Prince Rupert: *'but 'tis as well as it is. There are more of them than I thought; but we must make valour supply numbers. I had heard that they had left two regiments behind at Stratford.'*

"*'There are, sir, two of infantry and one of cavalry,'* replied Lord Walton; *'but that seems to me the best of all reasons for giving battle as soon as possible.'*

"*'The very best,'* answered the Prince, with a smile. *'Victory is more needful to us than food, and of that we have had no great plenty. But, by my life, there is not a regiment of foot within sight. The foot are sad encumbrances. Would that these times were like the days of old, when every gentleman fought on horseback. We are fallen upon vulgar days.'*

"*'I see the head of a regiment amongst those distant hedges,'* said the Earl of Beverley; *'but our quarters were very much scattered last night.'*

"*'And some noble persons had fair young wives to visit, my good lord,'* replied the Prince, bowing his head, with a smile.

"*'True,'* rejoined the Earl; *'but yet your Highness sees they are not the last in the field, as how should they be, when they have such treasures to defend—such eyes for witnesses.'*

"The reply suited the Prince well; and after some more gay conversation he dismounted from his horse, and seated himself under one of the beech trees, watching attentively every movement of the enemy, and from time to time pointing out to those around him the measures taken by Lord Essex for defence.

"*'See!'* he said, *'he is filling those hedges with musketeers. Aston and his dragoons must clear them. I will not break my teeth upon such stones. He is forming a powerful reserve there, I suppose, under Ramsay or the Earl of Bedford, and he has got all his foot in the centre. Who is that on their left, I wonder? Well, I shall soon know, for I trust it will not be long before I see him closer. Would to Heaven these tardy foot would come! We are giving him full time for every arrangement he could desire, and you may be sure he will not stir from amongst those hedges till we dislodge him.'*

"But the impatient Prince had long to wait, for ten o'clock was near at hand ere the first regiment of royal artillery was on the ground. From that time, indeed, every quarter of an hour brought up some fresh body; but even then the men had marched far, and needed some refreshment. All that could be given them was a brief space of repose and some cold water, for provisions were not to be obtained. The soldiery, however, were full of ardour, and many a gay jest and gibe passed amongst those who were never destined to quit that plain.

"Amongst other events that have been noticed by historians, is the fact that the King's guard, composed entirely of gentlemen-volunteers, having heard, as they followed the monarch, some light scoffs at their peculiar post near his person, besought him to dispense with their close attendance that day, and obtained permission to charge with the cavalry of Prince Rupert on the right. On the left a smaller body of horse, commanded by Commissary-General Wilmot, and a regiment of dragoons, under Sir Arthur Aston, had the task of assailing the right of the parliamentary army, protected as it was by enclosures lined with musketeers; and to this service the small corps of the Earl of Beverley was also assigned. Lord Walton fought upon the right under the Prince, and but one regiment of cavalry, led by Sir John Byron, was kept back as a reserve.

"One o'clock had passed, when, at length, after a short consultation with the Earl of Lindsay, the King commanded his forces to march slowly down the hill towards Kineton. The distance was considerable; and before the ground was reached on which it was thought advisable to begin the battle, the day had so far advanced that some old and experienced officers suggested a delay till the following morning. But sufficient arguments were not wanting to show that Essex must gain, and his sovereign lose, by such a course. The troops, too, were eager to engage; and a very general belief prevailed that few of the parliamentary regiments would really be brought to fight against their King. In the confusion of all accounts, it is hardly to be discovered how the battle really commenced, but certain it is that Prince Rupert burst into fury at the very thought of delay, and that his force of cavalry first commenced the fight, by charging the left of the enemy. As he was waiting to give the word, with all his blood on fire at the thought of the approaching strife, he remarked Lord Walton twice turn round and gaze towards the hill in the rear, and he asked in a sharp tone, 'What look you for, my lord? Soldiers ever should look forward.'

'Charles Walton's brow became as dark as night, and it cost him a moment's thought ere he could reply with calmness, —

"I looked, sir, for one I thought I saw upon the hill as we moved down; and as to the rest, Rupert of Bavaria has never been more forward on the field, nor ever will be, than Charles Walton. But there is other matter to attend to now. See you that regiment of horse advancing to the charge?"

"The Prince looked round, and beheld a considerable body of the enemy coming on at a quick pace, pistol in hand. He raised his sword above his head, about to speak the word; but, at that moment, the opposite party discharged their shot into the ground, and galloping on wheeled their horses in line with the cavaliers. A buzz ran through the ranks of 'Fortescue, Fortescue' — 'He was forced to join the Roundheads' — 'Many more are in the like case,' and at the same moment the cry of 'Charge!' was heard, and, hurled like a thunderbolt against the mass of the enemy's cavalry on the left, with the Prince at their head, the gallant force of cavaliers rushed on. A fire, innocuous from the terror and confusion with which it was directed, was opened upon their advancing line; but ere swords crossed, the parliamentary cavalry of the left wing, with the exception of one small body, turned the rein and fled. The cavaliers thundered on the flank and rear; men and horses rolled over together, and foremost in the fight, wherever a show of resistance was made, was the bridegroom of a day.

"'Lightning and devils!' cried Captain Barecolt, who followed had upon his steps, — 'see what love will make a man do. He has distanced the Prince by six horse-lengths, and he will have that standard in a minute. Come, my lord, let a man have his share.'

"On, on they rushed, pursuers and pursued, along the plain, over the hill; down went steel-jack, and buff-coat, and iron morion. Some turned at the last to strike one stroke for life, but still the fiery spur of Rupert and of

Walton were behind them, and Edgehill field was far away, when the Prince himself cried,—

“Halt! Sound to the standard! Stay, Walton, stay! you have outstripped me indeed.”

“Lord Walton drew his rein; but he raised not his visor*, for he felt that he was pale.

“Methinks we are too far from the field, your Highness,” he replied. “I will ride back with speed, for my men have followed close behind me, while you rally the rest and bring them up. I fear some mischance, for the King is without guards.”

“Go, go!” said the Prince, instantly perceiving the error that had been committed.—“I will come after with all speed. Sound trumpet! Sound to the standard!”

“Call them back, Barecolt, and follow,” exclaimed Lord Walton. “Old Randal is as mad as any of us. Bring him back quick. I fear we have spoiled the best day’s deeds England has seen for long;” and gathering together what men he could, he spurred headlong back towards the field. Captain Barecolt followed on his steps, and he thought he saw the young lord waver somewhat in the saddle; a stream of blood, too, was trickling down his scarf from his right shoulder, and spurring on his horse to Charles Walton’s side, he said, “You are wounded, sir; you are badly wounded! Let me lead you to—”

But at that moment the field of battle came again before their eyes, and Lord Walton exclaimed,—

“Is this a time to talk of wounds?—Look there!”

The aspect of the scene had indeed greatly changed from what it had been some half an hour before, when Wilmot and Aston on the left, and Rupert on the right, were driving the Roundhead cavalry before them. Firm in his position stood the Earl of Essex with his foot. His reserve of horse had come down, and were charging the royal infantry. The right wing, the left, and the reserve of Charles’s horse were far away, pursuing the flying foe; and the monarch himself, with his two sons, only guarded by a small force of mounted cavaliers, who had been too wise and loyal to follow the rash example set them by the Prince, appeared nearly surrounded by the parliamentary cavalry under Sir William Balfour.

As Lord Walton reappeared upon the field, the royal standard wavered and fell, and in the midst of the fierce fire that rolled along the front of the enemy’s line, he charged upon the flank of Balfour’s horse to rescue his sovereign from the peril he was in. As they galloped up, however, the standard rose again, and Essex’s reserve began slowly to retire upon the infantry; but still the young nobleman urged on his little troop upon the retreating force; some fifty gentlemen detached themselves from the small body that surrounded the monarch, and charging in front and cutting their way clear through, Charles Walton and Francis of Beverley met in the midst of the *melée*.

“How goes it, Charles?” said the Earl, with a glad voice. “If the Prince would but return, we would have a glorious victory!”

“He is coming quick,” replied Lord Walton. “Rally your force with mine, Beverley, for one more charge,” and in another minute they were again in the midst of the retreating rebels.

At the same moment, in sad confusion and disarray, came back Prince Rupert’s cavaliers; but discipline and order were lost amongst them. Officers were without men, and men without officers. Some few joined the troops of Lord Beverley and Lord Walton.

* We do not always remember that in the reign of Charles I. the cavalry were in general defended by casques with moveable visors. The dragons, indeed, had usually an open helmet.

"But night was falling. Sir William Balfour led his horse in between the regiments of infantry steadily and skilfully, then turned to face the enemy; and the Earl, finding that nothing could be effected without a larger force, retreated, and galloped up to Prince Rupert, who now stood near the King, to urge one decisive charge upon the centre of the parliamentary line. The Prince received him coldly, however, perhaps from a consciousness that he himself had done amiss, and some one suggested that the King should leave the field, pointing out how firmly Lord Essex kept his ground.

"'For shame! for shame!' cried the Earl; 'the victory might still be ours; but certainly it is not his; and as long as his Majesty remains, it cannot be so. The greater part of our foot is unbroken; our horse is victorious, and whoever quits the field, I will remain upon it, dead or alive.'

"'And I too, most certainly, my lord,' said Charles. 'I will never do so unkingly an act as to forsake them who have forsaken all to serve me. There is no look of victory on my Lord of Essex's side. We keep the field. Let them advance to attack us if they dare. Take measures to withdraw those cannon from that little mound; restore what order may be, for night is falling fast; and set a sure guard that we be not surprised.'

"For some time the discharge of musketry, which was still going on, continued upon both sides; but gradually, as the darkness increased, it slackened, revived, slackened again, fell into dropping shots, and then fires began to appear along the line of either army, while all the confusion and disarray which ever succeeds a drawn battle, where the combatants are only parted by the night, took place on either part. Hours were spent in giving some sort of order to the Royalist forces; officers sought their men, soldiers looked for their officers, rumours of every kind were spread, and many accidents and misadventures happened, which cannot here be told."

In "The Levite," the battle is thus referred to:—

"The King was much shocked by this recital, and having despatched a messenger to Prince Rupert's camp to bring back Josiah Abrahams, he commanded that Caleb should be taken care of, assuring the old Jew that in the event of Leah being found, he would bestow a liberal reward upon him.

"The King's attention was immediately afterwards directed to his own affairs, and a midnight council having been called, it was determined to pause, and offer their pursuers battle. The next morning saw the royal army in array on the summit of the hills, quietly awaiting the onset. The particulars of the conflict, the impatience of the brave cavaliers, the gallant bearing of their monarch, who called himself at once their King, their Captain, and their Cause, as he rode from rank to rank, encouraging and complimenting his troops, are recorded in the page of history.* There was not a heart among those assembled thousands that did not bound with loyalty and affection to their noble Prince.

"It was about two o'clock when the King, unable to keep his impatient soldiers in check, gave the signal for the onset; and as the sound of the cannon fired by the royal hand boomed over the hills and the green valley beneath them, one long shout rent the air, breathing defiance to the rebel host to whom they were opposed. The issue of the conflict was fatal to the King's cause; and it is the general opinion that such result was owing to the imprudence of Prince Rupert, who allowed his men to plunder the village of Keynton, when they should have been otherwise engaged. Numbers of the royalists were slain or taken prisoners. Among them the gallant Earl of Lindsey, and his intrepid son, Lord Willoughby; the latter was taken defending his father, whose last breath he that night received, thanks to Lord Essex (so say the royalists at any rate). The shades of night had fallen thickly around, and the wounded on both sides were being removed as

quickly as possible ; but the dead must for the time remain where they fell.

"The battle of Edge Hill was over!"

We now come to those passages in "Arrah Neil" and the "The Levite," which we mentioned as bearing so close a resemblance to each other. In both works much is made to turn on the occupation of Hull by Sir John Hotham, and on the refusal of that parliamentary officer to admit the King within its walls.

The following is extracted from page 23. vol. ii. of "Arrah Neil":—

"'Nobody, but another poor French lubber, lying upon the floor, as sick as a cat,' answered the sailor. 'I shook him by the shoulder, and told him to come up, but I believe he would let me throw him overboard sooner than budge.'"

And the following from "The Levite":—

"Indeed, Batten's rage was again excited, by finding only one gentleman on board, besides a few sailors and a miserable old Frenchman, on whom *the element* and fright had taken such an effect, that being unable to speak or to stand, he was thrust, rudely enough, below ; and bid to cease his moaning and howlings, or he would be tossed overboard."

In "Arrah Neil" Lord Beverley is taken before Sir John Hotham at Hull, in the disguise of a Frenchman:—in "The Levite" it is Lord Digby who is taken before Sir John under a similar disguise. The following is the account of the interview, as it appears in "Arrah Neil," page 82. vol. ii. :—

"Not long after he was gone, the Earl was summoned before the governor ; and with one of the trainbands on each side—for, at this time, Hull could boast of no other garrison—he was led from the block-house to Sir John Hotham's residence. After being conducted up a wide flight of stairs, he was shown into the same large room in which the examination of Barecolt had taken place. On the present occasion, however, to the surprise and somewhat to the dismay of the Earl, he found the room half filled with people, many of whom he knew—and for an instant forgetting how completely he was disguised, he thought that all his scheme must now fall to the ground, and his immediate discovery take place.

"The cold and strange looks, however, that were turned upon him, both by Hotham himself and several of the officers with whose persons the Earl was acquainted, soon restored his confidence, and showed him that his person was far better concealed than he had imagined. Never losing his presence of mind for a single instant, he advanced at once to Sir John Hotham, and made him a low bow, asking if he were the governor ?

"The answer, of course, was in the affirmative, and Hotham proceeded to question him in French, which he spoke with tolerable fluency. With never-failing readiness the Earl answered all his questions, giving a most probable account of himself, and stating that he had come over from France with recommendations for the King, in the hope of getting some important command, as it was expected every day at the French court that Charles would be obliged to have recourse to arms against his parliament.

"Several of the gentlemen present, who had either been really at the court of France very lately, or pretended to have been so, stepped forward to ask a good number of questions of the prisoner, which were not very convenient for him to answer. He continued to parry them, however, with great dexterity for some time ; but at length, finding that this sort of cross-

examination could not go on much longer without leading to his detection, he turned suddenly to Sir John Hotham, and asked him in a low voice if the guard had given him the message which he had sent.

"'Yes,' replied the governor, 'I received the message; what is it you have to communicate?'

"'Something, sir, for your private ear,' continued the Earl, still speaking in French; 'a matter which you will find of much importance, and which you will not regret to have known; but I can only discover it to you if you grant me an interview with you alone.'

"'Faith! I must hear more about you, sir, before I can do that,' rejoined Hotham. 'Come hither with me, and I will speak to you for a moment in the window.'

"Thus saying, he led the way to the further end of the room, where a deep bay-window looked out over the town. The distance from the rest of the company was considerable, and the angle of the wall insured that no distinct sound could reach the other part of the hall; but still Lord Beverley determined, if possible, to obtain a greater degree of privacy, for he knew not what might be the effect of the sudden disclosure he was about to make upon the governor himself.

"'Can I not speak with you in another room, sir?' he asked, still using the French tongue.

"'That is quite impossible,' answered Sir John Hotham; 'you can say what you have to say here.—Speak low, and no ears but mine will hear you.'

"The earl looked down, and then raising his eyes suddenly to the governor's face, he asked in English—

"'Do you know me, Sir John Hotham?'

"The governor started, and looked at him attentively for a moment or two, but then replied in a decided tone—

"'No, I do not, sir. How should I?'

"'Well then,' replied the Earl, 'I will try whether I know Sir John Hotham; and whether he be the same man of honour I have always taken him to be. You see before you, sir, the Earl of Beverley; and you are well aware that the activity I have displayed in the service of the King, and the number of persons whom I have brought over to his interest, by showing them that, whatever might be the case in times past, their duty to their king and their country is now the same—you are aware, I say, that these causes have rendered the Parliament my implacable enemies; and I do believe, that in confiding, as I do this day to you, instead of keeping up the disguise that I have maintained hitherto, I place myself in the hands of one who is too much a gentleman to use that information to my disadvantage, and give me up to the fury of my adversaries.'

"The astonishment which appeared on Sir John Hotham's face, while the Earl was making this communication, might have attracted the attention of his son and the rest of the company, had not his back been fortunately turned towards them. He gazed earnestly on the Earl's countenance, however, and then recollecting his features, wondered that he had not discovered him at once. So transparent did the disguise seem as soon as he knew the secret, that he could scarcely persuade himself that the other gentlemen present would be long deceived, and was now only anxious to get the Earl out of the room as soon as possible; for many of those curious little motives, which influence all human actions, made him determine in an instant to justify the honourable character attributed to him.

"'Say no more, say no more, sir,' he replied in a low tone, smoothing down his countenance as best he might; 'we cannot talk upon this subject now. Rest satisfied, however, that you will not be sorry for the trust you have reposed in me, and will find me the same man as you supposed. I will

see you again in private whenever I may meet with a convenient opportunity; but in the mean time I am afraid you must content yourself with the poor accommodation which you have, for any change in it would beget suspicion, and I have shrewd and evil eyes upon me here; so I must now send you away at once. Here, guard,' he continued, 'take the prisoner back. Let him be well used, and provided with all things necessary, but at the same time have a strict eye upon him, and suffer no one to communicate with him but myself.'

"Lord Beverley bowed and withdrew, and Hotham, with strong signs of agitation still in his countenance, returned to his companions, saying—

" 'That Frenchman is a shrewd fellow, and knows more of the King's councils than I could have imagined; but I must go and write a despatch to the Parliament, for he has told me things that they will be glad to know; and I trust that in a few days I shall learn more from him still.'

"Thus speaking, he retired from the hall, and one of the gentlemen present inquired of another who was standing near—

" 'Did you not think that what they were saying just now in the window, sounded very like English?'

" 'Oh!' replied Colonel Hotham, with a sneer; 'my father's French has quite an English tone. He changes the words, it is true, but not the accent.'

"In the mean while the Earl was carried back to the block-house, and towards evening he received a few words, written on a scrap of paper, telling him that the governor would be with him about ten o'clock that night."

And thus in "The Levite:"—

"We must now return to the presence of Sir John Hotham. Withering care was furrowing his brow, and unhappy thoughts disturbed his mind. Yet was he striving to conceal his painful reflections, and to appear a cheerful host. It was now about six in the evening, and the table was spread with every delicacy. Not that it was a dinner, or a supper. Our forefathers did not dine at that hour, nor did they sup either—it was a species of nondescript banquet, and was known as the evening meal. Sir John had several visitors this afternoon, some by invitation, whilst others had been attracted thither by curiosity, and to learn the news. But whatever their different hopes, opinions, or intentions, it was no part of their policy to abstain from the good things of this life. Indeed, while their poor king could scarcely obtain a coarse dinner, these myrmidons of a rebellious parliament feasted to their heart's contentment. The governor was seated at the head of the table: Julia was on the one hand, and Batten on the other; by Julia sat Ambrose, whilst opposite and around the guests were arranged, according to their rank, their pleasure, or their inclinations. They had been at table about half an hour, when a lacquey delivered a small ill-written scrawl to the governor. He opened it, and having read it, passed it to Batten, saying, as he did so, 'You see it is from the Frenchman you captured in the prize this morning!'—then turning towards his son, (Colonel Hotham,) he continued, 'The man says he has something very particular to communicate to me, and begs an interview.'

" 'He says,' cried Batten, 'a *private* one.'

" 'Of course my father will not grant him a *private* interview,' said Colonel Hotham. Thus spoke the *son*—the *father* knew he *must* not disobey.

" 'We may as well, then, have him in, and let my friends all learn the news,' replied the governor. Orders were immediately given to that effect, and in a few minutes there entered a rather tall, not ill-made figure, with a dirty, care-worn, and sallow countenance: many summers had passed over his head; but his true age could not have been guessed at through the dis-

gusting matted locks that overhung his face. Fortunately for Julia, all eyes but *hers* were turned upon this wretched object, or her evident embarrassment might have caused some surmise in the ever-suspicious parliamentarians by whom she was surrounded. Ambrose seemed to be highly delighted with this specimen of the polite French nation; and Julia even spoke hastily to him; but whatever the reproof was, it did not seem to have much effect upon Ambrose, who laughed outright, and comported himself so as to attract the observation of Colonel Hotham, who, puritan as he was, seldom allowed mirth to pass unreprieved. Yet even this harsh man loved the gentle dwarf, who now replied, 'Nay, be not angry, cousin, I did but ask Julia if she admired the foreigner. You know she sometimes talks much of the six months we passed abroad.'

" 'I pry'thee peace, Ambrose; and let this man declare his mission,' said the governor.

"The Frenchman advanced, so as to face Sir John, but yet contriving to keep himself behind the colonel, and also to afford to Batten but an imperfect view of his countenance.

"And now began a string of interrogatories, of whence, when, and for what purpose his journey had been undertaken? all of which were answered with great readiness and the utmost plausibility. Although his English was terribly defective and broken, yet the account the stranger gave of himself created considerable sympathy; but when he told them that he had once lived as a sort of lacquey in the service of RICHELIEU, their interest in him became extreme; and Batten, no longer able to control his curiosity, demanded if he could tell them any of that wily cardinal's intentions?—whether he was, or was not, friendly to their cause?

" 'Ah!' cried the Frenchman, 'the cardinal is one much great rogue; and he wish much to catch some good for himself!'

" 'But,' continued Batten, 'did you ever hear him express an opinion about—about us?'

" 'No, no, no, monsieur; no, it will no be doing good to tell; besides, I did take great swear, never,—no, never to tell—'

" 'What? what? You have some secret then?'

" 'Ah! oui—yes; but mi lor cardinal swear I am to hang on the top of de long pole if I should tell. Ma foi! it was no my wrong I was. Me shut up in a room, and the cardinal came in, and a gentleman with him;—ma foi! it was my lor de king!'

" 'What, Louis?'

" 'Yes, gentlemen; I myself stopped, but den I am impossible to go; and so they find me after von long hour, and de cardinal swear to hang me; but mi lor say, 'No, no, he must not hang like one English parliamentary dog;' so they swear me great, and then they make me promise to serve them; and I come now upon their errand; and I am to look much quick after one Mr. Batten, and I am to tell him much lies. But I must tell no more now, for fear myself—only I am resolved to tell Sir John something, bien, much concern him and many more.'

"All those of the party assembled, who were interested in the public affairs of the time, endeavoured, both by threats and bribes, to extract the secret from this wretched being; but to no purpose; yet he declared that Sir John should (if he pleased) hear it alone. And so at length it was agreed that the foreigner should disclose the secret to Sir John in the embrasure of the window at the end of the hall, which being both dark and distant, would prevent any other person from hearing a word.

"They had scarcely withdrawn into this recess, when a violent struggle took place between Julia and the dwarf; the former was endeavouring to rise, whilst the latter was forcibly holding her down, and exerting every nerve to retain his grasp of her dress, while she was passionately striving to break from him.

" 'Cousin Hotham,' he cried, 'come hither to Julia; the silly girl imagines our uncle is in danger!'

" 'My dearest Julia,' said the colonel, 'what do you fear?'

" 'Oh, I know, I know, *he* will be murdered! Let me go, let me go! Uncle! uncle! hear me!' But the unhappy girl's strength failed her, and she fell senseless into the arms of the colonel.

" Much consternation ensued, and little Batten, who was really interested for her, suggested all the remedies that are usually applied in such cases. Meanwhile, they elicited from Ambrose that Julia had been terrified by the Frenchman's appearance, and that she imagined he was employed to kill the governor. How far her suspicions were justified, may be gathered from the following relation concerning the private conference which took place between Sir John and this very singular Frenchman.

" The governor was the first to break silence. 'Now,' said he, 'that we are quite free from observation, disclose to me this secret, which you deem so important; and be brief, for I cannot tarry long with you.'

" 'Ah! Sir John,' exclaimed the man, 'nobody on the wash—you sure?'

" 'I am certain. We are secure.'

" Upon hearing this, the stranger cast a deep searching glance around, and at length fixed his eyes firmly on the countenance of the governor; the latter imagined there was a different expression on the Frenchman's face, but as it was now twilight, he thought it possible that the falling shadows might have deceived him. His suspicions were soon again aroused by the stranger taking off a ragged cap which had hitherto rather hung on than covered his matted hair, and placing his hand on the arm of Sir John, saying, in a firm tone, and in *perfect English*, 'Do you know me, Sir John Hotham? I think not!'

" Startled by this change, Sir John replied, 'No, really, my friend, I do not!'

" 'Then, Sir John,' returned the man, 'I think I know you! I believe you to be a man of honour, and one who, *if he dared*, would be a worthy governor of this, his Majesty's fortress of Hull. I am going to put you to the test—do not flinch from it; at once retrace your steps to the path of fidelity—serve your king, and save me! On *my* head your friends have set a price! and you usurping little admiral would think himself well repaid, even if he had lost a ship in my pursuit, by securing the person of the denounced DIGBY!'

" Sir John Hotham started back, and placed his hand upon his sword.

" Digby merely waved his hand. 'I am defenceless—your prisoner. I have placed my sole reliance on your honour as a man—your rectitude as a Christian—your loyalty as a good subject. Come, come; save me from these wretches, and let me tell our king that the governor of Hull is worthy of a monarch's esteem.'

" The wily courtier knew his man well. Sir John's heart, inclining to the good and noble, yielded to this attack; he secretly regretted his conduct in shutting the gates of Hull against his unfortunate sovereign; and as Digby spoke, a faint hope of pardon dawned upon him. He knew that the preservation of Digby,—the clever, the persevering, the all-daring Lord Digby,—would be an acceptable offering, not only to the King, but to all the loyalist party, of whom he was the darling. Yet the risk was a terrible one, surrounded as he was by artful spies. If detected, disgrace and death would be inevitable; he knew, also, that it would be scarcely possible to get Lord Digby out of Hull. All these thoughts passed with the rapidity of light through his mind; but generosity prevailed, and Hotham, pressing the prisoner's hand with fervour, observed, 'If you are fortunate enough once more to reach York, tell the King that I am still his humble adherent. But, my lord, you are quick of wit, and I am old, and slow of invention; furnish me

then with some tale wherewith I may beguile those friends who will be answered!"

There is a curiously strong resemblance also between Florence, the heroine of "The Levite," and Arrah Neil, the heroine of Mr. James's novel. Both were disturbed in their mind from similar causes.

Florence is thus described in "The Levite:"—

"The duchess had been gone about an hour, when the door of Julia's apartment opened, and a form appeared, so sylph-like, that it required but little effort of the imagination to suppose it was a being of another world. Peggy heard the door open, and was going to see who the intruder was, when Lucille stopped her.

"Hist! hist! not a word—it is the Lady Florence. Never interrupt her—she goes and comes, speaks or is silent, does what she pleases, and is never contradicted even by the King himself."

"An wha is she?"

"But here Lucille only shook her head very mysteriously, and placing her finger upon Peggy's lips, said, 'When you have lived at court as long as I have, (which will be two years next Christmas, and it's July now,) you will have learnt never to answer or ask a question without well considering it first.—Hush! now, for if she hears us, she will come hither: for she is curious, though not mischievous.'

"Mercy on us a'! and she is maddie then! She's noo a species o' bogle, I'm hoping."

"Hush! hush, Peggy!—if the duchess was to hear you, she would be angry; for she loves the lady Florence dearly."

"I kenn'd," said Peggy emphatically, 'there waur something awfu' about tha leddy duchess. Gude guide us, I wush we was weel out o' a' this.'

"Lucille only replied by again placing her finger on Peggy's mouth, and motioning her to observe Florence in silence.

"Softly, as if her feet were of fairy lightness, that young creature approached the couch on which Julia was reposing; then gently lifting the hangings, she gazed intently upon the face of the sleeping girl. But she did not appear to be satisfied; for shaking her head mournfully, she murmured—'No! it is not the face I dream of so many weary nights, and which daylight never brings to me, although I love it almost as much as my sister's.'

"Here she stopped, for Julia had awakened, and was gazing upon the stranger with astonishment. On perceiving that she was observed, she smiled, and addressing Julia, said—'Do you ever dream of a face so pale and lovely, that nought on earth can be compared to it? I do; but then it is always surrounded by smoke and flames and confusion. Did *they* bring you here as they brought me? and are you come to be a sister too? Do—do—and the king and queen will love you so.'

And the heroine thus in "Arrah Neil:"—

"By the side of the fountain, at the time we speak of, sat a figure which harmonised well with the landscape. It was that of a young girl, not yet apparently sixteen years of age. Her garb appeared to be that of poverty, her head uncovered by any thing but rich and waving locks of warm brown hair, her face and neck tanned with the sun, her feet bare, as well as her hands and her arms above the elbows, and her apparel scanty, and in some places torn, though scrupulously clean. She seemed, in short, a beggar, and many a one would have passed her by as such without notice; but those who looked nearer saw that her features were very beautiful, her teeth of a dazzling whiteness, her limbs rounded and well formed, and her blue eyes

under their long jetty eyelashes as bright, yet soft, as ever beamed on mortal man. Yet there was something wanting in her face,—an indefinable something, not exactly intellect, for there was often a keen and flashing light spread over the whole countenance. Neither was it expression, for of that there was a great deal. Neither was it steadiness, for there frequently came a look of deep thought, painfully deep, intense, abstracted, unsatisfied, as if the mind sought something within itself that it could not discover. What it was, it is difficult, nay, impossible, to say. Yet there was something wanting, and all those who looked upon her felt that it was so."

At page 288. vol. i. of "Arrah Neil," occurs the following description :—

"The poor girl was leaning on the sill of the open window, gazing up and down the street. Her face was clear and bright; her beautiful blue eyes were full of intellect and fire; the look of doubt and inward thought was gone; a change had come over her, complete and extraordinary. It seemed as if she had awakened from a dream.

"When the landlady entered, Arrah immediately turned from the window, and advanced towards her. Then laying her hand upon her arm, she gazed in her face for a moment so intently that the poor woman began to be alarmed.

"'I am sure I recollect you,' said Arrah Neil. 'Have you not been here long?'

"'For twenty years,' replied the hostess; 'and for five and twenty before that in the house next door, from which I married into this.'

"'And don't you recollect me?' asked Arrah Neil.

"'No,' replied the landlady, 'I do not; though I think I have seen some one very like you before—but then it was a taller lady—much taller.'

"'So she was,' cried Arrah Neil. 'What was her name?'

"'Nay, I can't tell, if you can't,' replied the landlady.

"'I know what I called her, but I know nothing more,' answered Arrah Neil. 'I called her mother—and perhaps she was my mother. I called her mother as I lay in that bed, with my head aching, my eyes burning, and my lips parched; and then I fell into a long deep sleep, from which I woke, forgetting all that went before; and she was gone!'

"'Ay!' cried the landlady; 'and are you that poor little thing?' and she gazed upon her for a moment with a look of sad, deep interest. The next instant she cast her arms round her, and kissed her tenderly. 'Ah, poor child!' she said at length, with tears in her eyes, 'those were sad times—sad times indeed! 'Twas when the fever was raging in the country. Sad work in such days for those who lodge strangers! It cost me my only one. A man came and slept in that bed: he looked ill when he came, and worse when he went. Then came a lady and a child, and an old man, their servant, and the house was full, all but this room and another; and ere they had been here long, my own dear child was taken with the fever. She was near your own age, perhaps a year older; and I told the lady over-night, so she said she would go on the morrow, for she was afraid for her darling. But before the morning came, you too were shaking like a willow in the wind, and then came on the burning fit, and the third day you began to rave, and knew no one. The fifth day my poor girl died, and for a whole day I did not see you—I saw nothing but my dead child. On the next, however, they came to tell me the lady had fallen ill, and I came to watch you, for it seemed to me as if there was something between you and my poor Lucy—I knew not what—you had been sisters in sickness, and I thought you might be sisters in the grave. I cannot help crying when I think of it.—Oh, those were terrible days!' And the poor woman wiped her eyes.

"'But my mother,' cried Arrah Neil — 'my mother?'

"'Some day I will show you where she lies,' answered the hostess; and Arrah wept bitterly, for a hope was crushed out to its last spark.

"'She got worse and worse,' continued the landlady; 'and she too lost her senses, but just as you were slowly getting a little better, she suddenly regained her mind; and I was so glad, for I thought she would recover too; but the first words she spoke were to ask after you. So I told her you were much better; and all she said was, 'I should wish to see her once more before I die, if it may be done without harming her;' and then I knew that she was going. I and the old servant carried you, just as you were, and laid you on her bed, and she kissed you, and prayed God to bless and keep you; but you were weak and dozy, and she would not have you awakened, but made us take you back; and then she spoke long with the old man in a whisper; but all I heard was, 'You promise, Neil — you promise on your salvation.' He did promise — though I did not know what it was. Then she said, 'Recollect, you must never tell her, unless it be recovered.' Recovered or reversed, she said, I remember not well which, but from that moment she said nothing more, but to ask for some water, and so she went on till the next morning, just as day was dawning, and then she departed.'

A short space passed in silent tears on the part of Arrah Neil, while the good woman who told the tale remained gazing forth from the window; but at length she continued, 'Before you could run across the floor again, my husband died; but with him it was very quick. He was but three days between health and death; and when I had a little recovered, I used foolishly to wish that you could stay with me, and be like my poor Lucy; but you were a lady, and I was a poor woman, so that could not be; and in about six weeks the old man paid all that was owing, and took you away. It is strange to think that you should be the same pretty child that lay there sick near ten years ago.'

"'It is as strange to me as to you,' said Arrah Neil; 'for, as I tell you, I seemed to fall into a deep sleep, and for a time I forgot all; but since then all the things which occurred before that time have troubled me sadly. It seemed as if I had had a dream, and I recollect a castle on a hill, and riding with a tall gentleman, who was on a great black horse, while I had a tiny thing, milk white; and I remember many servants and maids — oh! and many things I have never seen since; but I could not tell whether it was real or a mere fancy, till I came into this town, and I saw the street which I used to look at from the window, and the sign of the house that I used to watch as it swung to and fro in the wind. Then I was sure it was real; and your face, too, brought a thousand things back to me; and when I saw the room where I had been, I felt inclined to weep, I knew not why. — Well, well may I weep!'

And in "The Levite," circumstances relating to Florence, are thus described: —

"So saying, the duchess took her seat by the side of Julia's couch, and thus began: —

"It was nearly sixteen years ago, that my mother was walking with me (then a girl but eight years old) in the gardens of our house in the Strand, when, as I was running round a path between two yew hedges, I was startled by the appearance of an ill-favoured woman, who suddenly sprung up and stood before me. Alarmed, I called loudly for my mother, who was by my side in an instant, and demanded to know the cause of this intrusion.

"'I bring,' said the woman, 'another claimant to the protection of the duke, your husband, — (lifting, as she spoke, a covering from the child she held,) — *this child*, whom I was going to place in his arms. I thought he walked in the gardens at this hour — I have been misinformed. What is to

be done? If I take the child back again, it will be *murdered*! Do you wish that?

"‘May Heaven,’ cried my mother, ‘have mercy upon you, and forgive you for such a thought! Did the duke expect your coming?’"

"‘He!—Ah, ah, ah!—What would he say if he knew I had told you this much?’"

"‘Is this,’ demanded my mother, ‘a child of my husband’s?’"

"The woman nodded."

"‘Where is its mother?’"

"‘In Heaven, I hope—and believe!—she died last night—*last night*!’ And the woman covered her face and shuddered."

"‘Was her death a gentle one?’ tremblingly asked my mother."

"The woman raised her head, and looked firmly at the questioner."

"Julia, I was but a child then,—scenes of pleasure and of pain, of anxiety almost too agonising to be borne, have passed by me since then,—but all these have not banished from my mind the feeling of horror that thrilled through my childish heart, as, clinging still closer to my mother, I beheld that woman’s face. It bore the impress of a demon—while with white and quivering lips she almost shrieked out this reply—"

"‘Gentle! gentle! did you say, lady!—Yes, as gentle as the devil’s that planned and executed it shall be! Ay, ay, lady, you know not what it is to hate with the deepest, bitterest hate—to swear revenge—to look upon your dying victims—and rejoice! This *one* I have saved. But if *he* ever knows it, what death think you I shall die? And if the duke is known to shelter this helpless one, he dies also!—Ah! ah! there is death before us all!’"

"My mother was a jealous wife, and good cause had she for her jealousy; nevertheless, she loved my father passionately. Here then was one of his children mysteriously placed before her: if she refused to give it her aid, she gave it up to death;—if he knew of, and saved it, he also was doomed. There was but one course left for her to pursue—she generously adopted it."

"‘I will take charge of this child,’ she said, ‘if you will swear to conceal the fact of my doing so.’"

"The woman stopped for no more, but throwing herself on her knees before my mother, took a solemn oath never to reveal the secret, unless by my mother’s command, or until all danger should be past from those who sought the child’s life. My mother took her purse, (it was full of gold,) and offered it to the stranger, but she dashed it from her."

"‘Keep your gold!’ she cried; ‘*they* gave me gold—Oh! that I had never beheld the light which showed it to me. Take the child, and deal well by it, for the hope you have of Heaven, which *they* and I have forfeited.’ So saying, she placed the child in my mother’s arms, and was gone like the light."

"My mother then addressed the little creature thus singularly left in her charge; but it could scarcely speak, and appeared stupefied. Its clothes were very fine and good, but they were blackened and singed in some parts, and smelt strongly of fire. My mother wept as she pressed the poor little girl to her bosom, and bidding me follow her, entered her chamber, where she summoned a confidential servant, and a physician, whom she knew she could trust. The latter, on examining the child, pronounced that the pretty little creature seemed to have been frightened by something dreadful, and he feared it was an *idiot*. My mother, after bestowing every care upon this child, despatched her into the country, with the confidential servant before mentioned, and allowed her liberal means for her maintenance. She forbade me speaking of the circumstance to any living being, and I faithfully obeyed her. We heard of, or saw, Florence (for so my mother named her) every week, and every time we saw her we parted from her with more regret; my

mother's confidant perfectly adored her, and indulged her every wish. But all that skill could do failed to restore her senses — the physicians agree in attributing the calamity to some great fright, and although *one* imagines that she will eventually recover her reason, she will die immediately afterwards. You know of my dear father's violent death — then, and not till then, did my mother confide to the king and queen the secret of poor Florence. My mother would not consent to part with the lovely child, who therefore returned home to us, with her old friend to whom she had been confided. To tell you how I love Florence, is impossible, and I believe she returns my love devotedly.

"She is subject to fits of melancholy, and generally grows worse about the end of July, which we imagine to be the time when her misfortune occurred. I also suppose that the being she so much laments was her mother; for she is constantly speaking of some one, who comes to her in her sleep, and whom she always calls her Beautiful; whoever it was, I suspect she perished by fire. Florence dreads that element, and is always speaking of it."

There is much resemblance throughout between the two novels, which we have neither time nor space to particularise; and we have pointed out the passages which we have extracted, not with a view of depreciating the merits of Mr. James's work, but for the purpose of showing how two authors may accidentally hit upon the same ideas and upon the same means of working out a part of their plot, without either being liable to be suspected of having borrowed ideas or plot from the other.

We will say, in conclusion, that "Arrah Neil" is a very pleasing story, told in Mr. James's usual pleasing way, which cannot fail to afford much gratification to all readers of such fascinating books. With respect to "The Levite," it is a much longer, more elaborate, and more full account of the "Great Rebellion," than either that of Mr. Hewlett or of Mr. James, and the author professes to adhere more rigidly to the truth of historical facts, which she further elucidates in supplemental notes at the end of each volume. But her style is so diffuse, and her incidents are so crowded and involved, that they detract most materially from the interest of the work, and render the perusal of it a work of labour, which it requires the staunchest novel-reader to get through. "The Levite," however, displays some talent, and many of its descriptions are well written and interesting.

THE FEAST OF BELLS.

As the season of Christmas is in a particular manner identified with bells and feasting, we present our readers with the following extract from an admirable, learned, and most entertaining work, entitled "*Medii Ævi Kalendarium*," by R. T. Hampson:—

"*Festum Campanarum*.—The feast of bells, March 25., either on account of the ringing of bells on that day for the Annunciation of the Virgin, or because the people are called upon to salute the Virgin by the ringing of a bell (see *Festum Annunciationis b. MARIE*). Pancirollus and others ascribe the invention of bells to Paulinus, bishop of Nola, in Campania (in 400 or 458), whence they were called *Campanæ* and *Nolæ* (*Nova Reperta*, tit. IX. p. 158.). The larger, or church bells are usually called *Campanæ*, while the little tinkling bells of saints are *Nolæ*. Polydore Vergil quotes Josephus, (*Antiq.* l. 3.), to show what he might have learned on better authority (*Exod.* xxviii. 34.), that the bell was known in the time of Moses (l. III. c. 18. p. 204.). It seems probable that Paulinus merely transferred the use of the bell from profane to divine purposes, and that he was the first to suspend them in churches. If the early Christians had dared to use a bell to call the people to prayers, it is not unlikely that they would have mentioned it by the Roman or Greek name, instead of the general term, signal. Thus, in the translation of Ephrem, who lived about 370—"Signo ad syntaxin, et officio dato, omnium ultimus tunc frater occurrit; et ante omnes e congregatione exire conatur" (*Hom. Parænes.*, 43.). Gregory of Tours, in 580, uses the term "*commoto signo*" [the signal having been moved or given] for divine service in a baptistery (*Vit. Patr.*, c. 4.); and here *signum* seems to be a bell. The *campanæ*, or large bells, were in use in 600: "*Jussi incipiunt in ecclesia litaniam, tertiam, et campanæ tanguntur, et ingreditur ad missam*" (*Ord. Rom.*, tit. de *Sabbat. Sanct.*). Polydore Vergil says that it was Pope Sabinian who decreed that they should be rung at stated hours for prayers (l. VI. c. 12. p. 398.). This pontiff succeeded Gregory the Great in 599. In England, they were employed for this purpose in 700 (*Bed.*, *Hist. Eccles.*, l. II. c. 23.). The rational utility of bells could not preserve them from stupid superstition; John XIII. consecrated a new bell, which had been placed in the church of St. John Lateran, and gave it the name of John. This was about 968, but Baronius places it in 904: the question is of no importance—all the bells were soon consecrated, and separately denominated in this manner; and Casalius is very anxious to correct the notion of the common people, who not very unreasonably call the ceremony baptizing the bells. We learn, however, from him, that the profanity does not extend to the rites of baptism (*De Vet. Sacris Christ. Ritibus*, c. xxxiii. p. 150.). The American author of *Popery Revealed* says that the following inscription, declaratory of their uses, is placed upon the consecrated bells:—

" *Colo verum deum; plebem voco; et congrego clerum
Divos adoro; festa doceo; defunctos ploro;
Pestem, Dæmonesque fugo.*

[I worship the true God; I call the people, and assemble the clergy; I adore the Gods; I teach the time of festivals, lament the deceased, and put

to flight pestilence and devils.] To much the same purport are the verses in *Glos. Extravag. de Offic. Custod.*, c. 1.:

“ *Laudo deum verum, plebemque voco, congreco clerum,
Defunctos ploro, nimbum fugo, festaque honoro.* ”

‘ *Our Lord I praise, the people call and clergy bring,
The dead lament, wild storms disperse, and saint-days ring.* ’

The ringing of bells to the praise of God was an invention of Gregory IX. between 1227 and 1241 (*Petr. Messia*, par. iv. c. 9.; *Plut. in Vit. Greg.*; *Casal.*, loc. cit.) John XXII. (from 1410 to 1417) decreed, that thrice every day the bells should be rung at vespers, when every one must recite the salutation to the Virgin (*Pol. Verg.*, loc. cit.); for when the bell rang, the angels, as well as the people, sang the *Ave Maria*, or Hail, Mary. The bells were also inscribed with the holy words, ‘*Ave Maria gratia plena*’ [Hail, Mary, full of grace], or ‘*Verbum Caro factum est*’ [The Word was made flesh], of both which, devils and evil spirits are vastly afraid — ‘*quæ tremenda sunt Dæmonibus*’ (*Casal.*, lib. cit., p. 193.). All this goes to account for the name of *Festum Campanarum*, as applied to the Annunciation. For most of the purposes enumerated above, the bell, trumpet, drum, or other sounding instrument, was employed by the ancient pagans. They rang the bell on occasions of death, as appears from the ancient scholiast on Theocritus, because they believed that it would expel spectres and fiends (*Adr. jun.*, *Animadv.*, l. III. c. 11.). Apparently for the same reason, the Synod of Worcester, in 1240, direct the priest to take with him a bell and candle when he bears the eucharist to the sick; though it must be confessed, that they order a little bell to be rung on raising our Lord’s body by the hands of the priest, in order to excite the devotion of some and the charity of others, which is a tolerably miraculous property in bell-ringing. (*Spelm. Concil.*, t. II. p. 243.). Among the pagans, it was a repellent of the arts of enchanters, and an assistant to the moon under an eclipse. The same notion prevailed among the Christians in the time of St. Ambrose (*Homil.* 82.). It was used to dissipate thunder-clouds, and the bell is now rung under the same rational notion (*Martin. del Rio*, *Disq. Mag.*, l. VI. c. 2. fo. 221.— where many other papistical absurdities may be found relating to bells. The expulsion of the devil by the noise of a bell or a kettle-drum is a very ancient superstition: the priests of Isis used the sistrum to drive away Typhon, or the evil principle (*Plut. de Iside et Osiride*, c. 63.), and various noisy instruments answer the same purpose among the Hottentots, Caffres, the negroes on the coast of Guinea, some tribes of North American Indians, and by other savages in different parts of the world. We are, therefore, at no loss to account for the importance attached to consecrated bells at the present day. Many ridiculous miracles are related of bell-ringing (*Audoen. Vit. S. Eligii*; *Petr. Chuniac.*, l. I. c. 13.). In Sir John Sinclair’s Statistical Account of Scotland, the Rev. Mr. Patrick Stuart, minister of Killin parish, Perthshire, says, — “There is a bell belonging to the chapel of St. Fillan, that was in high reputation among the votaries of that saint in old times. It seems to be of some mixed metal. It is about a foot high, and of an oblong form. It usually lay on a grave-stone in the church-yard. When mad people were brought to be dipped in the saint’s pool, it was necessary to perform certain ceremonies, in which there was a mixture of druidism and popery. After remaining all night in the chapel, bound with ropes, the bell was put upon their head with great solemnity. It was the popular opinion that, if stolen, it would extricate itself out of the thief’s hands and return home, ringing all the way. For some years past this bell has been locked up, to prevent its being used for superstitious purposes.”

In accordance with the Council of Nice, which established the Sunday after the 14th day of the Paschal moon should be Easter, the ancients had

several rules for finding that day and moon, which is the first full moon after the equinox: "At vero postquam dies superare noctem, adveniente xiv lyna agitur terminus (*Paschalis*) et subsequenti die dominico statim solemnitas Paschæ celebratur. In ipso termino omni tempore invenitur luna decimaquarta" (*Bed. de Certis Terminis, Oper., t. I. p. 201*). Hence the following ancient rule, in the computus of the kalendar T, 435: On mætiur opep .xii. kl. fimb .xiiii. nihta ealbne monan. on pone funnan bæg opep pæt he fpa ealb bið. þæt bæc earpen bæg — [In March, find the moon of 14 nights old, after the 12 kalends — on the Sunday after that he is so old, that is Easter Day — *fol. 54 b.*] For instance; in 1041, the new moons are known by the Golden Number XVI, and the Sundays by the Letter D: the number XVI stands at March 8., from which count 14 days, and where D is, that is, immediately after the 14th, is the Easter Day of that year. Elsewhere, in the same Computus, is the rule for the Paschal term — "*De Pasche*; Post .xii. kl. Aprilis ubi lunam .xiiii. inueneris ibi fac terminum paschæ" (*fo. 13.*). Another old rule is found in the *Portiforium Sarisburiense*, 1528:

"Post Regum festa, quere novilunia trina."

In other words, count the Golden Number of the given year three times from the Epiphany in the kalendar, and the third Sunday from the last place of the number is Easter Day.

Another, more simple, is "Post Martias nonas," &c. Find the Golden Number after March 7., and take the third Sunday after it for Easter.

ENGLISH ETYMOLOGY.

(Continued from Vol. IV. p. 556.)

WORDS denoting the first relations of society are considered by many distinguished philologists as possessing a sort of historical value, enabling us to ascend beyond the starting point of the literary records of past ages, and furnishing an evidence of a similarity of extraction among the people who possess them in a related form. As the spring bubbles forth upon the plain, its waters first expand and then take different directions in larger or smaller streams and rivulets; but however turbid and impure some may become by chemical action or foreign admixture in their passage, they are still, at the greatest distance, and under the most opposite hues, connected by their common origin. We have already seen that Dr. Doig incidentally refers some words of this description to a language comparatively modern; and it will be acting very fairly towards our etymological authorities to allow that gentleman to guide us to the next examples of their skill in discovering the sources of our mother-tongue. The first, from Dr. Webster, is, —

“FATHER — Sax. *fæder*, *feder* : G. *vater* : D. *vader* : Icel. Sw. and D. *fader* : Gr. *πατήρ* : L. *pater* : Sp. *padre* : Port. *pai* or *pay* : Fr. *père*, by contraction : Pers. *padar* : Russ. *batia* : Sanscrit and Bali, *pita* : Zend. *fedre* : Syr. *batara*. This word signifies a begetter, from the Sw. *foeda*, Dan. *foeder*, to beget, to feed : Goth. *fodyan* : Sax. *fedan* : D. *voeden*, to feed : whence *fodder*, G. *futter*, *füttern*. The Goth. *atta*, Ir. *aithir* or *athair*, Basque *aita*, must be from a different root, unless the first letter has been lost.”

After what has been said, it is needless to remark the improprieties committed here, in the insertion of modern forms of the word, which are immediately derived from the Latin. The Gothic *fads*, *fadhs*, is omitted; probably because, occurring only in compounds, it was not observed. It certainly has not the precise meaning of father in composition, but its close affinity is so obvious, that from the form *brodhar* we can imagine a *fadhar*.

Rejecting the “Sax. *feder*,” because it signifies a feather and not father, we have only two primitive forms to consider — the classes beginning with *p* and *f*; for they include the others with *b* and *v*; and however the orthography may vary, still PITRI=PATER=FA-THER=VATER. If the Swedish word be derived from the Swedish verb, as here asserted, then the equivalents are derived from it, and thus the “Zend *fedre*,” and the “Bali *pita*,” are ancient words originating in a modern language. But all the verbs cited in this most erroneous passage belong to the root of *food*, the Sanskrit *bhat*, which could not possibly produce the “Sanskrit *pita*.” That *pita* or rather the crude *pitri*, a father, is the same as the Pers. Gr. and Lat.,

and therefore, as father, cannot be disputed. Hence if the radical meaning of the Sanskrit be obtained, we shall have the sense of all the others. To the Sanskrit grammarian it matters not whether the word be quoted as *pita* or *pitri*, but the identity of the former with *pedar* and *pater* is not so obvious. It may, therefore, be premised in favour of quoting the latter, that the letter *r* in the crude noun *pitri*, is retained in twenty-one out of the twenty-four inflections, which it undergoes in declension. In fact, it is radical in the second syllable, and ought not to be omitted by an etymologist acquainted with the nature of the word. Some of the Brahmans refer *pitri* to the root, *pi*, to drink, and others to *pa*, to drink, and also to preserve. On Professor Pott's principles they are the same roots. As drink or liquid food is the first nourishment of the young animal, either derivation may be considered as deducing the idea of conception in the whole word, from the office, function, or duty which it denotes; for the second syllable is *tri*, to traverse, cross over; and *pi-tri* is a preserver who brings nourishment to his offspring.

Under the word FOOD, Dr. Webster gives "Arab. *fata*," to feed, and having quoted an obscene interpretation of it in Latin, he refers us to FATHER. Let it be borne in mind, by future investigators who are slenderly provided with the requisite *matériel*, that no term of relationship in common use among Indo-European nations is founded upon a gross or indelicate idea.

As an illustration of father, the provider of nourishment, and to correct the conjecture, that the Gothic *atta*, a father, may have lost its initial letter, it may be stated, that its root is the Sanskrit *ad*, and is directly formed from the infinitive, *attum*, to eat; and as *itan*, to eat, is connected with *atta*, we are not extravagant in presuming the idea of the latter to be the provider of edible nourishment, in the same manner that *pitri* refers to liquid or rather to succulent aliment. The Cossack *ataman* seems to be the same word, with the addition of man, like the A. Sax. *aldor-man*, a prince-man, the chief and maintainer of his people; for the Go. *al-jan*, and A. S. *al-ian*, to nourish, correspond exactly with the Lat. *al-ere*, and they are all formed from the Sanskrit root *al*, to be powerful, grow in strength. The Go. participle *alid-s*, and the Lat. part. *alit-us* both undergo a like contraction, *ald-s*, life, *alt-us*, nourished; life being here that which is cherished. So the A. S. *ald-or*, perfectly agrees in primitive sense and formation with the Lat. *alt-or*, a nourisher, maintainer. From the same root *al*, the Saxons had *aloth*, more correctly *alodh*, ale, but primarily any liquid *ali-ment*, so that the old joke of "*ale* ab *alendo*," is an exemplification of the adage, "many true words are spoken in jest." *Alodh* etymologically corresponds with the O. H. Germ. *alod* ("De Alod-is," *Lex Salica*, t. 62.), signifying paternal or heritable lands, the permanent provision of the family, in contrast to which was formed *feod-um*, already explained. *Aloth* is also written *ealoth*, whence Dr. Richardson takes occasion to derive it from the A. S. *æl-an*, to kindle, set on fire: "it is the third person of the A. S. *æl-an*, to heat or inflame." An etymological Saxon scholar ought to know that *ælath*, and not *ealoth*, is the third person.

The Gothic *fads*, *dux*, which belongs to the class of father, is the

Sanskrit *pati*, master, lord, husband, which is found in the Latin "Dii potes," as remarked by Professor Pott. Its feminine *patni*, lady, wife, mistress, formed like Sanskrit *rajni*, a queen, Lat. *regina*, a queen, serves to explain the Homeric *πόρνια*, (Il. i. 357. and in Od. *πόρνα* *ῥα*), which Apollonius the sophist supposes to signify *σεβαστὴ καὶ ἐνδοξος*, veneranda et gloriosa; but he adds that Apion understands *δεσποίνα*, *τίμια*, *domina*, honoranda.* The latter interpretation is just, for the epithet is a pure Sanskrit word.

What Dr. Richardson says of the origin of father need not detain us from the etymologies of MOTHER, proposed by our authorities in this branch of learning. Dr. Webster is very diffuse, citing numerous compounds of words which have no sort of connection with that under examination.

"MOTHER—Sax. *moder*, D. *moeder*, mother, and *modder*, mud; *moer*, mother, dam, womb, lees, *moerspul*, hysterics (*moer* seems to be a contraction of *moeder*); *moeder-naukt*, stark naked; G. *mutter*, mother, and the thick slimy concretion in vinegar. [Here he inserts a number of German compounds, which will be found in the common dictionaries] Sw. *moder*, mother. [More compounds from dictionaries.] Dan. *moder*; It. *madre*, mother, cause, organ, root, spring, a mould or form for casting; Pers. *madar*, a mother; Sanskrit, *mada*, *madra*, *meddra* or *mata*, mother; Russ. *mat*, mother; *matka*, a female.

"We observe that in some other languages, as well as in English, the same word signifies a female parent, and the thick film in vinegar; and in all the languages of Europe here cited, the orthography is nearly the same as that of *mud* and *mother*. The question then occurs, whether the name of the female parent originated in a word expressing *mother*, *mold*; either the soil of the earth, as the producer, or the like substance when shaped and fitted as a mould for casting; or whether the name is connected with the opinion that the earth is the mother of all productions, whence the word *mother earth*. We are informed by a fragment of Sanchoniathon, that the ancient Phœnicians considered mud, *μῦρ*, to be the substance of which all things were formed. See MUD. The word *matter* is evidently from the Ar. *madda*, to secrete, eject, or discharge a purulent substance, and I think cannot have a direct connection with *mud*. But in the Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, the same word *matre* signifies mother and a mould for casting; and the northern languages, particularly German and Dutch, seem to establish the fact, that the proper sense of mother is *matrix*. The question remains *sub judice*."

And ever must remain *sub judice*, if words unconnected in sense and origin are to take place of those which alone belong to the question. Does this gentleman possess any knowledge of the structure of language, and, at the same time, is not aware that *mater* and *pater*, mother and father, are words of like formation and origin? As *pater* is Sanskrit *pitrī*, so is *mater*, *mā-trī*; and as to *matrix*, it is a derivative of *mater*. It would be unpardonable to dwell longer upon the intolerable nonsense of this passage, and we turn with pleasure to Dr. Richardson.

* Lexic. Apoll. sub v. Πόρνια.

(To be continued.)

CURRENCY AND CORN.

THE abolition of all protective duties on home-grown corn must now be considered as a settled question ; whether for good or ill, the corn laws are virtually repealed. But it is to be hoped that those who have been instrumental in producing this vast change in the social system of the country will not stop here. Something must be done to arrive at the result desired. Cheap bread is an excellent thing ; but the people require something more than cheap bread ; they want cheap money to buy it with, to the end that whether the loaf is nominally cheap or dear, it may be more easily attainable by them in exchange for their labour.

Free trade in corn, it may be easily shown, will do nothing to ameliorate their condition unless there is also a free trade in the money which buys the corn.

For it needs no argument to show that it would benefit the people nothing to have cheap bread unless they have the money wherewith to buy it ; and experience has proved that in times when bread has been nominally cheapest, the people have not been able to buy more of it than when it was nominally dearest—a truth which proves that the facility of procuring the bread does not depend on its apparent cheapness, but on a something else, namely, the facility of procuring the money to buy it with.

And the correctness of this economical axiom is evident at once from this consideration, namely, that as the only means of procuring bread—apart from the expenditure of accumulated capital—is by exchanging the wages of industry for the bread which the labourer needs, it necessarily follows that the greater the facilities for the putting of industry in action, the greater will be the facilities for procuring the bread for which the value of that industry is exchangeable.

Thus, as the medium by which labour is exchanged for bread is money, where little money exists, the facility of exchanging labour for bread must be small ; and where much money exists, the facility of such exchange must be greater in proportion with the quantity of the medium indispensable in the operation. And this rule holds good not only in respect to bread but in respect also to all other articles of necessity, comfort, or luxury which the labourer, of every grade, wants or desires ; for as those who have no accumulated capital can procure the money necessary for the acquisition of what they require only by the exercise of their industry, it follows that the quantity of money which they can obtain must depend on the whole quantity of money in circulation.

Now, as it must be admitted, that the employment of money, as a circulating medium of exchange, is necessary for the development of dormant value, it must be granted also that much dormant value may

remain unevolved in cases where the money necessary for its development is not procurable. And one of the most striking illustrations of this truth is the case of land lying unproductive with dormant value unelicited from the want of proper cultivation; and especially, as in Ireland, from the want of drainage; for here is an attainable valuable product the most wanted of all, namely, corn for food. No one can deny that the power of producing corn from that unused land exists; the cultivation of that land is one of the operations of man's industry:—the land exists, and the industry exists; but unless the money necessary for the industrial operation exists also, the land is useless and the industry unavailable.

And the same difficulty may exist in many other operations of industry, where the means of creating valuable products exist, but where the money to form the medium of the exchanges necessary in the operation, from a deficiency in its quantity, is not procurable.

It would seem, therefore, that it would be of little use to make bread cheap unless money were made cheap also; for inasmuch as it may be taken for granted, that in the present state of the currency the wages of the labourer would fall precisely in proportion to the price of the principal article of his food, it would not in the slightest degree benefit him that bread should be cheap. What is of importance to him is not the *price* of his food, but its attainable *quantity*. It would be no satisfaction to him to be told that the smaller loaf, which he has bought with his reduced wages, is bought at a less price than it could have been bought before the abolition of the corn laws. What he wants is *more* of the bread: that is the only practical effect of the corn laws which would content him; any thing else would be a mockery and a delusion.

And here it may be well briefly to advert to a point, which it behoves those who are most earnest in advocating a free trade in corn to explain. They allege that their principal motive for desiring free trade in corn is, that the labouring portion of the population may be able to buy "cheap" bread; that is to say, bread at a lower price than it can now be sold for; and certainly nothing can be apparently more desirable than such a consummation. But they say nothing about "money," and, especially, they say nothing about "wages." This omission is remarkable.

They say that by means of cheaper bread they should be able to create cheaper manufactures; that, manufactures being much cheaper, they should sell much more of them in the foreign markets; and that such increased consumption would enable them to employ more workmen; and that, consequently, employment would be more plentiful.

All this may be true; and it is easily to be conceived that such an increase of trade would be vastly profitable to themselves; but how would it benefit the employed? How would the circumstance of many more persons being employed in the creation of manufactures benefit the individual workman?

It would benefit the individual workman, if his wages remained the same, notwithstanding the low price of bread. But it is the very object of the Abolitionists, as they declare, to lower prices in order to enable the home manufacturer to compete the better with the foreigner.

How do they propose that the lower price of their home manufactures should be reduced? By lowering the price of bread. How will lowering the price of bread make their manufactures cheaper, unless, as a consequence of the fall in the price of bread, they also lower the rate of wages?

The price of their manufactured article, as they know, is made up of various ingredients, of which the price of the raw material and the interest of their capital are two principal items; but there is also a third principal item, namely, the wages of the labourer or artisan. Now which of these three items do they propose to reduce by cheap bread? Not the cost of the raw material which they buy from the foreigner; they have no control over that: not the interest on their capital; it cannot be expected that they would do that. What then remains to be reduced? Only the wages of labour; and that, by means of cheap bread, they certainly could reduce; but in that case how would "cheap" bread benefit the labourer, if the wages with which he is to buy his bread are reduced in proportion to the price of the cheaper loaf, which it must be to enable the manufacturer to produce the desired cheaper article?

Now, as the principal supporters of Abolition are manufacturers, it may be asked of them, are they ready to enter into a contract with the labouring portion of the population, that if the corn laws be abolished, and the quartern loaf thereby made lower in price, they will not LOWER THE WAGES OF THEIR WORK-PEOPLE? That is the question. Are they ready to enter into such a contract, and to show how it is to be fulfilled? If they are not ready to do so, it cannot be from want of inclination to guarantee that result; because, as they assert, such is their aim and end; and they solemnly declare that it is in order to effect that particular object, among their other general patriotic motives, that they are so earnest in rousing the people to demand the abolition of the corn laws.

But as it seems impossible to avoid the conclusion which we have worked out, may it not be questioned whether this single change—namely, the abolition of the corn laws—would of itself produce that amelioration of the condition of the people, which we will believe it is the desire of the Abolitionists to accomplish? Does it not seem that there is a something else wanted, granting that the abolition of the corn laws would be a wise and expedient measure, more than the making of bread lower in price? And does it not arise almost involuntarily to the mind, that "the something else" wanted is THE "MEANS" OF BUYING THE BREAD, whether nominally cheap or dear? This "something else" brings us to the question of the Currency. But first we must say one word more in respect to the rallying cry of Free Trade.

How is it that the Abolitionists, in their denunciation of all monopolies, and their advocacy of unlimited free trade, have passed over that most important of all questions in free trade—FREE TRADE IN MONEY? And how, according to their own doctrines and their own arguments, can they pretend to establish general free trade, and leave out the principal trade of all? And in discussing the question of "free trade," why do they shrink from the discussion of that most

essential and all-important branch of it, namely, the article, MONEY, by the intermediation of which all trade must be carried on, and the trade in which being restricted must necessarily restrict all other trading ?

And in respect to the ultimate object of the Abolitionists, namely, the amelioration of the condition of the people, the following question arises : —

Seeing that the amelioration of the condition of the people can be effected only by increasing the means of turning their labour to account by facilitating all the operations of industry ; and seeing that so long as the quantity of money by which industrial operations are to be evolved is limited, the operations of industry also are limited ; why do not the Abolitionists, in their endeavour to establish the general free trade which they advocate, include also free trade in money, which at present, of all monopolies, weighs the most heavily and the most prejudicially on the industrial capabilities of the nation ?

Whether a free trade in corn might or might not be harmful to the general prosperity and security of the country, is a question which we will not embarrass our present argument by discussing. Some of the most able and most honest of British statesmen are in favour of the abolition, as some of the most able and most honest are against it. But it seems to us, that there can be no question of the dangerous effect of the abolition of the restrictive corn laws, without the abolition also of the restrictive money laws. It seems to us that *free trade in corn and monopoly in money cannot possibly exist together*. For even as it is, the necessity of the purchase of an unusual quantity of foreign corn, small as that quantity now and then has been, has entirely deranged all commercial and industrial operations in this country, from the drain of gold which it has caused from the Bank of England. And as the legislature has been pleased to grant a monopoly in the trade of money to the Bank of England, which is as dangerous to itself in times of difficulty or panic as it is prejudicial to the community at all times, it is impossible for the community to provide against the evils caused by the drain of gold, because by law the Bank alone can supply the circulating medium of the country ; and the Bank itself is restricted from supplying more than a certain quantity.

And in this monetary system, which the Bank of England is the instrument for carrying into effect, there is a deeper evil than the monopoly itself ; for not only is the community restricted from contriving ordinary money for itself, but the Bank is restricted also ; — here is a restriction within a monopoly. First, the Bank of England is invested with a monopoly of the circulating medium, and then the Bank is restricted from exercising its own functions ; so that the restrictions in respect to the currency are aggravated in a twofold degree.

The mode in which this restrictive system works has been often stated in this Magazine before ; but it may be stated with advantage again, in this place, in respect to its especial relation to the subject of the corn laws.

The Bank issues bank-notes, which the community requires for its internal exchanges. It does not issue enough of them; but that is not the question here. These notes it is obliged to pay on demand in gold at a certain price; no matter whether the gold is dearer or cheaper as a commodity, the Bank is bound to furnish a certain weight of it. When gold, therefore, is withdrawn from the Bank in the purchase of foreign corn, the Bank is obliged to withdraw from circulation a proportionate quantity of its notes; and no matter whether the community requires the withdrawn notes or not, the Bank must withdraw them, for so says the law.

The consequence of this has been that, when the Bank has been obliged to withdraw some millions of notes from circulation, as has happened several times within the last ten years, the merchants and traders and others have been put to the most ruinous inconvenience from the want of those bank-notes to serve as the medium of internal exchanges of which the Bank has been obliged to deprive them: prices have fallen; engagements have been unexpectedly broken; bankruptcies have taken place all over the country; all sorts of industrial operations have been, of necessity, suspended: industry has been paralysed; multitudes of the labouring population have been thrown out of employment; and an incalculable amount of loss, privation, and misery has ensued. Not that there was much less wealth in the country, for the few millions of gold abstracted bore no sensible proportion to the thousand millions of accumulated property; but there was not enough of gold money left to carry on existing operations of trade, commerce, and exchange.

All this mischief has ensued from the restriction of the circulating medium of the country; it being the principle of the present monetary system that there shall be no more money than there can be found gold to exchange for it. That part of the mischief in the working of the system, which arises from compelling the Bank not only to give gold on demand for its notes, but gold at a certain fixed price, is a most important point, which we shall take occasion to advert to another time. But if so much mischief is caused by the occasional withdrawal of gold in the purchase of corn as at present, producing only occasional ruin and misery throughout the country, what would be the condition of the nation if this occasional withdrawal of gold should become permanent by a permanent necessity of purchasing an extra quantity of corn from abroad? We do not say that a free trade in corn would abstractedly be wrong; we are admitting, for the sake of the argument, that it would be right; but we say that the two systems — *the system of unrestricted trade in corn and a restricted trade in money* — cannot go on together; and we say that the experience of the past proves the truth of our assertion.

Matters, however, have come to pass, that the legislature cannot refuse to establish a permanent free trade in corn; it is important therefore to consider in what condition will the nation be with a sudden free trade in corn and without a simultaneous free trade in money. And as this change would especially affect the farmers —

for although the whole nation would share in the wide-spread evils which would thicken on the country, it is the farmers who would feel them first and foremost, — how would they be able to stand against the shock, with the double disadvantage of the competition of cheap foreign corn, and of the less quantity of money in circulation from its withdrawal for the purchase of that very corn, which would make all their own produce of whatever sort depreciated and cheaper? This would, indeed, be to them, of all other classes of the community, ruin worse confounded! They could never stand against that. They could not escape from this double-acting flail of cheap foreign corn and cheaper home produce! What then would become of the rents? What would become of the land-owners? The farmers being knocked down, would topple down their landlords, and their landlords again would topple down others, till the whole kingdom would become one scene of disorder and confusion — and where would the disorder and confusion end?

If, then, the abolition of the corn laws be an especial evil for the farmers — and if that evil must come — it behoves the landlords and farmers to look out in time. They may or may not prevent a great part of the evil which is impending over them; they certainly will not prevent it by standing still and looking on. They *may* prevent it by a timely removal of the restrictive money-law. They were active agents in creating that most prejudicial monopoly — they may be powerful agents in causing its abolition. And if they do not — if, blind to their own interests, and to the interests of the country, they neglect their duty to themselves and to others — when the evil day comes, and they find their estates and their homes pass into the hands of strangers, let them remember that they were warned in time; that, having the power to effect a great national good by amending those restrictive money laws which prevent the due development of the industrial powers of the country, they refused to use it; and let them not be disappointed if the country, in its condemnation of their culpable supineness, refuse to them either its help or its sympathy in their time of trouble.

C. R.

HOOD'S MAGAZINE.

TALES OF THE COLONIES.

SECOND SERIES.

BY CHARLES ROWCROFT.

THE BUSHRANGER OF VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

CONSCIENCE.

THE veteran slept soundly ;—but there was one who watched ; and who on that night first began to feel, in the remorse of conscience, that sharp and corroding pain which “murders sleep.” The watcher was Mark Brandon.

Stung to the soul to find himself deprived of the girl—his cherished scheme destroyed—his chance of making Helen his victim or his hostage lost—he ground his teeth, and clenched his hands—furious as a wild beast that has lost its prey—with mortification and rage !

He had been a witness to the fall of Trevor, and to his retirement into the dense mass of thicket at a short distance from the river, after the retreat of the natives ; but he was unable to tell what had passed within the scrub afterwards, as the bushes were so thick as to screen from view all within their recesses. But he had observed the Corporal in his search, as he passed over a clear space between the scrub and the wood ; and he judged from his manner, that he was looking for traces of the Major's daughter and her companion in misfortune. From this he had drawn the conclusion, that the girl and Mr. Silliman had not been found by the soldiers, amongst the bushes where he had been suddenly parted from them on the first attack of the natives. Having made this discovery, it struck him that the

natives had carried the white man and woman away as prisoners—to feast upon them perhaps at their leisure; for he could not bring himself to believe that they had left the white people unharmed, after their own losses in dead and wounded.

Prompted by a strong passion for the girl, and urged on besides by the consideration of her importance as a prize which he might be able to render useful in his dealings with her father for her ransom, he determined to follow on the track of the natives, with the hope that some lucky chance—some panic fear on the part of the natives perhaps—might again place her in his power.—He communicated his intention to his associate.

“Ten thousand devils take the girl!” exclaimed Grough; “if it hadn’t been for her, we should not have been in this mess—without prog and without liquor!—Wherever there’s a woman, there’s sure to be mischief!”

“But you would not have the poor girl left to the fury of those savages?” said Brandon, somewhat offended at his associate’s callousness.

“D—— her!” replied that unamiable individual; “let them scarify her—or eat her—or do what they like with her:—it’s all the same to me!”

Mark felt that he was on a wrong tack; he shifted his helm dexterously:—“It’s not the girl that I was thinking of,” said he; “but it’s the gentleman—our packhorse—our bush-donkey, mate.”

“D—— him too. Let the black fellows roast him too—he’s fat enough!”

“Why, Grough, how is it you don’t understand me? it’s neither the one nor the other that I care for; but it’s the brandy, man, and the provisions, and the tobacco.”

“And d—— him too again,” exclaimed Grough; “he has got my dollars!”

“To be sure! Not that they would be of much use to us in the bush; but it’s the brandy and the prog! A sup of brandy, now, is just what we want to keep up our spirits.”

“Come along,” said Grough; “let us go after them! That little fat fellow will be pitching into it most gloriously, now that he has got it all to himself—that is, if the natives don’t pitch into him first. When you talked of the gal, you see, Mark—why, that wasn’t worth while;—but the liquor! that’s quite another thing! So I’m your man, if there were a thousand natives to fight for it.”

Mark took him at his word; and without further delay, they put themselves on the track of the natives, which they easily found, and continued their course until the dark prevented further progress. But after they had remained lying on the

grass for a short time, to the great discomfiture of Grough, who, from having nothing to eat and nothing to drink, was in an excessively surly humour, Brandon began to have misgivings as to whether he was on the right scent for the girl.

He considered that it was a most unlikely thing for the natives to leave any one of their white enemies alive during such a skirmish; and it was altogether contrary to their practice, so far as he had heard, to encumber themselves with such prisoners. After all, he thought, either Helen and Silliman had been killed, or if they had been able to avoid that fate, they had escaped in another direction; and in that case, he calculated, they would make right for the cave on the shore of the Bay, from which they had been taken.

Impressed with this idea, he determined to retrace his steps and endeavour to overtake them; for, as he guessed, they would not be able to make rapid progress in the Bush, even if they should be able to find their way at all through a strange country over which they had only once passed. He communicated his suspicion to Grough, who at once acquiesced; and after cursing himself, with sundry energetic oaths, for being such a fool as to suppose that the natives would trouble themselves with white people as prisoners, he uplifted his huge carcass from the ground, and prepared to follow Brandon:—

"To be sure," said he—"more fools we, for thinking anything else! The natives would smash in their skulls with their waddies—and that was too good for the like of them! The cave's our mark—and there we shall find the liquor that we buried, if we find nothing else. My mouth just now hankers after a glass of rum, as a black fellow after a roasted piccaninny! Rum for ever!"

As Brandon had been careful, according to the practice of experienced travellers in the Bush, to take bearings of the principal objects in his line of march, he had no difficulty, although in the night, in finding his way back to the sugar-loaf hill from the neighbourhood of which he had started, and near which the fight with the natives had taken place. In this course it was necessary for him to pass by the place where the Ensign and the Corporal were reposing for the night; but he had another and a powerful reason for wishing to visit again the spot where he had left Helen.

Brandon's passion for the girl was most powerful and absorbing:—she was a girl after his own heart—bold, brave, ready-witted in difficulty and in danger, and resolute in her determination. She was handsome withal—lofty in her bearing, tall and commanding in her figure, and with the air of a heroine of romance. If his lot, he thought, had been cast in happier circumstances, the companionship of such a woman

might have spurred him on to noble enterprises, and have saved him from the commission of many a deed of crime! He had even flattered himself with the idea, that, even as he was—sunk, degraded, proscribed—a felon, and a murderer—the girl had been inclined to regard him favourably; and he had indulged in the hope that, possibly, she might be reconciled to a life in the wilderness with him, by whom she would have been worshipped as the goddess of his idolatry!

When, therefore, he discovered, as he did in their passage from the hill across the river, that she had been deceiving him all the time;—and that, in fact, she, a girl, had outwitted him, the wily bushranger—it was with mingled feelings of disappointment, of wounded pride, and of deep mortification and pain, that he became convinced that Helen regarded him with abhorrence, and had found out some secret means of directing the pursuit of her friends to her rescue.

Nor did the sight of one of the two whose death he had resolved on, tend to lessen his resentment; for that one was young, handsome, an officer, and doubtless had been actuated by more than ordinary zeal in hazarding himself in the bush with only one companion, in so desperate a service as the capture of the man the most dreaded in Van Diemen's Land. That young man, then, his jealousy whispered to him, was the favoured admirer of the girl; and it was for him, and for his sake, that she had contrived to give a clue to the path of her retreat.

This thought stung him so sharply, that he stopped in his walk; started! and stamped his foot with signs of the most violent emotion! His excitement moved even the insensible Grough to ask him, with as much concern as he could throw into the brutal tones of his coarse thick voice:—

“If a black snake had bit him?”

“Worse than that, man!”

“Crush it, then,” said Grough, “under your foot; if a cretur has bit you, and no help for it, have your revenge!”

“I will!” replied Brandon.

They both now moved on more rapidly. As they drew near to the dense scrub, Brandon enjoined strict silence to his companion, and advanced with his usual caution.

It was easy to ascertain, by the light of the fire, which the Corporal had kindled close to his officer's sleeping-place, the precise spot where the two soldiers had established their bivouac; and the thickness of the bushes served as an effectual screen to prevent either party from seeing the other, until they came almost face to face. Brandon whispered to his fellow not to make the slightest noise, and to follow him.

The Bushranger then crept stealthily forward till he reached

a thick bush fronting the fire, on the other side of which the Corporal was sitting, with his firelock lying by his side. The Bushranger regarded him attentively, and saw that he slept—or seemed to sleep; for, as Brandon's own habits taught him, it might be only a feint to throw enemies off their guard. Grough had already put his musket to his shoulder with a deliberate aim; but Brandon, by a sign, checked him.

By the light of the moon he saw a rough sort of bush hut at a little distance from the fire, which fronted its entrance. He guessed that the wounded officer was there—perhaps not alone? The girl might be with him! Brandon was seized with a feeling of condensed hatred and spite, which mastered all other considerations. "The snake," he muttered to himself, "has bitten me with its poison—and I will have my revenge!"

Retreating from his position to some little distance, he made a circuit through the bushes, and got behind the officer's hut. He observed through the partial openings, here and there, as he went, that the sleeping soldier retained the same position.

"If it's a sham," he thought to himself "it is well done!" Grough made signs to shoot him; but Brandon, by a determined gesture, forbade it.

They arrived close to the bush hut. The Bushranger peered about, and presently found a small opening, through which he could see the occupant's face. It was that of the officer; it was very pale, and had a youthful and delicate appearance. He was sleeping, and he was alone.

By the light of the fire which shone directly upon him, partially obscured only by the body of the Corporal, Brandon observed in the young officer's hand, which was placed on his breast, a woman's glove!—The truth was revealed at once! Here was the lover of the girl—the favoured lover—with the love-token in his grasp!—Again the same sharp pang shot through the Bushranger's frame, and he felt stung as if by a corporal and substantive dagger stabbed into his entrails! All the rage of the demon was roused within him! Slowly and silently he raised his fowling-piece to his shoulder, and covered the sleeping man's brain with the murderous barrel! His finger was on the trigger! He was about to give the fatal touch—when the sleeping officer turned, and said something in his sleep.

It seemed that he was suffering under the painful excitement of some feverish dream. Claspings the glove to his heart, he murmured:—

"Helen!"

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

PROFESSIONAL PRACTICE.

THE Bushranger suspended his touch;—the name of Helen so pronounced, agitated him in an extraordinary manner. His hand trembled; his weapon shook; for once he felt that his aim was uncertain, for his eyes also were blinded with a sort of mist.—The sleeping man spoke again.—The Bushranger listened:—

“Dead!” murmured Trevor; “dead! murdered in cold blood! murdered! murdered!”

Brandon recovered his piece—meditated for a moment. Some thought seemed to convulse him; a deep flush came over his face:—he levelled his piece again:—

Again the sleeping officer murmured—

“Murdered!”

Brandon drew back his piece with a hasty movement, much to the astonishment of Grough, who was at a loss to understand what these pantomimic actions signified; and without speaking, turned away and retreated to some little distance among the bushes. His companion followed him obediently. When Brandon stopped, Grough took the opportunity to ask him:—“Why he did not shoot the red-coat as he slept?”

Brandon made no reply for some time.—At last he said, “It is best as it is:—let him be left alone.”

He then remained plunged for some time in gloomy silence, without giving any intimation to stir from the spot.

But his companion, who was entirely ignorant of the motives which led his chief to spare the sleeping man's life, and who was equally unable to penetrate the feelings of Brandon in respect to the relations of the Officer with the girl, was by no means inclined to remain inactive, or to delay their journey towards the Major's cave, where a store of rum had been deposited, in a secret place denominated in colonial phraseology a “plant.” Besides, this was a neglect of business, to the matter-of-fact marauder, altogether incompatible with his habits of dealing. Here were two of their enemies at their mercy, and Mark was losing the opportunity of taking both their lives at a time when they could make no resistance, for they were both asleep; and what better chance could they have of shooting them comfortably through the head without danger to themselves? To let such a chance slip by, was monstrous!—He conveyed his opinion, in a gruff whisper, to Brandon:—

“If you don't like to shoot the young 'un,” he said, “there can be no harm in my shooting the old fellow! Besides, we want powder and shot, and his musket would be no bad grab!”

To this Brandon made no reply ;—he was a prey to the most painful and conflicting sensations. On the one hand, his passion for the girl had so far touched that part of his better nature which was within him, as to cause him to recoil from murdering in cold blood even her favoured lover ! And on the other hand, he was stimulated by jealousy, by anger, and by the desire of revenge for the injury which the Officer had done him in forestalling him in the girl's affections, to take the life of the hated rival who was in his power.—Absorbed by these thoughts, he either did not hear, or did not allow himself to be disturbed by his companion's suggestion, but continued plunged in moody contemplation.

Grough, taking his silence for consent, moved quickly off, determined that the night should not pass away, as he mentally affirmed, "without some pleasure;"—so he resolved to shoot the Corporal.

On such amiable thoughts intent, he edged away a little to the right, in order that he might take the poor soldier sideways, which would obviate the inconvenience of the glare of the fire, and allow him to take a better aim. He stationed himself, accordingly, in a convenient position, and resting on one knee, was about to have a deliberate shot, when a slight air which caused the embers of the fire to sparkle more brilliantly, conveyed to his senses the smell of roasted meat !

Now Mr. Grough was, as he expressed it, more than usually "peckish," having not only walked very far, but fasted very long ; and the appetizing odour of the kangaroo's leg, which had begun to burn a little, altogether overcame his animal sensibilities ! His bowels yearned, and the water rose to his mouth !—For a moment he forgot his anticipated gratification of putting a ball through the corporal's head, in the present and more immediate temptation which irresistibly assailed him ! He even feared to disturb the Corporal, lest his waking should delay the promised feast.

Taking advantage, therefore, of his early habits, and his ability in priggging, which even in his youth had conferred on him the title of a most accomplished thief, he bent his whole soul to the getting possession of the savoury "grub." It was astonishing to see with what lightness and softness the legs which supported that huge body could tread ! Nothing but long practice in stealing and in housebreaking, could have taught the bulky brute to manage his steps so mincingly ! And the feat too was so daring ! To subtract the delicious morsel from under the Corporal's very nose ! There was fun in the exploit ! What would be the old soldier's thoughts on waking ? How piercing his disappointment ! What a glorious "dodge" to put on him ! Positively it was better than putting him to death ! Grough

was in the pursuit of his vocation, and he was happy! He stretched out his hand for the venison, and clutched the protruding bone; but it was almost red-hot, and he let it drop again. The noise, however, seemed to disturb the soldier.—Grough was ready to shoot him dead if he awoke; but he only gave a loud snort, and slept on.

On a sudden, a bright idea struck the thief. He spied the Corporal's musket lying by his side, with the bayonet fixed—a supplemental weapon with which his own piece was unsupplied. It was also a better one than his own, and in better condition, as he perceived at a glance. Dexterously removing the soldier's musket, he softly placed his own in its place, after removing the flint, which he deposited in his pocket.

The change, however, was not made so silently as to avoid disturbing the sleeping sentinel. The Corporal suddenly opened his eyes, looked vacantly at the fire, placed his hand on the substituted musket, nodded his head, and slept again.

Grough waited quietly behind him till his snores announced that the soldier was fast asleep. He then directed the bayonetted weapon to the leg of the kangaroo, and carefully inserting its point into the fleshy part of the thigh, bore it triumphantly aloft, and marched away to rejoin his comrade.

In a few words Grough communicated to Brandon the exploit which he had achieved, and as he eagerly devoured the venison, offered him the best portions. But Brandon refused to eat; and after his associate had satisfied his first hunger, he led the way back towards the cave, in the hope of finding there, or on the way, some trace of the girl whom he had lost.

In the mean time, the hours of the night wore away; but it was not before the dawn that the Corporal awoke from his weary slumbers. Surprised at the appearance of the morning light, the old soldier began to have some vague suspicion, either that the sun had taken it into his head in that strange country to rise in the middle of the night, or that he—the Corporal—had been asleep!

As the one case was hardly less unintelligible than the other—for to sleep on his post was a breach of a sentinel's duty which it did not enter the worthy Corporal's head that it was possible for him to be guilty of—he set himself seriously about resolving the enigma.

He remembered shutting his eyes to avoid the uneasy glare of the fire; but he remembered nothing more. It must be, then, that he had forgotten to open them again! Well, there was not much harm in that! That was not like going to sleep! A man, as the Corporal argued, might forget himself occasionally, and be forgiven; but to sleep on his post—that was unpardonable! The Corporal was sure that he had not done that!

Having come to this satisfactory conclusion—and the more so as it happened that there was no one at hand to question its correctness—the Corporal opened his eyes wider; and then he remembered the kangaroo's leg, which he had set to roast previous to his oblivion: but no leg was there! The Corporal opened his eyes wider than ever at this extraordinary circumstance, and immediately rose to investigate the affair.

In rising, he mechanically lifted up his firelock; for he followed the good old rule in a campaign, that "your arms," as he said, "are always safest in your own hands." "By the powers," he involuntarily exclaimed, "I could have sworn that I fixed my bayonet last night! and by all that's holy, it's not in the sheath! And the firelock, too! what has come to the hussey? And there's no flint in the hammer! There must be Irish fairies here too! This is not my firelock! By the powers, it's like the child that was changed at nurse! And I'm changed too, perhaps, for anything I know! But I haven't been asleep—that I'll swear to!"

"Corporal," called out the Ensign from the bush hut, in a faint tone.

"Here, your honour," said the Corporal, promptly, not a little relieved to hear the Ensign's voice, for he began to think that he might be changed also. He was about to salute his reclining officer with a "present;" but a look at his musket put him so out of conceit with the tool, that he could not bring himself to perform the evolution with "such a thing." He contented himself, therefore, with the minor military obeisance of bringing his open hand, as he expected, to the peak of his cap. But here again he was balked; for his cap, at that moment, was performing the office of a water-jug on the grass. The Ensign did not observe his confusion, but in weak accents expressed his desire to move forward without delay in search of Miss Horton:—

"Lend me your hand," he said, "and I will get up from this bed. I am afraid, Corporal, you have had a weary night of it while I have been sleeping."

The Corporal said nothing, but handling his officer as tenderly as if he had been a child, he raised him from his Mimosa bed; but Trevor could not stand.

The Corporal shook his head:—

"It will never do, your honour, to be marching if you can't stand! Better be still a bit, and see what the sun will do for you when he comes out warm."

"These spear wounds," said Trevor, "are very stiff and painful.—Do you know if the natives poison their spears?"

"I never heard so, your honour; but these are nasty wounds. You see, sir, the spear doesn't go in smooth and clear like the

point of a bayonet—though a bayonet wound is ugly enough;—but the ends of them being of charred wood, and bluntish, they make a greater rend; it's curious, though, that they don't bleed so much as bayonet wounds; but they are apt to fester, I have heard say, and become very unpleasant to a gentleman that isn't used to being wounded. If we could contrive to make some water hot, and bathe them, it would do them good, and take some of the smart off. And now I think of it, I know a way that a Spanish friar contrived to make water hot without a pot to boil it in:—I'll do it for your honour in a minute."

So saying, the Corporal helped his officer to lie gently down again on his bush bed; and having recourse to his cap, from which almost all the water had oozed away during the night, he made haste to the neighbouring stream to refill it; and when he got there he remembered the remainder of the kangaroo which he had shot the evening before, and which he had left the other side of the stream. He found it just as he had left it, and with no slight joy did he amputate the other leg; taking care, after the operation, to throw the remainder, consisting of the fore-quarters of the animal, over the branch of an adjacent tree. Thus laden, he returned to the fire; and first setting some meat to cook on the embers, he busied himself in preparing a warm embrocation for the Ensign. To effect this, he provided himself with his officer's handkerchief, and then taking the hot stones, on which he had set the vanished kangaroo's leg of the night before, he blew the ashes from them and dropped a couple of them into his capful of water. The stones hissed, and the water simmered, and presently became hot; and the worthy fellow then performed the office of a hospital-nurse, and tenderly fomented his officer's wounds with the warmed water.

The application of this simple remedy afforded Trevor so much relief, that he expressed his satisfaction, and his admiration also of the Corporal's ingenuity, in the most glowing terms; and the strength of his officer's grateful expressions gave the Corporal courage to relate his misadventure of the night.

"This is very strange!" repeated the Ensign. "Your fire-lock has actually been changed without your being aware of it!"

"Not exactly so, your honour, for I was aware of the change directly I missed the bayonet, and saw the rusty thing that somebody put in the place of it. But who can it be, your honour?—not the natives? They never would have the gumption to do such a trick as that!"

"It must be the Bushranger's work," replied Trevor; "and he has done it, I have no doubt, to show at once his cleverness and his daring. But why he spared our lives when we were sleeping—"

"I wasn't sleeping," interrupted the Corporal, deprecatingly;

the fire blinded my eyes so, that I closed them only for a moment; and when I opened them again, the thing was done!"

"Why he spared our lives," repeated the Ensign without taking notice of the Corporal's explanation, "is a mystery to me!"

"Why, your honour," replied the Corporal, "the devil is never so black as he is painted; and these convicts, bad as they are, are not so bad as some people say. They don't want to kill, your honour, for killing's sake. Let them alone, and they'll leave you alone—except when they want to rob you, or that, and then, in course, they must stand the scrimmage as well as they can."

"There is something about this Mark Brandon," resumed Trevor, meditating, "that is very remarkable."

"He is the most remarkable big rascal," replied the Corporal, "in all the colony! That's what he is. But he was a gentleman once, people say, and if any one ever had the gift of the gab, they say, it is he; and he is an uncommon favourite, by all accounts, among the women."

"Indeed!" said Trevor, "and he has been a gentleman, has he?—Corporal, we must lose no time in looking for that poor girl! There certainly is something extraordinary about that Bushranger!—I have seen him only once—when we were fighting the natives;—but it struck me that I had seen that face before. It was a countenance that seemed to have haunted me in my dreams. We must march, Corporal, we must march!"

But poor Trevor was so weak, that when he attempted to rise, he fell down again on his couch. The Corporal pitied his young officer most sincerely. He "rummaged his head" every way, to contrive some means of remedying this new difficulty. But as there were neither wild nor tame horses to be had in those desolate regions, the poor fellow was at his wit's end to know what to do? For here was his officer wounded and unable to walk, and there was neither hospital staff nor commissariat to help them! And as to foraging—what was the use of foraging where there was no farm, or house, or cottage to forage on? At last it occurred to him that as his officer was weak, the best thing was to nourish him; and as he had often heard the succulent virtues of kangaroo-tail soup extolled as the most nourishing thing in nature, he determined to try the efficacy of it in the present case. Fortunately he had secured the enormous tail of the late kangaroo, and he immediately proceeded to cook it in the best manner that he could; and as he could not make soup of it in his cap, he essayed that which appeared to him the next best way of transferring its virtues to the person of his officer, by broiling it most delicately on the embers.

The result of his experiment in the culinary pharmacopæia,

however, was not such as to answer his expectations. Trevor had no appetite, and could not partake of the Australian luxury. He began to be hot and feverish; and the Corporal beheld with alarm the beginning of a disorder, which, from his experience in wounds, he was aware was the forerunner of danger.

In spite of all the Corporal's assiduities, Trevor's fever increased; and the poor Corporal, almost abandoning all hope, in their distress and desolation, would sooner have encountered a whole regiment with bayonets fixed, than such an enemy as fever with no doctor to combat the insidious foe.—In addition to this, they were in hourly apprehension of being attacked by the natives.

In this wretched state, while the Corporal almost abandoned himself to despair, the unhappy Trevor, in the intervals of his delirium of fever, was a prey to the far greater torture of the thought of Helen in the power of the Bushrangers or the natives, while he was lying helpless on that which it seemed to him was the bed of death!

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE PROCLAMATION.

THE Bushranger travelled during the whole of the night with almost unabated speed towards the Bay, on the margin of which the cave was situate, where he hoped to learn tidings of Helen. Sturdy and strong as his companion was, he more than once hinted to Brandon the expediency of a halt; for notwithstanding the frequent attacks which he made on the leg of the kangaroo, which he had suspended from his neck like a guitar so as to be handy to his jaws, he began to sink under the fatigue of long-protracted exertion.

As to Brandon, he ate nothing, and spoke little; scarcely replying to the questions and observations of his follower; but drinking copiously at every brook and spring that he passed by; for that fever of the soul had already seized him which consumes its victim like living fire!

Stopping only to allow his companion the rest needful for his further progress, Brandon pursued his way, hoping every moment that he should light on some indication of Helen's track, and earnestly wishing that she might adopt the same expedient in her present flight as she had practised when she had been forced to travel with himself. But he could see no trace of her steps; and although he was sometimes tempted to diverge from the direct course, in the hope that she might have chosen some

tempting but delusive opening between the hills in her progress homewards, his researches ended only in disappointment, and uselessly consumed his time and strength.

The delay which these failures caused only added to his gloomy anger, and augmented his eagerness to arrive at the place of his destination. At last he reached the vicinity of the Bay; and then some caution became necessary lest he should fall into the hands of the emissaries of the Government.

Using great circumspection in his approach to the cave, keeping a good look-out on all sides, and carefully examining the ground for foot marks, he drew near to the spot. As soon as he had a clear view of the Bay, he looked about for the vessel; but the brig was gone.

He then remained for some hours watching the parts in the vicinity of the cave; but he could see no sign of danger. Accustomed, however, to make use of all sorts of stratagems, in order to delude his enemies, he was distrustful of the quiet and calm which seemed to prevail in a place where recently all was life and commotion.

In this mood he approached the front of the cave; but still he saw no sign of its being occupied. But on one side of the entrance, at its mouth, he saw a piece of paper attached in a recess sheltered from wet. Grough saw it also; and at the sight they stopped and looked at each other.

"Let us go on," at last said Brandon, "death is better than this suspense."

"Come on," responded Grough; "life is not worth having without liquor. Let us try our plant."

They approached the mouth of the cave, where the paper was affixed; and both read, at the same time, its significant heading:—

"A PROCLAMATION."

"Let us first search the cave," said Brandon, "we shall have time enough to read that gammoning paper afterwards." His eye, however, had rapidly caught part of its contents, and he felt a queer sort of uneasiness about it.

They searched the cave; but they found no sign of inhabitants.

"There is no one here," said Grough, chuckling.

"So it seems," said Brandon, despondingly.

"What does the paper say?" asked Grough.

"Just what they all say—a bribe for treachery."

"A bribe!" exclaimed Grough. "I suppose you mean a reward. Much good may it do them—the tyrants! as if one man in the bush would betray another! But how much is it?"

The qualification which the words "how much is it?" implied of the nature of Mr. Grough's virtuous resolve not to be tempted by the proclamation of the Government, grated on Brandon's ears disagreeably.

"You had better read it," he said, "and see."

Grough spelled it out, not without difficulty, commenting on the manifesto as he went on:—

"A PROCLAMATION.

"Whereas one Mark Brandon, a prisoner of the Crown, has made his escape from Hobart Town, and has committed a piracy on the high seas, besides being guilty of various other high crimes and misdemeanours

"(I say, Mark, they lay it on thick.)

"Crimes and misdemeanours; and is charged also with having forcibly abducted a young lady of the name of Helen Horton, lately arrived in the colony; and is suspected also of the murder of, or of some other foul dealing with, George Trevor, an ensign in his Majesty's service,

"(That's the young chap, I suppose, that the natives speared.—Well, they are wrong there, at any rate.—But those beaks and constables will swear through a brick wall, to any lie that suits them against a poor prisoner.)

"Majesty's service;—This is to give notice, that a reward of five hundred dollars

"(Five hundred dollars! I say, Mark, five hundred dollars!)

"Five hundred dollars will be given to any one who shall afford such information as may be the means of apprehending the said Mark Brandon

"(Mark, you're worth five hundred dollars! That's something!)

"The said Mark Brandon; together with a free pardon

"(A free pardon! I say, Mark, do you see that? A free pardon!—It's a dead set against you, Mark!—But do they think that any one would be such a blackguard as to inform against you? They don't know us, Mark!—Five hundred dollars and a free pardon! As if any body would trust to their promises! But there is something more!)

"—A free pardon, and a free passage to England.

"(By —, Mark," exclaimed Grough again, "the Governor lays it on fat! Five hundred dollars—a free pardon—and a free passage to England! That's tempting! Is'nt it? But I wouldn't trust the scoundrels! It's only a trap!—Don't you think so, Mark? And as to any one betraying you!)"

"Read on," said Mark.

"And whereas a prisoner of the crown, named James Swindell, and a prisoner of the crown named Roger Grough, are

also missing, and are supposed to have joined the said Mark Brandon in the bush;—This is to give notice, that a reward of one hundred dollars will be given for the apprehension of the said James Swindell, and of the same Roger Grough, or for such information as may lead to their conviction.

“ ‘Signed, &c. &c.

“ ‘LIEUT. GOVERNOR.’

“One hundred dollars for me!” exclaimed Grough, after a slight pause, as he concluded aloud the perusal of the proclamation. “A hundred dollars for me! Well—that’s kind, isn’t it? And another hundred for hang-dog Jemmy! Well—Jemmy’s done for, so there’s a hundred dollars lost for somebody.—But there’s no free pardon for taking me;—you’re the great man, Mark.—This is what comes of being a nob!—It would be worth somebody’s while to take you, Mark, eh?—Wouldn’t it?”

“Yours, perhaps,” replied Brandon, turning suddenly round, and confronting his associate with an eye and a look which few could stand under without quailing.—“Yours, perhaps,” repeated Brandon:—“but no;—you would not betray me;—I have no fear of that. First, because you are not such a rascal as to do it; and secondly, because you would certainly be hanged, my hearty, for the murder of the old woman and the child at Sandy Bay before you started.—No, my boy; you and I must escape or swing together.”

“To be sure, Mark; to be sure:—you and I, as you say, must get away or be swung up together. Not that there was any harm in killing the old woman—they would never hang a man for that!—and the child would shriek out. But how shall we get a boat, or a vessel? We shan’t have such another chance as we had with that brig, in a hurry!”

“We must trust to our luck, man. Leave me to find the way to do it. But we must not hang about here; there may be spies where we least think of. We must get away into the interior, where they can’t follow us, or can’t find us if they do.”

“Wherever you go, Mark, I’m the man to stick to you! And now for the stuff! Let us see if the plant is all right.”

To his infinite satisfaction, Grough found his beloved rum safe and untouched. He immediately proceeded to disinter it, taking several hearty pulls at the liquor by the way; and so afraid was he of losing sight of it again, that he determined to load himself with as much of it as he could carry. As most of it was contained in one-gallon stone bottles, which had been done for convenience’s sake on board-ship, and to guard against the danger of drawing off spirit from the cask by candle-light in the hold; although the weight was heavy, it was so divided as to enable the freebooter to dispose of much of it about his

person. He did not neglect to carry away also as large a supply as he could bear of ship's biscuit, and of tea and sugar. He took care to provide himself also with a large tin pinnikin, and a small tea-kettle, which was among the stores which the marauders had stowed away previous to their first departure from the cave.

He also visited the spot where he had buried his share of the dollars despoiled from the Major; and after a little hesitation, caused by his desire to have them and the inconvenience of their weight, he took them out of the hole, and deposited them in a canvass bag, which he suspended from his shoulders. Thus freighted, like a huge Dutch trader, had it not been for his vast bulk and prodigious strength, he would have been unable to stand under the weight of such a cargo; and, as it was, he found his motions seriously impeded by his cumbrous load. But his covetousness was stronger than his indolence.

Mark Brandon, while his companion was thus busily employed, and gloating over his dollars and his rum, removed his own share of the money, and quietly made his way to the hollow tree where he had secretly deposited the gold, which he had previously contrived to abstract from the participation of his comrades. Having made sure that Grough was entirely and intensely occupied with his stone bottle, he threw some handfuls of earth and stones into the hollow trunk, to disperse any opossums which might have made it their abode; then, hiding his fowling-piece under a neighbouring rock which shelved outwards, he nimbly climbed the tree, and dropped down within the ample cavity.

As soon as his feet touched the bottom, he became aware, by the jingling of the coin, that his treasure was safe. He found it rather difficult to get out again; but, by applying his two hands to the sides of the opening above, which he could only just reach, by a vigorous effort he raised himself up, and descended the trunk.

Satisfied, by this inspection, that it was a safe place for a "plant," he dropped into it the large bag of dollars which he had removed from the hole in the ground. This he did in order to hide the money from his companion, fearing that his avarice might be too powerfully stimulated by a knowledge of such an amount of dollars at his command, and which would form so pleasing an addition to a "free pardon" and "a passage to England."

For he had already begun to be suspicious of the rascal with whom he was temporarily associated; and he bore in mind the accent and the manner of his "friend," as he read and dwelt on the tempting offer of reward promised by the Government for Brandon's capture. He immediately rejoined him, however,

with a countenance entirely divested of all appearance of distrust; and he took advantage of his comrade's occupation, to revolve in his mind the expediency of shooting him through the head on the spot, and of thereby removing all danger of betrayal from that quarter.

But on further thought, he considered that the brute would be useful to him, as the lost Mr. Silliman had been, in carrying the load of spirit and other articles of comfort, with which he was doing him—Mark Brandon—the favour to load himself. He resolved, therefore, to abide with him until the fellow had served his purpose; the more particularly as he would be an useful auxiliary in the event of being attacked by the natives. He had no doubt, that, after he had decided upon his place of refuge—and had possession of the girl, perhaps—he should easily be able to dispose of his thick-headed associate when expedient; and in the mean time, that he could make use of him;—reserving to himself the right, however, of instantly dispatching him, should he discover any strong symptoms of treachery, which, he relied, the animal was too stupid entirely to conceal.

Having come to this cool determination, he accepted his friend's offer to partake of about a pint of rum; and grasping his comrade's hand with an expression of most hearty good-will and confidence, they both swore over the liquor an eternal attachment—Brandon having already resolved to slaughter the huge oaf to whom he was vowing friendship, whenever the fit occasion should arrive; and Grough having determined in his own mind to deliver up his chum to the gallows, and claim the reward, on the first convenient opportunity.

These two worthies having thus transacted the business which they had to do in that part of the country, and Brandon having made a last search for Helen, departed lovingly together, with lies on their lips and treachery in their hearts, in the direction which Brandon had planned, towards the Western Coast; for although there was very little chance of a vessel or a boat nearing that side of the island, he was not without a hope, which he could not avoid cherishing, of meeting by some lucky accident with the beautiful girl whom he had lost, and for whose possession he longed with all the ardour of his sanguine and impassioned nature.

The social community of the outlaws, however, was presently interrupted by other alarms, which, while they stimulated the inclination of Grough to betray his companion, were the means of aggravating the suspicions of Brandon, who redoubled his precautions to guard against surprise and treachery.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

WE are fast approaching a memorable festival. February—short, if not sweet—full of promise, though backward in performance—brings with him a great anniversary, which is dear and welcome to us all. It is hardly necessary to say, in direct words, what must be apparent to Dulness herself, that we allude to the festival of St. Valentine.

We have called it a *great* day; and certainly, though it embraces less than the dozen hours, it deserves that commendation. It is great in name—great in associations—and, lastly, which now-a-days is not considered least, it is great in age. It is covered with the dust of antiquity—the only dust, except gold dust, that people of refinement care about. It is great in associations; for, in its emblematic billets, it unites the arts of poetry and painting, rarely paired together, as well as the hearts of bachelors and maids. It is great in name; for it is the only annual, so to speak, of the whole swarm, that in its boldly-coloured but graphic embellishments, touches all sorts, professions, and conditions, and, with a sweeping apprehension, addresses itself directly to every individual.

Who will deny that it receives an unmingled welcome? Not all the witches in Macbeth, though they sang as sweetly as Adelaide Kemble, and were as winning and graceful as Madame herself, could give a heartier welcome to the Thane of Glamis, than all Christendom gives to St. Valentine. He is a universal favourite; and, without excepting even St. Crispin, the jolliest-minded divinity in the calendar. Like the Duke of Wellington, he minds only his own concerns (which assertion, of course, as in the Duke's case, excepts a few general matters), and never interferes in politics or theology. By this temperate conduct, he has acquired unequalled popularity; and has, somehow or other, escaped even the Reformation. He is courted by all ranks, and by all creeds; and it is a question whether, if such a thing could be done, the veriest Maw-worm living would expunge him from the calendar. The truth of all this is, we believe, that St. Valentine, though he swears like a trooper, is no saint at all, but a mere pagan.

We have made a bold assertion; and the reader, startled at our heterodoxy, very reasonably inquires for our authority. He wishes to know on what evidence the calumny is founded. He is taken unawares; and he inquires, in his surprise, if there is really so little known of St. Valentine, that it cannot be proved he was a Christian.

If we were not staunch Protestants, we might here refer to the Romish legend, and thus, without further preamble, state exactly how the matter stood. But there are two slight objections to this course: the first of which is, that, owing to our aforementioned Protestantism, we should not believe the legend; and secondly, that, even if we could forego our prejudices, there is no legend in existence.

The only way, then, of coming at the history of St. Valentine with any accuracy, is by an hypothesis. Let us even suppose, for the sake of argument, that he *was* a Christian, it is still unknown what were his avocations. The question stares us in the face—how did he get his living? Was he, as some believe, a loose, slender, Don Juan sort of person—or a sly, burly, steady-going priest?

The only authentic work that at all promises to help us to his history, or to throw a light on his character, is "The Adventures of Valentine and Orson;" but this work, unfortunately, though we might turn it to account in our hypothesis, has no real reference to him whatever. He certainly was not the Valentine of that entertaining biography. That he was related to him, either by descent or by affinity, is not impossible; and it is just as probable that he was a Frenchman. If so, it is not unreasonable to suppose that he was a Troubadour; and, in that case, he might, at any grand tournament, have become the captive of some high-born dame; and finding his passion unrequited, or his love ill-matched, might retire broken-hearted to the cloister, and, at one and the same time, become a paragon of lovers, and a model for ecclesiastics.

Thus, by a very little inquiry, we have snatched from oblivion many important particulars of his sad but romantic life. It is true, indeed, that the question of his creed remains as it was; but, in an hypothesis, this is immaterial. It is, moreover, on the supposition that he was a Christian, that the fabric of his biography, as it is here given, is based.

But having established his claims to respectability—for (unlike the Troubadours of the present era, met with on board the Gravesend steam-boats, and at the doors of aerial wine-vaults) he was rendered respectable by his profession—let us now pass over the subject of St. Valentine's personal character, and consider him in his various relations. He must be especially viewed as the friend and patron of lovers. With this good disposition, however, he evidently mingles something of the satirist. The great disappointment he had sustained in early life, as recorded above, through his imprudent and ill-fated attachment, though it made him compassionate the trials of mankind, rendered him very severe on their failings. As the guardian of

lovers, he would dedicate a sonnet to a love-lorn maid; and, in his character of a censor, he would down derision, which no insensibility could turn aside, on her oppressor. Nor was he unqualified for a satirist. His wanderings as a Troubadour, in his earlier career, had opened to him the secrets of every grade of society; and, consequently, it is not the defects of lords and ladies alone that he was familiar with, but those of shoemakers, butchers, tailors, and even laundresses.

It may readily be supposed, and really is well known, that this disposition of St. Valentine to satirize mankind, though kindly intentioned, does cast a cloud over the glory of his festival. There are people in the world, indeed, to this hour (when, at most, the expense must be covered by twopence), who will never receive a letter on St. Valentine's day. They take their stand on the principle of the thing—not the damage. It is all the same to them, in working out this principle, whether the letter they refuse be a valentine or not. The envelope, indeed, may be in deep mourning, and the postman may plead that it is paid. No matter! He may, if he pleases, bring it on the morrow; but, whatever may be the consequence, they will not receive it on St. Valentine's day.

Mrs. Tomkins lost a legacy by this pertinacity. From the same simple cause, Miss Barlow, when verging on a critical time of life, missed an opportunity of being reconciled to her lover. Before now, indeed, the Dead-letter Office has been crammed with invitations to dinner; and inveterate holiday-hunters have unconsciously refused free admissions to the theatre.

But, while some people thus slight and discountenance St. Valentine, there are others who, with gratuitous emulation, kindly devote themselves to his service. Of this class are the two Misses Biggs. They would not refuse a letter on St. Valentine's day, whether it were paid or unpaid, for any consideration. It matters not that they are lampooned—that, year after year, their respective valentines (for valentines they do have) are merely allegorical representations of an elderly female, surrounded by cats; and that they invariably conclude with—

"You would not single thus have tarried,
Could you, by any chance, have married:
But, though for nuptial bonds you pine,
You shall not be my valentine!"

They are disappointed: they could, if they were alone, cry with rage; but they will not give up the practice. What will happen, they will never refuse a letter on St. Valentine's Day.

But the people who especially prize St. Valentine, and, for previous to his anniversary, are in ecstasies at his approach,

are that heterogeneous class of society called quizzes. They can now safely yield to their ruling passion. The satirical genius of all ages and of every rank—of boys and girls, mechanics and counter-jumpers, ladies and gentlemen—all sizes, grades, and stations, is now brought into full play. The school-boy, either out of pure mischief, or from the deeper impulse of revenge, sends a valentine to his tutor: through the same anonymous medium, the shopboy derides his master; the young lady administers a reproof to some forward beau; and finally, though we could give further examples, the young gentleman reproaches the ungracious fair.

An extensive collection of miscellaneous valentines, from the bureau of the late Mr. Catnach, of Seven-Dials celebrity, is now before us (we are standing at a shop-window). A satire on a laundress, very boldly coloured, with a blue floor and a green table, at which the laundress is at work, is particularly spirited. In one corner—although, from its being painted yellow, with pink wheels, it is not immediately distinguished—we notice that article of furniture which, in polite circles, it is indecorous to mention, and which has long since been supplanted by a Broadwood. This stroke of raillery is excessively rich. Many of the other plates before us, addressed to every taste, are equally pungent; but from a variety of butchers, bakers, barbers, and policemen, all in full dress, and possessing equal merits, it would be invidious to make a selection.

The sentimental valentines offer a less attractive assortment. A lady and gentleman—the lady dressed in a very short-waisted frock of pure white, and the gentleman in white trowsers and a dashing blue coat with gilt buttons—walking by the side of a pea-green river, on a deeper-green lawn, with a wood on the left hand, and a church, greatly out of proportion, in the background, seems to be the staple subject. There are, however, varieties of this design; and, to suit more servile tastes, the same gentleman is elsewhere represented on his knees kissing the lady's hand. Other valentines offer us groups of Cupids—all of which, from the biggest to the least, are admirable likenesses of the late John Reeve;—and others are simply bordered with flowers, and edged with lace. One picture, coloured with unusual freedom, presents the harrowing spectacle of a blood-red heart, pierced through by a blue arrow. Beneath is the following explanation:—

“ Although thou hast this cruel dart
Shot through and through my panting heart,
I'll die contented at thy shrine,
If thou wilt be my valentine.”

It were difficult to say when this mode of celebrating the festival of St. Valentine, which is now so universal, sprang into

existence. We all know that it is not sanctioned by the ancients—by which phrase, though it may be loosely written, we do not refer to the dowagers and sexagenarians of the present day, but to the youth and fashion of yore. As in all other things, our ancestors, looking more to substances than shadows, quite eclipsed us here. They might appreciate and admire a correct portrait of John Reeve, in the character of Cupid; but, whatever might be their taste for hearts, whether in a state of ruddy and healthful independence, or with the ornamental addition of an arrow, they required something more than a picture. If their feelings were wounded, they did not, like us, impress them with a stamp, but they stamped them on their assailant. With them, Valentine's Day, figuratively speaking, was a sort of quarter-day, and involved a settlement of accounts. The lover, in bondage all the year, had now an opportunity of lording it over his mistress. If he were her first visitor in the morning, he might regale himself with a kiss; and for that day, at least, if a mutual understanding did not even protract the term, she was his valentine. For that one day they were indivisible—

“Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundless confidence!”

The practice has declined; but thanks to the Art-Union, which presses poetry and painting into the same billet, and thus lends strength and support to the humblest invention, the memory of St. Valentine is still perpetuated. And, to speak seriously, how many of us can look back on his festival, from the gloom or retirement of advanced life, with lively pleasure! To how few minds does it not conjure up some grateful recollection! In one—fast approaching, it may be, a second childhood—it freshens the remembrance of some boyish mischief; to another it suggests an association of early love: recollections of concurrent events and contemporary friends, with whom we are no longer in communion, arise in the background; and, for one brief moment, we are again young.

But it is in country towns, perhaps, generally speaking, that St. Valentine's Day excites the greatest stir. It is now that Mr. Stokes, the grocer, who has all the year cheated with impunity, receives a gentle admonition on the subject of light weights. Mr. Meggs, the cheesemonger, is unexpectedly warned that his designs on his fair customers are known, and that, owing to the paucity of his attractions, they will be unsuccessful. The landlord of “The George” is earnestly recommended to practise no arts on his beer. At the post-office, which is the fount and source of these friendly communications, all is bustle and excitement. A select party of the post-mistress's friends, comprehending the greatest gossips of the town, and

her own three maiden daughters, whose hopes are on the wane, examine and scrutinize every letter. As the superscription of each is deciphered, various comments are made, in a confidential manner, on the habits and character of the individual to whom it is addressed. Every one has something to insinuate against Miss Crimpey, the pretty milliner, for whom, to the mortification of all, but especially of the three spinsters, there are no less than four letters. What a melancholy instance of female inconstancy!

It is a great drawback to the reputation of St. Valentine's Day, among the speculative and adventurous, that it is not a favourable occasion for the working of charms. It offers no key to the mysteries of futurity. A young lady, however anxious to ascertain her fate, may stand a whole night before her mirror, *en dishabille*, without seeing the reflection of a gentleman's head looking over her left shoulder. Though she should even eat a raw egg for her supper, it does not invariably follow, as a regular and unfailing consequence, that she will that night dream of her lover. She may place a pea-shock over the street-door, but it is not inevitable, as on certain other festivals, that the gentleman who first passes beneath it will be her future husband. This is to be lamented; but the fact, being the result of many and repeated experiments, is incontrovertible.

But the great anniversary is now near at hand. As we have before intimated, the windows of stationers' shops, the chosen sanctuaries of St. Valentine, already begin to assume an embellished aspect. In many instances, the objects of ridicule or satire are already marked out: in many fair bosoms, glowing with the ardour of requited love, St. Valentine has already invoked eager expectation. The emissaries of St. Martin's-le-Grand, haunted by the experience of past years, begin to reckon on additional toils; and arrangements for more extensive accommodation are in active progress at the Dead-Letter Office. The two Misses Biggs are both on the *qui vive*. In short, February has arrived; and old and young, wags and lovers, belles and beaux, begin to look impatiently for the advent of ST. VALENTINE!

THE USURER. A TALE OF MARSEILLES.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

CHAPTER I.

A FAMILY DIFFERENCE.

"Two is company—three is none:" so says the adage; but, as is often the case, the adage is in error. There are occasions when certainly nothing can be more delightful than for two people, of course of different sexes, to find themselves alone, and interchange all those sweet vows and soft nothings which make up the sum-total of a declaration and an acceptance. But still, three is often a better number for enjoyment far than two. Even a pair of levers are more at their ease—especially if the one who is generally considered *de trop* is a talkative and companionable person. The progress of flirtation is nowise stopped. As stolen kisses are said by the poet to possess additional charms, so may we reasonably suppose that furtive glances, and smiles given with some little slyness in them, have an additional zest arising from this very circumstance.

Less than two years before the memorable Three Days of July, there sat, in one of the ancient houses of a French town, a trio, of sufficiently remarkable character, or, at all events, of such importance in this narrative, as to require some description. The most prominent personage of the group was an old man, thin, spare and rigid, but with sufficient of nature in his face to denote that age had not dried up every channel of sympathy, and made him utterly callous to the feelings of younger and more buoyant beings; but that, though hardened and dried by time, a remnant of "long ago" still lingered round his heart—the one green spot that smiled upon a dreary desert. Antoine Grummet was a rich old money-lender, who, having amassed great wealth by his transactions, and fattened upon the extravagance and wants of his fellows, had had the good sense to retire to his native town ere the capital had quite ruined his health, where the ex-usurer endeavoured, as far as possible, to be happy, and enjoy the ripe autumn of a long life. Used as he was to the bustle of Paris and of business, and still feeling all the anxious doubts with regard to his cash, kept on his premises, which used in his *comptoir* to assail him, Antoine would have been unable to bear the tediousness of a country life, had he not brought with him to his retreat a little merry laughing creature, that made his old empty house a little paradise. Marie La Tour was

an orphan, adopted by the usurer; and when he transferred his residence from Paris to a flourishing and healthy sea-port, the change was generally ascribed to her. Not that Marie disliked Paris—for what French girl fond of pleasure and amusement can do so?—but Marie was deeply grateful to the old usurer for the kindness he had ever shown her; and, as the best evidence of her devotion to his interests, had persuaded him to leave Paris and take possession of his father's mansion in the outskirts of the town of Marseilles. Here, with two domestics, the usurer dwelt: it was an old house—a very old house, with a large hall and rude stone staircases, with vast rooms and suites of rooms, few of which were occupied. A dreary old place it would have been, but for Marie; but where she was, there could no dulness dwell. A dear little Marie she was indeed; so merry, so jocund, so free from care—a perfect little angel of light in that darksome abode. At morn, her clear voice was heard carolling like a bird; all day, she busied herself about the garden, the dairy, or sat practising music in her own boudoir; then she would put her hat jauntily on her head—and a wicked little gipsy she looked in that hat!—and, summoning the old usurer from his study, where he read the daily journals, and watched therein the progress of commerce and trade, would hurry him out for a rural walk that would bring him home again with an appetite for dinner, which in Paris he had never known. During these walks, Antoine and Marie had for the last few weeks constantly met a pale, slender youth, whose dark moustache and peculiar features gave him the air of a countryman. He was always found in unfrequented and sequestered spots, where a scene of picturesque beauty afforded materials for the artist's pencil. If an old farm-house in a romantic situation lay any where within reach, there the pale youth was to be seen; if an aged and gnarled tree rose frowning over a *bosquet* of younger growth, there the student of nature would often sit for hours wrapped in the practice of his art. If a ruined wall, covered with ivy, and affording shelter to the owl, that hooted grimly at nightfall, lay on the outskirts, it afforded sure work for days for the artist.

For some weeks the old man and Marie were interested spectators of his labours; but at length his pale face and silent occupation, pursued so patiently every day, so won upon the young girl, that Antoine was induced by her to accost him. The artist appearing gratified by their notice, conversation ensued, and it soon turned out that he was a young Englishman on his way to Italy, there to study his art. For reasons which he kept to himself, he had been detained at Marseilles.

It was these three who, one winter evening, sat round the Usurer's fire, enjoying the pleasures of sociality and converse,

whose zest was heightened by the rough weather which prevailed without. It was a windy night: the blast blew in sharp fitful gusts round the house—the heavy rain pattered rudely against the windows of the large parlour; up the vast chimney could be heard the noise of the storm, as it rumbled over the roof and growled, and seemed to be rushing down to invade the blazing hearth, where huge logs lay mouldering and blazing. On one side of this warm and pleasant fire-place sat the old man, opposite to him Edward Raymond, while between was the lively and lovely Marie, a trifle nearer to the artist than to the Usurer, it seemed—but this may have been an error. Antoine spoke not much, the conversation being chiefly carried on between the young folks, who, in six weeks after their first meeting, had grown wonderfully intimate. The Usurer had been pleased with the unassuming mildness of the Englishman; and he now every evening formed a welcome addition to their little circle.

"Come, sir," said Marie, gaily, after a slight pause in the dialogue, "my father is going to have his nap, so now for the chess. You beat me shamefully last night: I must have my revenge."

Edward Raymond cheerfully and readily assented; the board was moved by him between them, and the men placed. Marie played her pawn. For a few moments the game proceeded in silence.

"You must be very fond of your art," said the girl, thoughtfully, almost immediately forgetting her merry challenge, "for you are unwearied in your study of it."

"It is my profession," replied the young man, a faint tinge of red passing over his pale cheek; "on success in my art I depend for livelihood. If I succeed, I shall be in comfort; if I fail, Mademoiselle, I shall be a beggar."

This was said with a startling emphasis, and a wildness of manner, which half alarmed Marie, who gazed curiously, and with evident pain, at the speaker. He continued—

"We English are not all milords," he said bitterly; "I for one, though born and bred a gentleman, have nothing but my pencil to depend on."

"Then how ——" inquired Marie timidly, but her question was left unfinished. What she would have said, seemed to her impertinent.

"I understand your question," said the artist with a bitter smile; "you would ask how I live, now that my efforts are vain as means of obtaining a livelihood. I live by robbing my widowed mother. Yes! start not, Mademoiselle: I have a fond and devoted mother; and she, out of an annuity, but poor pittance for herself, gives me wherewith to travel and study. And

I do study; day and night I am at my easel—a few years in Italy, and then perhaps I may be able to reward her, who deprives herself of health and comfort, to give me an honourable profession. Italy! yes, there I must go; I should be there now, but reasons have detained me in Marseilles—mad, foolish reasons, but still reasons.”

Marie’s eye fell before the young man’s wild and impassioned glance, and anxious to change the subject, spoke:—

“You will succeed, I doubt not, and live to reward your noble mother. Your industry and talents are sure to make way.”

“If hope brought not this illusion to my soul, I would enlist as a common soldier, and rid my mother of her burthen. Having been bred a gentleman with expectations, I am, of course, fit for nothing.”

“But, apart from your desire for success,” continued the young French girl, “you must love your art, for it is the study of the beautiful?”

“I love the beautiful and the good but too well,” exclaimed the young man, his face paler than ever, while his lip quivered and his whole frame shook with emotion. “Yes, Marie, why did I ever see you? To me, a month since, my art was an adoration: success at the end of years was my calm hope. I was patient and content. Now I loathe my profession: I would be a vast speculator—a gambler—anything that might make me suddenly rich, and give me some claim to lay myself at your feet. Speak not, Marie: I love you—but I know the distance between a poor artist and the ward of a rich banker. Forgive me if I have dared to tell my love—I can bear this intimacy no longer. In telling my unspeakable affection, I bid you an eternal adieu. To-morrow I go to Italy; and all I ask is forgiveness, and to be remembered in your prayers.”

With a frenzied air, that but ill bore out his assumed calmness, Edward Raymond rose, as if to seek his hat. Marie had never lifted her head during his hurried declaration: it was now raised, radiant with tearful smiles and blushes.

“Stay, Edward Raymond. Were you a rich and happy suiter, I might speak less frankly. Why do you consider your avowal an insult? Perhaps my uncle might—I mean, if he would listen to you. I do not see at all —”

Marie could say no more. Her blushes and tears were a better answer than any set speech could have been. Edward Raymond fairly staggered to his seat, overcome by the excess of his emotions.

“Marie,” said he, in a husky voice, “I conjure you on your soul not to trifle with me. Were I less poor, might I hope —”

“Speak not of your poverty,” cried Marie, warmly. “And

as to leaving us, your society is, I am sure, too pleasant to Monsieur Antoine."

"And to Marie La Tour?" said the still bewildered artist, without obtaining any answer.

There was a period of silence, at the end of which Marie's head, by some mysterious process, rested on the young artist's shoulder, while her little white hand lay in his—scarcely less marble in its colour.

"And I dare hope to gain your dear affection," said the young Englishman—before so poor, now so rich in unalloyed happiness.

"Hope everything," whispered she, in tones so low, none but a lover could have caught their import.

"And with Antoine's consent will be mine?"

"I will!"

"Never, beggar, scoundrel! Out of my house! from which you would steal all that I have dear to me in this life. Away, serpent, leave my house!"—and the old man stood before the astounded couple like the destroying angel, crushing in one instant the fond and happy hopes which had filled their bosoms, and made that room a paradise.

"Uncle!—father!"—said Marie, imploringly.

"Sir, a word!" exclaimed Edward, calmly and respectfully; "I will explain."

"Not one!" thundered the old man. "Away—leave my house—or I call my servants to thrust you forth."

"Go," said Marie, imploringly, "I beg of you;" and she added, in a whisper, "He will think better of this—I will soothe him."

"Sir, are you going?" continued Antoine—his passion increasing every instant.

"I am," replied the artist, with a furtive look of deep affection at Marie; "but hope you will never have cause to repent this violence. Good night, sir; and you, Mademoiselle, good night."

With a low bow to Marie, and a bosom swelling with varied emotions, the poor artist left the room, and the house.

CHAPTER II.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE.

WHEN Edward Raymond left the Usurer's house, the wind still blew in low fitful gusts, the rain fell in heavy sheets, rising from the ground again in dashing spray, and making gambols in the gutters. It was a night when not even a dog would have

ventured forth willingly, much less a human being. But the young artist, wrapping his cloak around him, and pulling his hat over his eyes, strode for some time along the road, without knowing in what direction. At the end of perhaps an hour, during which time he had several times stood still, Raymond raised his head, and found himself on one of the quays in the lowest quarter of the town of Marseilles. At the same time, he discovered that he was soaked to the skin, and turned to see where he might dry his garments and obtain some refreshment. Hard by, sounds of merriment and revelry issued from the lower part of a house, towards which he turned his footsteps. That it was poor, and even low, it recked him not—it was better suited to his purse.

Entering a long passage, and stooping as he reached a doorway at its extremity, Edward Raymond found himself in the general room of a sailor's cabaret, where was congregated a group of men of varied and rough exterior. A huge fireplace was amply provided with blazing logs of wood. Towards this Edward advanced, amid a dead silence from the whole throng, who curiously examined the new comer, as if fearing him to be an *agent de police*. Removing his cap and cloak, and standing before them in a dark frock buttoned to the chin, his form and face appeared strange to all. The conversation he had interrupted went on. A little table and a chair were near the fireplace; these Edward occupied, and then, to assimilate himself as much as possible to the manner of his new associates, who, with an artist's quick eye, he saw were worth studying, ordered an omelet, a bottle of wine, and a cigar. *The order was given in pure and unforeigner-like French, of which nation all present supposed him.*

This done, and resolved to wait the issue of the morrow ere he desponded with regard to his new passion, Edward began a curious examination of the varied company before him. It was a motley group. At one table sat a party of noisy Frenchmen, who, smoking, drinking, laughing, and singing, seemed to think that time was a thing which, to them, could never run out. At another, a knot of Spaniards gravely smoked and gravely drank—and, in fact, in all things conducted themselves with gravity. Italians, Greeks, Germans, were also preent; but two men, occupying a box cut off from the rest of the room, at once attracted Edward Raymond's attention, and after a while completely absorbed every faculty of his mind. One was old, the other young: they both wore the costume of sailors, much the worse for service. The old man was in his face a rascal—the lines of villany and depravity were so clearly marked in his countenance, no man could mistake their meaning, unless when for some purpose he would assume a meek and subdued expression.

which in part concealed the natural bent of his inclinations. His face was small, thin, and hard; his forehead low and retreating; his nose hooked and sinister; his chin long, and covered with a coarse scrubby beard. His eyes, however, were the most noticed of any feature in his face. They were small, grey, and bony in appearance; but with so suspicious and keen a glance, few men could bear to meet their gaze. His companion was a bull-headed, stupid-looking young man. They had neither eatables, drinkables, nor tobacco before them.

For some time neither said a word, appearing to eye the new arrival with considerable suspicion. At length the old man, after a knowing nod and wink at his younger companion, said in English, but in English which bespoke his transatlantic origin,

"Well, I do conclude, Tom," he said in a hoarse, croaking tone, "it's rayther above the common for two first-chip fellows like you and I to be stumped in this sort of way. Why, here are all these Frenchmen, and other savages, eating and drinking like mad, and we are left to suck our fingers! It isn't above a bit pleasant."

"Lord bless you," said the other, simply, "it is nothing when you are used to it. I have known time when I've sucked my fingers, as you call it, for a week."

Edward Raymond, resolved not to claim kindred with this couple, moved not an inch, and seemed utterly deaf to their appeal by a side wind. The old man saw this with evident satisfaction, for, thrusting his tongue in his cheek, and winking at Tom, he said "It's all right, but I'll give him a touch of his own lingo."

"*Mon brave*," exclaimed he, pointedly addressing Edward Raymond in French, "a word with you."

"*Plait il, monsieur?*" replied Edward, quietly.

"Why here are a couple of hungry seafaring men, your honour, and not a shot in the locker. Tom, there, and I, would have squared our mainsail and made straight for Supper Cave long since, but when a man is jammed up hard on a wind, it is no time for stowing his hold."

Edward smiled, and replying in French, which the sailor spoke badly, and in which language it was not likely he would carry on a long confabulation, said, "Here are a couple of francs: if that sum will procure you a supper, you are welcome to it."

The two men were profuse in their thanks, which Edward cut short by applying himself diligently to his supper, in which the English sailors imitated him. The *garçon* hesitated at first about supplying them; but a display of the two francs, and a wink at our artist, explaining the renovated state of their finances, a couple of bottles of wine, with an ample supply of

eatables and tobacco, spoke volumes as to the cheapness of provisions in that house.

Edward Raymond was thinking over the various events of the evening, and looking forward under the soothing influence of his cigar to the morrow with hope and joy, when his ear, at first unwillingly, and then with avidity, caught the following snatches of a conversation between the two English sailors. They spoke in their own language without reserve, all suspicion with regard to the stranger having long since vanished.

"In an hour it will be time for business," said the old man, with evident glee; "it's a magnificent night—such rain, such wind! No one will hear us—and to-morrow morning we shall be the richest men in Marseilles."

It was the superior language and tone of the speaker which at first caught Edward's attention.

"We may," said the young man, with something of a shudder, "and we may go to the galleys for life. Is the reward worth the risk?"

"Tom, don't be a coward," said the old rascal, his grey eyes glaring like hot coals. "You know I am utterly ruined—that every play-table is closed against me—that for days we have wandered in this disguise, a prey to hunger and insult. The gold of Antoine Grummet must repair all."

Had the two men seen Edward's face, they would have read his secret; but his back was to them, and he moved not—flinched not.

"And how know you, Henry, of this fellow's wealth?"

"All Marseilles rings with it. In land and *rentes* his wealth is enormous; in ready cash, enough to start us for life, even in Paris. I have learned all. The old usurer lives in a large lonely house, a mile from Marseilles; his gold is ever kept in his own room; there are none in the house save a boy and two women. I have these last three nights examined the window of the old man's room, and the shutters can easily be removed. I have already loosened the hinges."

"Why was I not told of this before?" said the young man, moodily.

"Because you want pluck, Tom," said the other, quietly. "And now to business. The pistols and masks we must put in a bag, with the crowbar and other tools. But first we must to bed—the room is easily left and easily entered: we shall thus avoid suspicion."

With these words the two men rose, thanked Edward as they passed, and taking a candle, moved off to their bedroom. The artist remained petrified with astonishment. He now recognised both the men as two London men about town, who had for some time disappeared—nobody knew where, nor did any

one care, save their tailors. To find them in this dreary cabaret, and planning burglary, perhaps murder, was inconceivable; while that the Usurer was the object of attack, added not a little to his confusion. Edward Raymond was, however, a man of decision, and his plan of proceeding was at once taken. Calling the waiter, he discharged his bill and left the cabaret. His first act was to go to his lodgings, gaining admission to which, he took his travelling pistols and dagger, intended for use in Italy, and fastening them in a belt, again wrapped his cloak round him and gained the streets.

It was pitchy dark, and neither moon nor stars shed the faintest lustre on the scene. Hurrying on, Edward soon reached the high-road, along which he walked with rapidity, pausing now and then to listen if he were followed. By keeping on the grass, he so deadened the sound of his own footsteps, that any one behind could not have heard him; a circumstance which caused him to proceed with more rapidity than he would otherwise have ventured on. Presently his ear caught the distant sound of two men walking behind, and Edward Raymond congratulated himself on his activity, for that the burglars were advancing to execute their daring enterprises, he guessed full well. At length the house was reached, and the bell communicating with the maid-servant's room rung with violence. Edward knew her to be a girl of spirit, and devoted to her mistress. Besides, she was French, and would but suppose he sought a secret interview with his mistress. In about five minutes a little wicket in the hall door was opened.

"*Qui est là,*" said a not unpleasant voice, "at this time of night?"

"I—Monsieur Edward: let me in immediately," he exclaimed.

The girl readily opened the door, upon which the young man entered, and before he said a word, refastened the heavy door, and bolted and chained it. Julie looked surprised, and even felt so, that in her *jolie costume de nuit*, Monsieur Edward, ever so gallant, should not even pay her one little compliment. The hour and position would have excused even a kiss. But Edward Raymond was moved by very different feelings.

"You must awake your mistress, and I must see her," he exclaimed, "and that immediately."

"Comment, monsieur!" said the girl, "wake my mistress up at this time of night? Never!"

"I tell you; Julie, you must; you awaken her, and she will awaken Monsieur Antoine. But let me see her first. You will understand better," he added, grasping the girl's arm, "when I tell you that in five minutes robbers will be effecting an entrance into the house. Be therefore quick and determined."

Julie, who half believed the young man mad, hesitated no longer, but leaving the artist in the dark, hurried to her mistress's chamber. Edward Raymond remained alone in the dark hall, pacing up and down with slow and measured steps, and listening with avidity for any sound which might proclaim the approach of the burglars. He was now in his element, for he, with many other ardent spirits, knew the entrancing delight of active excitement: and so constituted is the mind of man, that never is this excitement so pleasurable, so capable of moving every energy, as when caused by the prospect of deadly struggle with his fellows. There is a savage exultation at the bare thought of coping with our like, and dealing desolation around, which fully proves us all combative animals in a more or less degree. Edward Raymond was poor—had been insulted—and insulted before and concerning the woman that he loved. He had been called a beggar! Grim and retributive thoughts flashed across his mind—it was in his power to deprive in a passive manner the Usurer of wealth—perhaps of life. The poor artist held the rich man's fate in his hands. The thought passed meteor-like over the surface of his brain, but left no trace. Revenge, the Englishman knew, was sweet; but though feeling the full force of the old man's taunts, he felt no real bitterness towards the guardian of Marie.

Marie suddenly, while he was deeply buried in thought, stood beside him, and touched his arm with her little hand. Edward turned eagerly to accost the bewildered girl: she, however, was beforehand with him, and spoke first.

"Monsieur Edward, what is the matter? Surely something terrible must have made you rouse me at this time of the night! What will my uncle think?"

"I should have awoke Monsieur Antoine," replied Edward Raymond quickly, "but I knew how prejudiced he is now against me."

"But why?"

"I have not come here at dead of night without good cause," the artist replied, taking his mistress's hand, and looking, as Julie afterwards declared, as *amoureux* as a *poule*, "as you will know! dear Marie—"

"Nay, call me not dear Marie," said the girl, withdrawing her hand as if in recollection of some powerful reason, "it must not, cannot be."

Raymond cast a scrutinizing glance at Marie; but well aware of the importance of decision, made no inquiry at the time. In a few words his mission was explained.

"Great God!" cried Marie, turning pale, "we should have been murdered but for you! Stay here, while I hurry and awake my uncle."

Snatching the candle from the maid, Marie left Julie and Edward alone in the hall. Julie emphatically declared that she was now convinced Monsieur Edward was not a gallant man!

In a few moments the old man, a dressing-gown wrapped loosely round him, appeared in the hall, preceded by Marie. In the costume he now wore, Antoine Grummet looked hideous. The time was one, however, not much conducive to reflection, and Edward advanced rapidly to meet him.

"What is the meaning of all this?" said Antoine querulously, "are you hoaxing us to gain admission to our house?"

"Sir, I am a man of honour and a gentleman, and not in the habit of hoaxing," said Raymond, haughtily; "return with me to your bed-room, and you will be soon convinced of the truth of what I say. I would advise the ladies remaining here, to give warning of an attempt on the hall-door."

Antoine quailed before the young artist's eagle eye, and acquiescing in his directions, returned to the old man's bed-room. As they passed the threshold, a harsh but low and grating sound caught their ears—it was the burglars at their work.

"Hush! for your life," whispered Edward, "these scoundrels must be trapped: one of them ruined my father."

Grummet started at the peculiar intonation of the young man's voice, and actually trembled in his grasp—for the artist held his arm with the grip of a vice. He would have given much to have seen his face: having no light, this was impossible.

"Have you inside shutters?" whispered Edward, after a brief pause.

"I have."

"Are they closed?"

"No."

"Then stand beside them, and when these villains enter, close them gently behind. Leave the rest to me. But mind, bar their progress out."

The Usurer obeyed mechanically, having first armed himself with a huge horse-pistol that always hung at the head of his bed. Edward meantime obtained a light, which he directed the boy, now also risen, to conceal in a cupboard, and bring forth only when the robbers were fairly trapped. These directions given, the inside party became silent as the grave. Edward listened with avidity for the sound of the burglars' voices. A wild unearthly feeling actuated his bosom. One who by vile arts and base intrigues had ruined his father now stood within a few yards, engaged in an act which gave his life a forfeit to the laws. He knew not what might come, but he felt a strange presentiment. All his parents' wrongs—his own poverty—caused by the very man who in a few minutes would be confronted with him, rose before his eyes, and his hand rested feverishly on the butt end of his pistol.

CHAPTER III.

A DISCOVERY.

AFTER a pause of ten minutes, the voices of the burglars were plainly distinguished—they had removed the shutters.

"Now then, Tom," the older sinner whispered, "stick a pistol in your belt, and have your knife ready. Put on the crape too, for who knows the old hunks may not have to be killed after all, and might know us again?"

Edward Raymond now knew for the first time that Antoine Grummet understood English, for as these words were uttered, he shuddered perceptibly, and shrunk behind the heavy window curtain. But what caused the peculiar look of wild horror with which he glanced at Raymond as these words were uttered, the artist could not then explain to himself.

"Now for the window," continued the burglar, as the sharp cut of a diamond slit the pane down; "and now," as with artistic skill he withdrew this impediment, "for the latch and bolts!"

Next instant two heads peered in through the window overlooking the garden, which the men had reached by climbing the wall. The light of a lantern fell across the room, discovering however none of the preparations which had been made. All were concealed.

"All right," whispered Henry.

"Are you sure?" said Tom in a husky, hesitating voice, "it would be a dreadful thing to be caught!"

"Peace, fool! and follow me," replied the other, advancing into the room, followed by his confederate. Antoine Grummet, at a sign from Edward, closed the shutters noiselessly. In letting down the bar, he was discovered.

"Henry Bellingham! villain! murderer!" exclaimed Edward Raymond, advancing in the light of the candle held by the trembling boy, "you are my prisoner. Surrender quietly, or you die!"

The burglars stood petrified before the young artist, who, his brow contracted, his dark eye swelling with passion, and a brace of pistols in his extended hands, awaited their reply. Antoine stood, pale, horror-struck, confused, his mind evidently agitated by some wild memory, presenting his old pistol at the robbers, ready to fire at a moment's notice. It was singular with what pertinacity he kept his aim fixed on the heart of him called Bellingham—a fiendish glow of anxiety in his face. Oh! he seemed to hate that man, and to burn for the instant when he might slay him! It was not the present fear which could

rouse him thus: there was a memory of the past in that look of bitter hatred!

"So!" said the older villain, recovering himself, beside whom the bull-headed young man stood pale and trembling, "trapped, by God!—and by the very last man in the world I could have wished to meet! Cleverly done, too! That French masquerade of yours at the Inn was beautiful. Could'n't have done it better myself. But to business. Of course we go out of here quietly, Sir Edward Paulet?"

"Sir Edward Paulet!" thundered the old Usurer, with a look of feverish horror.

"Were you not aware of the gentleman's name? Has he been masquerading with you too? How very singular! But I say, Sir Edward, I am rather anxious to move."

Sir Edward Paulet, Bart., for such was the artist's name, recovering from his stupefaction, into which the old man's surprise had cast him, spoke with renewed severity.

"Henry Bellingham, the term of your crimes is over—you leave this house in the hands of justice, or you leave it a dead man."

"Together, then!" cried the burglar furiously,—and both fired.

Sir Edward knew no more—a pain exquisite and wild shot through his whole frame, and he fell to the ground. How long he remained in a delirious state, he knew not until long afterwards. When he awoke, it was to find himself in a large and capacious bed-room, furnished in a peculiar and antique style, while he felt so faint and exhausted as to be unable to move. He would have instantly closed his eyes again, but that near a large window he discovered two figures standing and conversing in whispers.

"Marie," he cried faintly, "where am I?"

"Heaven and the Virgin be blessed!" shrieked Julie, "he is alive again!"

"Thank God, Edward—Sir Edward, I mean," said Marie, hurrying to beside his bed, "hush—do not speak until you have taken this draught."

Sir Edward obeyed, and instantly felt the beneficial effects of the compound.

"Where am I, dear Marie?" he then hurriedly demanded.

"In your own house," replied Marie gaily: "you have been for three weeks between life and death—mad, delirious, talking of things you don't mean, and vowing to do things you never mean to do."

Sir Edward guessed by the coquettish manner of his dear Marie what this meant; but, curiosity overmastering every other feeling, said—

"But explain to me all."

"I must explain nothing; but here comes Monsieur Antoine: he will tell you all."

Marie and Julie now retired, and the Usurer advanced slowly to the young man's bedside. His face was pale and scared: he looked ten years older than a month before.

"I hope you are better?" he said.

"I am, much," replied the young artist, "but—"

The Usurer had seated himself in an arm chair before a small table, on which he spread some papers.

"You are Sir Edward Paulet?" he said, interrupting the young man.

"I am."

"And poor as you have represented yourself?"

"I could not well be poorer."

"What caused your poverty?"

"My father was ruined when I was an infant, by connexion with a gambler."

"Bellingham?"

"The same. What has become of him?"

"He died by your hand, but the law exonerates you from blame. His companion serves in the galleys for life. But of them later. Young man, I have deeply wronged you. Interrupt me not, but listen calmly. In early life I was not a money lender, but the banker of a gaming table: sometimes, as I was a good and fortunate player, I played. It chanced that one evening Bellingham, who was a satellite of mine, introduced me to a young Englishman just of age, whose property, immense in value, having been made by his father during the war, was wholly invested in the funds. This was Sir Arthur Paulet: he was invited to my private house. Bellingham was my tool and scape-goat. He had no money to lose, and played for me. He paid not when he lost, and had his reward when he won. Suffice, in one night your young and inexperienced father lost to me three hundred thousand pounds sterling; and died by his own hand, leaving you and your mother enough, when I was paid, to buy an annuity. The money was fairly won, and I chuckled over it. It was an enormous gain, and I neither played nor abetted playing more. I became a legitimate banker and usurer. From that hour, however, I have known no peace. I see before me your father—young, handsome, hopeful—dying by his own hand, the effect of my avarice; and now I meet his son poor and struggling. That son saves my life. Sir, I have never done but one act in my life that gives me real pleasure, and that was the adoption of Marie, the orphan child of a reduced noble family."

"Marie is no child of yours, then?" exclaimed Sir Edward Paulet eagerly.

"None," replied the old man bitterly: "I understand the reason of your question. But, Sir Edward, listen to the penitent voice of an old man who for twenty-one years has loathed the light, and been saved only by the patient affection of my adopted child. Let the son forgive what the father cannot; and let my tardy justice in some measure repair the evil I have done. Take the wealth which is justly yours, and restore your widowed mother to the position I robbed her of. If your sudden change of position has not altered your feelings, you will with my child take all. If you refuse her, here are *actes* which will put you in possession of all that I deprived your father of."

"Had my father died by your hand, old man, there had been from me no forgiveness; but as it is, it is not for me to judge you. I forgive you, and may He whose mercy is infinite do the same! As to Marie, if she will have me, no king will be prouder than I."

A smile of pride and deep gratification swept over the old man's face as he heard these words.

"Your mother will be here in a few hours," he replied: "I have written for her. As soon as she arrives, let the wedding take place. I must have that done, and then I shall die in peace."

Before Sir Edward could reply, the old man left the room, to which Marie and the nurse, with all the freedom and ease of French manners, immediately returned. The explanations which took place between the lovers may readily be imagined.

In a few hours Lady Paulet arrived—a half-sorrowing, half-happy mother;—so proud that her son might venture to call himself Sir Edward—so sad to see him ill. She was soon, however reassured, when she heard him talk of marrying, and on the morrow. And on the morrow they were married, and Marie nursed her husband with such tender care, that ere the month he was quite well, though still pale and thin. The day he rose from his bed finally, old Antoine Grummet died, deeply repentant, and forgiven for his crime by both mother and son.

Sir Edward and Lady Paulet, with old Lady Paulet, are still very happy. They live at a fine old place not a very great distance from London, where, over his bottle of port, Sir Edward, now a half-thoughtful, half-jolly host, tells with zeal of the days when he was a poor artist. Lady Marie, or Mary as she is now called, vows always that were he to be again Edward Raymond, with not fifty pounds a-year, she should, after nearly twenty years of experience, choose him before any man she ever met. Can I say anything more for their happiness? They love one another, have a large and handsome family, delight in doing good, and have the means to do it. What more can they desire?

THE BURGUNDY ROSE.

THOU art most sweet and beautiful,
 Fresh Rose of Burgundy :
 Angels themselves might love to cull
 Such flow'rets for the sky.
 'Tis only in some Eden bright
 That thou should'st open to ambrosial light.

It was a virgin's tender hand
 That pluck'd this bud for me ;
 Coy blossom of a far-off land,
 Sweet Rose of Burgundy :
 And I will foster, as a gem,
 Each leaf that lingers on thy fragrant stem.

Chaste emblem of the gentle maid,
 Who fondly cherished thee
 With crystal showers, in sun and shade,
 Young Rose of Burgundy :
 And as her genius watched thy growth,
 Unconscious beauty smiled alike in both.

THE CHURCHYARD.—A DREAM.

BY J. H. J.

The lately deceased Son of the Author of "Rural Sonnets," &c.

I DREAMT I wander'd forth alone, one dim and gusty night ;
 The moon threw out, at intervals, a cold and cheerless light :
 And as I paus'd, and view'd the scene, around me, far and near,
 A churchyard stretch'd on either hand—a churchyard lone and
 drear.

With faltering steps I reach'd the gate which led into the ground,
 Then stopp'd,—it was to listen, for methought I heard a sound :
 But, no—no sound was stirring there—no wind—no, not a
 breath ;—
 The stars peer'd thro' the drifting clouds ; the whole was hush'd
 as death,—

And nothing, save myself, was there with any sign of life ;
 All, all about me seem'd to be with desolation rife.
 The churchyard's gate creak'd harshly as I grasp'd its rusty link ;
 Till, swinging back, its latch gave forth a jarring, fearful clink.

I hurried on among the graves, and crept beneath a tree;
Then cast a rapid glance behind, yet nothing could I see;
It was a yew of pond'rous size, whose branches overspread
A marble tomb, as white as snow, wherein reclin'd the dead.

An ominous, gaunt raven perch'd, like hearse-plume on its brow,
And thrill'd me with its piercing look—that look! I see it now!
I hid my face within my hands, to shun its evil eye,
But soon withdrew them back again, I could not tell for why.

It flapp'd its wings—again—again, and straight forsook the tomb,
And thrice swoop'd o'er my crouching head, as if to croak my
doom!
At length, with an unearthly cry, that rang throughout the
ground,
It flitted towards the church, and there it circled round and
round.

The church was one primæval mass, fast crumbling to the earth,
Whose ruins, clad in ivy green, proclaim'd their distant birth:
And in its darksome bellfry hung the rust-corroded bell,
Which long had ceas'd to dole around its crack'd and mournful
knell.

The clock, too, still was figur'd there, tho' partly hid from view
By clusters of the ivy leaves that o'er its dial grew.
A dismal sound now caught my ear, and made my blood run
cold:
Athwart the void the old church-bell with sudden warning
toll'd.

I started from beneath the tree, not knowing where to fly
And hide the terror which I felt:—no hiding place was nigh:
But, in the stead, a rustling noise held riveted my gaze,
Where, 'neath the pile, the vaults disclos'd their chill, mysterious
maze.

And there a ghastly phantom stood!—anon, it glided out,
And on the conscious air sent forth an earth-appalling shout;
A summons which made heave those graves, so very still before,
And caus'd my failing limbs to creep and tremble more and more.

A moaning now ran thro' the yard; the ground beneath me
shook;
So terrifying was the hour, I dar'd not stir, or look;
While every spot, by slow degrees, began to yield its dead,—
Each shrouded inmate following each, with upward-climbing
tread.

Now hollow coughs, and wailings keen, arose in mournful strain ;
And sobs and groans, whose harrowing tones grim Echo mock'd
again.

That figure from beneath the pile still stood where first 'twas
seen,

And, motionless, it gaz'd upon the strange and spectral scene.

The grey hair on its aged head hung scantily down its back,
And underneath each sunken eye were marks both large and
black ;

While shrivell'd cheeks, and bony brow, and lean cadaverous
face,

Reveal'd a form to mortal eyes where Death had left its trace.

An age it seem'd ere, from that coil of supernatural din,
Some vanish'd to the dark beyond, and some the church within.
Its winding sheet it mov'd aside, when all had pass'd away,
And clasp'd its hands as tho' in prayer—yet not a word did say.

The old church-bell now ceas'd to toll—the Phantom near'd the
tomb :

I turn'd from looking toward the sound—'twas gone within its
womb ;

Such awful silence then prevail'd in every part around,
I fear'd the drawing of my breath might scare it with the sound.

I grasp'd the yew tree's dismal trunk, what strength I'd left to
prove.

I strove to fly that haunted place—I strove, but could not move ;
But, waking with a vain attempt for human aid to scream,
I star'd in mute bewilderment—and found, 'twas but a Dream.

CHRONICLES OF THE FLEET.

BY A PERIPATICIAN.

THE TURNKEY'S DAUGHTER.

(concluded.)

CHAPTER XIV.

WHAT had become of Ned, nobody could tell ; but as a constable's coat, which had been hanging up in the room in which he had been temporarily placed, was also missing, it was guessed that he had made use of that professional garment to disguise himself, and by such means to evade recognition.

It was not until the end of a week that I received any intelligence from him. I then learned, by a letter which I received from him by the post, that he was safe; but he thought it would be dangerous to say in the letter where he was; so that all I could do was to assure poor Nancy that he did not forget her; and that was something, for the poor girl fretted sadly.

I do believe that she would have gone out of the prison if she could, and have taken her chance with him; for what is there that love will not impel women to do? But her mother kept too strict a watch on her to give her the chance of that, and would scarcely allow her to stir from her side; and that only made her more eager to go. For I have always observed, in these love affairs, that the more a girl is thwarted, the more obstinately does she stick to her original predilection, by a sort of rule of contrary, I suppose; but nobody ever did understand a woman's fancies, nor ever will.

Edward's love for the girl, however, was not less than her's for him; and it was increased, I don't doubt, by the difficulties which were thrown in his way; but as he had not a shilling in the world to help himself with, he was regularly stumped, as the saying is, and could do nothing; and so there was the one outside of the prison and the other inside, and neither could get at the other. And while Ned was fuming and raging, as lovers do, as I am told—for I never was in love myself, at least not in that way, as well as I remember—Nancy was fretting and pining, and growing paler and thinner every day.

But this was a state of things that could not last; for love, the poets say, is a consuming fire—exceedingly difficult to be put out when it once gets fairly alight, and the longer it burns in that way, the hotter it grows; although that is a simile which I never could exactly understand, as it seems to me that it must go out of itself without fuel; but I suppose I have forgotten these things; and it does not accord with my gray hairs to be talking of flames and darts, and to be telling of love stories. However, it passes away the time in this gloomy place, and so as I have begun the story I will end it.

Well,—the end of it was that poor Nancy fell ill, and soon grew too bad to be removed; and whether it was owing to her affection for Edward, or to the confined atmosphere in which she lived, poisoned as it was with the combined smells of soap and candles, and cheese, and tobacco, and redherrings, and Heaven knows what besides, is more than I can tell; but she grew very bad indeed, and it was expected she would die, poor thing!

In this state of things I was driven to my wit's end, to know what to do; and I walked up and down the gallery, smoking

my pipe, quite disconsolate and broken-hearted ; for I could not help reproaching myself with having had a hand in this awkward job ; and of all the reproaches with which one can be assailed, one's own are the worst—as I felt, that time at least, to my cost.

I turned the matter over every way in my mind, but I could make nothing of it. Here was the girl lying inside the prison—dying as it seemed ; and there was Edward on the outside, almost dying with despair and vexation, and with having no money, which always makes other ills much harder to bear : there they were, I say, and both looking to me, and I not able to help them ; so that at last I began to despair too, and my only consolation was my pipe ; and as others, as I have observed, dissipate their sorrow in tears, so I smoked my grief away, or at least tried to do it ; and at any rate it soothed me, and distracted me from painful thoughts.

And this, to my mind, is one of the admirable uses of a pipe ; not only does it help to meditation, when one has an inclination that way, which I generally have after dinner, but it has the effect also of distracting one from obtruding thoughts by the gentle lulling of the senses which it produces ; and I will own that, if I have a weakness—and who has not, for we are all mortal?—mine is to indulge in a pipe of tobacco, rather long in the tube and large in the bowl, with a jar of short-cut, which is the sort that I prefer, and a bottle of hollands by the side of it ! I must not omit another essential ingredient in the enjoyment, and that is a discreet friend, who knows how to smoke in a quiet and sober way, and who doesn't talk too much ; for a talkative companion with one's pipe is as annoying as a third person with a lover and his mistress ; and I often used to call my pipe my mistress, with its delicate slender waist, and red lips, and its soft reply in a curling jet of smoke from the bowl, to the little puff from the other end of it : it's like a kiss from a sweetheart. But here am I, talking of kisses and sweethearts, when I ought to be thinking of more serious things—at my time of life too ; but it is this story of Edward and Nancy that has stirred it up in my head.

Well—matters remained in this state for some time—for nearly six weeks.—I was constantly receiving letters from Ned, urging me to assure Nancy of his love, and devotion, and all that ; but as he was afraid of being traced, he did not give me his address, so that I could not reply to his letters, or let him know how ill the poor girl was ; but one day I received a letter addressed to “ Alfred Seedy, Esq., Farrington Hotel,” which was the cant name given to the Fleet Prison, that struck me as soon as I saw it as having something unusual about it. It was sealed with a prodigious seal, displaying a most extensive

coat of arms, and I made sure that it must have come from some great lord; not knowing that any one may have his choice of seals, bearing the coats of arms of nearly every family in the kingdom, for eighteen pence; which are of no use to the pawn-brokers, who melt such gold as there is in them, and sell the stone impressions to a well-known dealer in those articles.

Well,—as I was saying, I thought that a letter stamped with such a magnificent aspect must have come from some personage of rank, and I set myself to thinking who it could be from; and I thought it might be from some nobleman of taste, who had been struck with the merit of a work which I had published in former days, and was anxious to become acquainted with the author. And here an anecdote comes to my mind—which I will tell, as it lies handy, as one may say, under my pen—about a foreign nobleman and an English author.

An English author had written a deeply-learned work of great merit, which had been translated into French and German. A foreign Count had read the work, and was enraptured as well with its sound philosophy as with the graces of its style, which could not be entirely destroyed even by translation. The Count came to England; and as his wealth and rank gave him access to the first circles, he eagerly inquired about the author; but no one whom he met could give him the least account of the person, or had ever heard of the book;—neither did the publisher know anything more of the author than any one else, except that the gentleman had written the book; and that he, the publisher, had been beguiled into incurring the heavy expenses of bringing it before the public; which, as the work had received the enthusiastic commendation of the best judges, he had been tempted to do.

In this difficulty the Count almost gave up all hope of finding out the man whom of all others on the face of the earth he was most desirous to be acquainted with; but happening to mention his difficulty to the landlord of the Hotel where he was staying, that experienced citizen of the world advised him “to try the prisons.” And there, to be sure, in the King’s Bench he found his philosopher, residing within the walls as naturally and contentedly as if the place had been built on purpose for him. What the foreign Count did, whether he got him out of prison or not, I never heard, and as it does not matter to the story that I am relating, I shall not stop to inquire into; for I know, in these narratives, nothing is more annoying to the reader than digressions. But an old man like me may be pardoned for wandering a little now and then from the straight line; besides, this cannot properly be called a digression, because all my stories are written to develope the evils of imprisonment for debt; and it may save trouble to any

one seeking the address of a literary friend, to inquire first at the principal debtors' prisons. But to return to my letter. The first thing that I did when I had opened it, was to glance my eye down to the signature; and there I saw at once that my conjecture about its noble origination was correct;—but from prudential considerations I think it proper to keep the name of the writer concealed, not only because the letter was written in confidence, but because the revelation of the name might pain more than one noble family. The letter was written in a fine bold hand, and the name, I remarked, was particularly legible. And here I may say—but I have made the remark more than once—that for a signature to be illegibly written, I mean habitually so, is generally a mark of a very low and vulgar person. And above all things, I dislike those signatures which consist more of flourishes than letters, with loops curling in and tails flying out, as if the signer was positively blown out like a bladder with overswelling ideas of his own importance, and was desirous of personifying it in the emblazonment of an extraordinary flourish of his own name. But I am running on again—away from the subject. I shall be as long in talking of this letter, if I don't take care, as I was in opening it;—but it was of interest enough to be dwelt on longer than I have done yet, as the reader will see presently.

As I read on, I could scarcely believe my eyes! The smoke of short-cut seemed to obscure my vision, and I laid down my pipe, although it was not more than half smoked out, in order to read the letter more clearly. It was from a Baronet; and it was addressed to me in a very polite and flattering way, making inquiries for a young man known by the name of Edward Attical, of whose character and acquirements the Baronet was very anxious to receive correct information; and having heard, the letter said, that I had done the young man the honour (I thought this was very properly expressed) to allow him to be my "associate" in the Fleet Prison, (I suppose the Baronet did not like to use the word "chum,") and as he presumed that I was acquainted with the present place of his retreat, he requested me to entrust him with the secret; adding the assurance that I might depend on his honour, and that the inquiry was made for the young man's advantage.

Now I must own that I distrusted this letter. I feared that it was a trick to get out of me the secret of Ned's hiding-place; but, thought I, if it is a trick, it is doubly useless; for first I wouldn't tell, and second I don't know! But I was wrong; and I did the writer of the letter great injustice.—But to make sure, I replied in a very cautious manner to the Baronet—real or sham; and stated that I should be happy to have an interview with him, if he would do me the honour to call on me

at No. 13, First Gallery, when we could talk over the matter. This I did in order that I might judge of the appearance and bearing of my invited visitor; for although I was in the Fleet Prison, I had seen better days, and had sat at good men's feasts in my time, and had no fear of telling a true gentleman from a sham one; for there is a certain air about the real thing that pretenders can never imitate.

Having written my letter, and sealed it with one of my coat buttons, which, as it was one of those called basket-buttons, made a very stylish impression, I sent it in the regular way; and then I began to think how I should find out Ned, so as to give him information of the inquiry which was made for him. But I could think of no means of communicating with him, and for the best of all reasons—I neither knew where he was, nor knew any one who did. I continued very fretty about the letter, and about Ned, and about Nancy too, for three whole days; and I began to think that the letter was all a sham, and that something wrong had happened to Ned, when that rash young gentleman gave an account of himself in a way that I never should have dreamed of;—but, as somebody has said, there is no romance like the romance of real life!

CHAPTER XV.

I WAS sitting at breakfast on the morning of the fourth day, eating half a red-herring with my roll, which I had broiled very nicely on the tongs over rather a poor fire, when I was disturbed by a knock at my outer door. Now, no gentleman likes to be disturbed at his breakfast, and especially when he is engaged with anything nice and relishing; and everybody knows that if a herring is allowed to get cold, it is not worth eating. So, being engaged, as I have said, and my mind being set on the fish, I made no answer; and besides, I supposed the knock had been given by one of the persons who are constantly traversing the galleries at that hour in the morning, with fish, and fowls, and meat, and all sorts of things. They used to annoy me a good deal when I first came in; but when they found out that I never bought anything, they gradually ceased to knock at my door, which saved me a great deal of trouble.

But after a little while, as I made no answer, the knock was repeated, which, I must own, put me rather out of temper; for nothing is more disagreeable than for people to be importunate, whether it is in knocking to be let in, or in any other manner. So I paid no attention to it, but, as I said to myself, "I shall not get up to open the door for you, and when you are tired of knocking you may go away."

I am sure I did not repeat these words aloud, but the party outside seemed to resent it immediately; for he assailed my door with two such violent thumps, that it shook the dust from it, and startled me so, that I had like to have choked myself with a herring-bone; and what with being disturbed in such a rude manner with a fish-bone sticking in my throat, and from having tossed off about half a cupful of coffee which went the wrong way, and not being able to speak for coughing, I was in a greater passion than was usual to me, who generally take things easy. But this time I was made downright angry, and in my rage I seized a basin of water which stood between me and the door, determined to take summary vengeance on the intruder, who still kept knocking at the door with an obstinacy that was quite provoking.

I don't think that, even then, I should have gone to the extremity of chucking into the face of any one the contents of the basin which I held in my hand, but when I opened the door, I beheld to my amazement a Jew old-clothes man with a sack over his shoulder; and he it was who had had the insolence to disturb a gentleman at his breakfast! I am sure that any one will excuse me for having been in the highest degree indignant at such an interruption. Besides, for an old-clothes man to ask a gentleman, in a marked and persevering manner, if he has any clothes to sell, is a *primâ facie* insult, as it involves the presumption that the gentleman's dress is of that outward and visible and unmistakable quality of seediness, that the old-clothes man has a sort of vested right in such habiliments, and that their proper and indubitable place is in his bag!

It was this second insult added to the first, and aggravating as it did to an intolerable degree my just resentment at the impertinence of the old-clothes man for repeating his knocks at my door, that inflamed my anger to the highest pitch; and, without condescending to expostulate with the fellow, I discharged the contents of the basin—right into his face, as I intended; but the rascal, as I thought him, ducking down his head, and I being blinded by my rage and not noticing who was behind him, evaded the compliment, and the whole of it was received by a very fat lady who was at that moment passing down the gallery, to the great disparagement, as may easily be supposed, of her dress as well as of her feelings.

The lady set up a fearful shriek; and as her husband's room was close by, he came out in his dressing-gown, and seeing the condition of his wife, was in a dreadful passion; and if it had not been for the high character which I bore in the prison, and on account of my years perhaps besides, it might have gone hard with me; for he was a notorious fighting character, and

had established a reputation in the building as a first-rate bruiser. However, the calamity was so plainly an accident, that there was nothing more to be said about it; and the only thing to be done was to dry the lady's tears and her clothes as well as she could—I contributing about a pint of the hollands, which Ned's friend, Dick Bristel, had left with me some weeks before, as a peace-offering, under the name of foreign rose-water. And so, happily, that matter was brought to a peaceful conclusion.

All this took place outside of my room, in the gallery, and the old-clothes man somehow had disappeared, down the staircase as I supposed, but I did not care to look after him; and opening my outer door, I returned to my room. As I entered it—treading, as I may say, backwards, in order to shoot the bolt so as to keep out intruders—it was not until I turned round that I beheld the old-clothes man seated at my table, between me and the window, and actually employed in devouring the remainder of my herring, and helping himself to my coffee and bread-and-butter!

I was so confounded at the unspeakable audacity of this impudence, that the sight positively took away my breath, and I gazed at the Jew as if he had been a spectre. But he, with a coolness which at that time to me was unaccountable, very quietly went on eating my breakfast as if he had been invited!

Utterly at a loss to understand the cause of such effrontery, I cast my eyes about the room for some weapon with which to beat out the intruder; and as my charwoman had providentially, as I thought at the moment, left her broom in the corner, I armed myself with that, and advanced with it in a threatening attitude towards the Jew.

The Jew laid down the knife which he had in his hand buttering my roll, and raised up his hand, as I judged, with the intention of "showing fight,"—for most of their tribe, for some reason or other, are pugilistic. But instead of that, he only spread out his hand wide, and applying the extremity of his thumb to his nose, his fingers assuming the appearance of radii of a circle, he pointed at me with the end of his little finger—an action which is not only most intensely vulgar, but is regarded even by the lowest of the people as a mark of the most extreme contempt!

I now began to think that the Jew must be mad; and I confess I was a little alarmed, for he looked a strong fellow; and mad people are most dangerous in a scuffle, from their disregard of all personal consequences. While I stood astonished and a little nervous, the Jew rose slowly from the table and advanced to the door, I edging away close to the wall as he passed me, and presenting my broom at him like a pike. He went to the

door; and I thanked Heaven that the madman was going to leave me quietly, when, to my inexpressible terror, the Jew, having first seen that the bolt was secure, turned round again, and, facing me, gave vent to a most maniacal fit of laughter!

To tell the truth, I now thought it was all over with me, for the madman was between me and the door, and the door was bolted with a strong bolt; and the laugh of the madman rung in my ears like the frantic yellings that I had heard years before from the windows of Old Bedlam by London Wall!—But imagine my bewilderment when the Jew addressed me by my name!

"Well, Seedy," said he, "how have you been getting on, my old boy, for these weeks past? Didn't expect to see me in this disguise, eh! Rather a bold experiment, isn't it?"

I knew him by his voice in a moment! It was Ned dressed up as an old-clothes-man; and so admirably dressed up, as I afterwards learned, by his friend Dick Bristel, the scene-painter, that he would have deceived the mother that bore him. I did not fail to remonstrate with my young friend on the extreme rashness of his risking himself inside the prison-walls, and of his certain incarceration for an indefinite time in the strong-room from which he had escaped; but he told me that, having heard indirectly of poor Nancy's illness, he could not restrain his strong desire to see her again, and to assure her of his attachment.

I communicated to him the letter which I had received from the Baronet, but he would hear nothing of it at that moment, and insisted on my contriving some means of his procuring an interview with Nancy; declaring that he was determined to see the girl at any risk, and reiterating to me in the most fervid terms his unalterable attachment. I could not help thinking that his love-speeches contrasted not a little strangely with his present appearance in an old slouched hat—he had on two, as well as I remember—with a greasy black beard, and a dirty yellowish-looking face, which his friend Dick Bristel had coloured up with bistre and yellow ochre very ingeniously. However, as I could not refuse his earnest entreaties, I made my way down into "the Fair," and there I saw the poor girl sitting behind the counter with a very pale face, and looking as disconsolate as any absent lover could wish to see. I remained talking for some time, paying my usual compliments to the old lady on her good looks, and I learned that in about an hour's time it was her intention to make an excursion as far as Whitechapel, for some article or other that she wanted—I suspect it was after some smuggled tobacco—but that's no matter; so without saying anything to excite suspicion, I quietly withdrew, and made Ned acquainted with the fortunate opportunity.

It was not without some strong remonstrances that I persuaded him to sit still, for he was all fire and fury, as young people in that condition are, expecting everything to give way to them, and wishing to annihilate both time and space, as the saying is, for the pleasuring of their own conveniences. But I called his attention to the letter from the Baronet, and that steadied him a bit; and he set himself to think what the occasion could be that had incited one of the Baronet's rank and fortune to make inquiries about him; but he could make nothing of it, and returned to the subject of the girl again; for that was the matter uppermost in his thoughts, and for her sake he was ready to give up all else in the world besides!

And that's always the way with people in love, as it is called; their wits are always in the clouds, imagining all sorts of joys and raptures, and never thinking of the substantials, and how important an ingredient a mutton-chop is to sustain the best love that ever was cherished in the heart of man or woman!—However, this is not the place to be philosophizing on that point; I must go on with my story.

I thought this a proper opportunity to ask him some questions respecting his parents; for, intimate as we had been in the prison, smoking out of the same pipe, and drinking out of the same pot, and from the same pump when the malt liquor failed us, which was often enough—I had never attempted to pry into his private affairs, or to inquire more into his former way of life than he chose to tell me. But on the occasion of the letter, I thought it might be useful to him for me to be made acquainted with those matters concerning him of which I was ignorant; and I therefore begged him to tell me at once any circumstances relating to his birth which he might think fit.

He told me that his was a singular fate:—he had never known either his father or his mother; and that the former, he had been given to understand, had died before he was born. That he had been brought up at a public school under the care of a guardian, from whom he could never learn anything more than that his parents were dead; and that he was supported by a benevolent person who was a distant relation, but who, for reasons with which he was unacquainted, did not choose to let his name be known.

I paused, upon this; and, to assist me in my reflections, I lighted my pipe; but I had scarcely taken half-a-dozen whiffs, before Ned reminded me that the time had come when Nancy's mother was to go out; and he entreated me so earnestly to go down and see if the coast was clear, that I could not refuse him; although I was rather anxious to inquire more minutely into his history, for I could not help thinking that the lord's letter had something more to do with Ned's affairs than he was inclined to

suppose; but his head was full of the girl, and he would hear of nothing else at that time: so I shook the ashes out of my pipe, and Ned stuffed some fresh tobacco into the bowl in a very hasty and imperfect manner—for he would not wait for me to do it—and before it was properly lighted, he pushed me out of the room; and I lost no time in going down into the Fair, rather fearful, however, that the affair would not end well, and that before many minutes were over there would be a regular squall—real as well as metaphorical.

CHAPTER XVI.

It seemed that, for once, Fortune was inclined to favour poor Ned, for I found the mother out, and Nancy sitting alone. Directly I ascertained this, I turned back to give Ned notice; but as I went out at the door I ran against some one coming in, and who should it be but Edward himself, who was too impatient to wait, and had followed me down to the shop. He hardly gave himself time to ask if it was all right, when he thrust himself in, clothes-bag and all, and, forgetting his disguise, or thinking that I had already made Nancy acquainted with it, jumped over the counter and clasped her in his arms in a very enthusiastic manner. The poor girl, seized with affright at an assault from the strange apparition, set up such a shriek as I never heard before, and nearly fell into fits—which is not to be wondered at; for, certainly, to be suddenly embraced by a Jew old-clothes-man, was enough to shake stronger nerves than hers; and, as ill-luck would have it, her father, who was outside, heard it—as indeed he could not help, for it must have been heard all over the building—and in he came in a twinkling; and then, thought I, “all the fat’s in the fire,” and there will be a pretty flare-up presently, and no mistake!

Well—in bustled Master Joe, with one or two more behind him; and before I had time to tell the secret to Nancy, or Ned had time to speak, he tumbled himself over the counter, and seeing the Jew where he had no business, he seized him by the collar, and asked him what the devil he did there? But as Ned made no resistance, he turned to Nancy, who stood pale with affright, and not less with wonder; for in resisting the embrace of the old-clothes man, she had, by a sort of instinct I suppose, made a pluck at his beard, which came off in her fingers, and there she stood with the false hair in her hand, manifesting visibly and palpably that there was some mystery in the affair.

Joe twigg’d the false beard in a moment, but he was far from suspecting the real nature of the case, and supposed that one of the inmates had been disguising himself for a lark. He was

determined, however, that it should be no larking matter for the delinquent; and, as he was on his own premises, he forthwith proceeded to knock off the Jew's steeple of hats, which immediately disclosed a head of curly black hair; and, notwithstanding Mr. Richard Bristel's most artistical colouring of the face, the well-known features of poor Ned stood confessed!

But at this discovery, Nancy gave another scream, though of a different sort from the first, and this time she fairly fainted away; and here was "the devil to pay, and no pitch hot," as the saying is, for her mother was out; and Joe did not like to leave hold of Ned, who took it very quietly, as if his mind had been made up beforehand to the result; only he looked very downcast and overcome at Nancy's fainting, which was natural enough; and I am sure he thought more of her than of himself at that moment. One of the charwomen coming in, helped the turnkey out of his difficulty in respect to the girl; and consigning her to the woman's care, he immediately carried off his prisoner to the Warden. As I had been present at the discovery, I was permitted to accompany them; and then a scene took place which was little expected by any one.

The Warden was not alone; there was an elderly, gentleman-like-looking man standing by his side when we went in, who, it seemed, had been making inquiries respecting Edward, and who had requested that his presence might not interrupt the routine of business. So the Warden was about to make short work of it, and to send poor Ned back to durance in the detestable strong room, when, on his saluting me, as was always his custom, in a very polite manner, by the name of "Mr. Seedy," the elderly gentleman directed his attention to me, and begged to be allowed to ask if he had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Alfred Seedy, the celebrated author, as he was pleased to say, of "that profound work, 'De Ignotis?'"

I responded in a suitable manner, and then he went on to say that he had come to the "establishment," for he was too considerate to call it a "prison," for the purpose of requesting some conversation with me, presenting to me his card at the same time, on which was engraved the name of Sir ——"I was aware then that I had the honor to be introduced to the writer of the letter which I had received some days since.

"Fortunately, sir," said I, "I can satisfy your inquiry without going any farther; the gentleman to whom your letter relates now stands before you." And saying this, I pointed to Ned.

The Baronet gave a little start, and changed countenance, as he looked at Edward, who, dressed up as he was, as an old-clothes man, and painted so as to present the semblance of a Jew of

the lower class, had not by any means a prepossessing appearance. I guessed as much; and therefore I proposed that Edward should be permitted to accompany me to my room, in order to arrange his dress; to which, as the Baronet expressed a wish to the same effect, the Warden had the kindness to consent, although he did not understand the reason of the interest which that distinguished person was pleased to take in the "young reprobate" as he called him.

Ned did not know what to make of it neither; but he washed his face, and made himself look as decent as he could, and by that time he was summoned again to the presence of the Baronet. But this time he was alone; having made some communication to the Warden, which was doubtless satisfactory, as the word had been passed to the turnkeys, that it was unnecessary for them to watch their prisoner any longer.

The result of this interview I may give in few words. The Baronet's son had contracted a Scotch marriage with a beautiful girl much inferior to him in station, and had lost his life about a year afterwards in a pleasure yacht which had been swamped at sea. The sudden news of his death gave such a shock to the mother, that she had died in giving birth to a child, who, as she passed under a feigned name, was not known to be the descendant of a noble house. The relations of the mother, supposing the child to be illegitimate, but being too kind to abandon it, had caused the little Edward to be brought up under an adopted name; and it was by a train of strange and fortuitous circumstances, that the old Baronet had become acquainted with the fact of his grandson's existence. From affection to his lost son, Edward informed me, the Baronet was determined to restore the child to his legitimate rights; although I must say, that, in my own opinion, from circumstances that came to my knowledge, the desire to prevent the accession to the title of a certain heir-at-law whom the Baronet most energetically hated, entered not a little into the enthusiasm with which Ned's rich grandfather sought out and acknowledged his direct heir. However, as I have no mind to expatiate on matters not illustrative of the Fleet Prison, and as it would extend this story to too great a length if I were to enter into all the details of Ned's history, I shall confine myself to the result.

It seems that the fancy for marrying below them ran in the family; for Ned made such representations to Nancy's parents, that they were induced to place her under the care of a respectable lady, for the purpose of completing her education; and after the Baronet's death, which happened not long after, the new Baronet was true to the troth which he had plighted, and married the turnkey's daughter. And so after all, as I have said before, there is no romance that can be invented like the romance of real life!

There were not many in the secret of this marriage; those who were, it may easily be supposed, were not a little surprised at the unexpected turn which affairs took in the case of Ned and Nancy;—not that it surprised me, for I had lived long enough in the world not to be surprised at anything.—I have a strong belief that there is not so much chance in the world as people suppose; although I cannot understand the necessity of there being so much evil and suffering as, it cannot be denied, exists. However, of this I am sure, that very much of it is of mankind's own making; and that if people would only adhere to the good old precept—"to do as they would be done by," there would be much less of suffering and sorrow among them.

The Mahometans have a proverb among them which they are in the habit of applying practically on all occasions; and, to my mind, there is much wisdom in it, and which I attribute mainly to their national custom of smoking, which leads to philosophic meditation.—They say, when any mishap befalls them, "Kismet"—it is fate;—and so I say to this strange story of Ned and Nancy, surprising as such a marriage may appear;—it was "Kismet," and there's an end of it.

ON THE CAUSES AND EFFECTS OF THE CRUSADES.

BRIGHT rose the sun over the hills of Palestine, and never, since the world had birth, did it rise on a brighter or more inspiring scene. There, her gorgeous palaces and beautiful temples bathed in the sunlight of an eastern morn, rose Jerusalem!

' Her towers, her domes, her pinnacles, her walls,
Her glittering palaces, her splendid halls,
Showed in the lustrous air like some bright dream
Wove by gay Fancy from the morning beam.'

Jerusalem! What hallowed associations rush upon the mind at that name! Once, Queen of the East, and mistress of the world; unsurpassed in importance, and unrivalled in splendor; the home and pride of Judea's sons. Now, the jackal howls where her kings reigned, and the crumbled marble, once marking where her warriors slept, now mingles with the whirling sands of Arabia.

Roll back the tide of time! Retrace the scroll of history to that epoch when Europe sent forth her noblest and her best, to battle with the Saracen, to rescue the sepulchre of their Redeemer from defilement and disgrace.

Under the city's walls were encamped the army of the Cross. Companions in former wars, and victors in former battles, they had come determined to accomplish their errand, or die in the attempt. There were the flower and boast of Europe's chivalry. Steel hauberk and coat of mail gleamed in the sunbeams, and the trumpet's note of defiance rang on the morning air, with the taunting clash of the Turkish cymbal. That pennon which had floated o'er the head of its gallant lord amid former conflicts of his house, now danced gaily to an Asiatic breeze. The emblem of an ancient line, it was not there to be dishonored; the cherished relic of past splendor, its fair blazonry was not there to be stained or sullied.

The enthusiasm of the hermit of Amiens, the oratory of St. Bernard, and the commanding talents of Fulk, had successively been used to spur them on to action. The commands of the papal prelate were imperative, were not these enough to impel them to almost any deed. But the Saracen's insulting heel was on the very sepulchre of their Lord! The Turk's proud foot spurned the dust once pressed by the meek footsteps of Christ! Jerusalem was captive! Through her courts and palaces a Moslem strode in defiance, and reigned without rebuke! Drawing the avenging steel, they swore never again to sheathe it, till their object was accomplished, or till the last drop of their life's blood had ceased to circle round those hearts which beat only for their honor and their God.

But why seek to excuse the Crusades by the motives which led to them? It is their consequences that give them importance in history, and furnish ample apology for all their follies, if not for all their crimes.

If we contemplate for a moment the dreary picture which the civilized world presented in the age of the Crusades, and compare it with the succeeding, we must allow that the political advantages resulting from them were such as Europe will never cease to feel, so long as her hills shall stand or her name be known.

Torn by intestine feuds, the western world was at that time the scene of the most sanguinary and atrocious wars that ever disfigured the page of history. The order and beauty of the social compact, like that of the ocean lashed to fury by the rushing tempest, was lost in the wild vortex of raging passions and unbridled licentiousness. Law and right were neither respected nor obeyed. The sword was the only passport to greatness, and opened the only path to fortune and to honor. Human life was held but as the sport of any petty tyrant who chose to take it, and the frequent death-cry of the murdered rolled wildly up to an offended God.

Then came the Crusades. Glory, Immortality, Religion, all

pointed with imploring finger to the scene of a Saviour's sufferings and death. Fame called upon her votaries to battle to the death with Paynim hosts; Religion upon hers, to wipe for ever from the escutcheon of the Christian world, the deep, damning disgrace of allowing an unbelieving race to defile the land they loved, the sepulchre they adored. Then warring nations dropped their swords, and gave answer to the cry of vengeance. They came, the noble and the proud, the young and the old, rallying round the crimson standard. Unity of sentiment and community of interest have ever given birth to mutual kindness, and

‘ All those courtesies that love to shoot,
Round Virtue's steps, the flowerets of her fruit.’

So was it then; and Europe, purified and enlightened from this and other causes flowing from it, woke from the lethargy which had so long bound her, and advanced rapidly toward that civilization and refinement which now ennoble and adorn her.

The effects of the Crusades upon literature, though not immediate, were no less salutary. Philosophers have moralized, scholars have wept, over the deplorable, the degrading ignorance of the tenth and eleventh centuries. Science slept. A death-like lethargy had come over her, which, like the sultry blast of an eastern noon, had palsied all her efforts, and withered all her energies. The spirit of poetry had long since fled. She seemed for ever to have forsaken those haunts she once loved so well, till the Troubadours, catching up the lyre, then shattered by Time's careless hand, struck from its long-mute strings those strains which roused nations to arms, and a world to madness. Never was music more magically eloquent. The lyre which thrilled beneath a Homer's touch, or the lapses of the Cygnet song, might have been sweeter; they could not have been more inspiring. All Europe responded to the strains which swept over the land, and echoed through her old baronial halls.

Then commenced the restoration of letters in the West. The Troubadour's lay was but the prelude to the diviner strains of a Boccaccio, a Petrarch, and a Dante. Song again revived, and from the blushing vine hills of France, from the castled crags of Scotland, from the wild glens of Switzerzland, and the lovely vegas of romantic Spain, again ascended the poet's breathings, free as their mountain air. The very Crusades themselves, by furnishing the materials from which to weave the gorgeous fictions of the imagination, and by making the Crusaders acquainted with all the glowing imagery and fanciful decorations of oriental literature, gave an impulse to letters which will never cease to be felt, till man shall cease to appreciate and admire the beautiful and the sublime. Can it be, then, that the

Crusades retarded the progress of Literature ? Rather, they cherished and promoted it, when the last flicker of the fire upon her altar had nearly expired in sadness and in gloom.

Such were the Holy Wars, their causes, and their effects ; and our feelings and sympathies cannot but be gratified at their final success.

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGERS.

A TRUE STORY OF THE REIGN OF LOUIS XV.

THE young Countess of Lindenfeldt, high born, rich, and a beauty, tyrannized over all hearts during the first weeks of her sojourn at Spa. Time, though perchance less prodigal of change in this long celebrated watering-place than in others of more modern origin, has wrought great alterations in the aspect of this old town since the period of which we write—the early part of the reign of Louis XV.

The hotels were full, but not crowded ; the visitors knew each other by name and reputation ; and, with somewhat more of formality than obtains in the present day, there was also more freedom of intercourse than could be ventured upon amongst the heterogeneous concourse of people flocking to every part of the continent—all endeavouring to gain and to maintain a position in society, which is the characteristic of the petty ambition of the nineteenth century.

The circle in which the Countess Lindenfeldt shone as the leading star, though composed of the *élite* of the visitors of Spa, did not affect the exclusivism which may now be necessary ; ladies and gentlemen of high rank and large possessions mingled freely with the less important personages who sought either health or amusement at the mineral springs ; and, at the public balls and parties, the whole of the strangers met together upon easy, if not friendly terms. For some time conjectures as to the probable success of the numerous candidates for the hand of the fair heiress employed the thoughts of the little world of the place ; but latterly, in consequence of the great favour enjoyed by the young and handsome Baron de Wildsburg, and the withdrawal of all other competitors, the interest which had been excited began to flag. At this period, the arrival of three strangers afforded a new topic for conversation ; and, as there was more or less mystery attached to the group, they completely occupied the attention of the idlers at the springs.

At first it did not appear that any previous connection had

existed between the new arrivals, but circumstances soon created a suspicion that they had been previously acquainted, and were now in league together. The youngest, an extremely handsome man, distinguished by a certain air, which shewed, or seemed to shew, evidences of high blood, was supposed to be some great person, who, for reasons best known to himself, chose to assume an incognito. For a short time he lived very quietly; but, growing weary of seclusion, soon began to shew himself in public, where his manners and conversation speedily drew a circle of listeners around him, who, fascinated by the accomplishments which he displayed, were willing to excuse the libertinism of tone and manner too perceptible in everything he said. Little doubt was entertained that Von Kleiss, as he called himself, was a prince in disguise; and, in despite of the avowed profligacy of his opinions, his society was courted by nearly everybody save De Wildsburg, who saw, with feelings of acute pain, that the latent seeds of vanity in the breast of his beloved had been called forth by the somewhat insolent admiration of a new admirer. About the time that Von Kleiss had begun to attract public attention, the loungers of Spa observed another stranger, who, though of much more humble pretensions, could not pass unnoticed. He was a tall man, whose singularly hard and repelling countenance seemed to have been schooled into an expression foreign to its original character; the dark, harsh lineaments were softened down, and there was an air of deference, a bland look, and a courteous smile, continually struggling with the natural workings of features which seemed to be formed for the development of the darker and fiercer passions alone. This man, ostensibly a physician, boasted a good deal of his scientific attainments, and suffered himself occasionally to be drawn out into very learned—or, at least, very unintelligible, and therefore supposed to be learned—discourses upon chemistry, natural philosophy, and the like. It was soon whispered abroad that he understood the occult arts; and the fear and dislike with which he was at first regarded gave way to a feeling of respect towards a person possessed of so much knowledge, and, to an eager spirit of curiosity, an anxiety to obtain information upon subjects of the greatest interest. It was observed that Dr. Gomm, usually extremely talkative, seemed under some restraint in the presence of a third stranger; who, soon after the learned Doctor had commenced his lectures upon the virtues and properties of the waters at the several founts, joined the assembled group, and listened with something like displeasure to the discourse. He was just advancing into middle age, and possessed a nobler air than the person last described, but was at less pains to conceal the evil qualities of a mind mirrored in a countenance of exceeding

ferocity. Nor were his manners a whit more prepossessing; they were reserved and haughty; and, when he suffered himself to be drawn into conversation, they manifested a tone of assumption, and a contempt for his auditors, very little relished by the visitors of the Spa. He was called the Baron Halle; but this was supposed to be merely a travelling title; and, though numerous speculations were afloat, no one could, with any certainty, name the country which had given him birth, or the occupation which he had been accustomed to follow. When Von Kleiss, weary of retirement, sought the society of the place, the Baron Halle also made his appearance at the ridouts and other evening parties, and evidently with the same purpose which led him to the side of Dr. Gomm: his presence acted as a sedative to the young profligate, who seldom or ever, in the presence of this mysterious Mentor, abandoned himself to the wild excesses which characterised his conduct at other times. He gamed highly and drank deeply; and the licentious manner in which he indulged every propensity of a vicious nature seemed to have drawn his two associates from their retreats; for Dr. Gomm was also observed to have an eye upon him. This was evidently the task of the Baron; and he was assisted, though not with so much zeal, by Gomm; who, while engaged in the same duty, took the opportunity of advancing a few schemes of his own, which had always the acquisition of money for their object. The greedy desire of gain, detected by shrewd lookers-on, in this personage, fastened a suspicion upon the whole party, who were deemed by cool-headed people to be sharpers. It is true that the Baron never played at all; and Von Kleiss seemed indifferent to the mere loss of money; and, though usually successful, was not sufficiently so to induce any well-founded opinion that he was indebted to more than chance for his luck; yet there was certainly some invisible link which united these persons together, and the cupidity, which the eldest could not conceal, pointed at a design upon the purses of the community. Thus thought grave heads, and men of worldly experience; but there were multitudes of giddy brains so fully possessed with an idea that their new companion was a reigning prince at the least, that, notwithstanding the dubious nature of his conduct, his success in society was complete.

The Countess of Lindenfeldt especially felt a secret persuasion that she might now aspire to a throne; and, under this belief, De Wildsburg was treated with so much neglect, that he indignantly withdrew from the pursuit of a false and fickle woman, and now merely remained at Spa to watch the issue of his rival's adventure.

The Baron and Von Kleiss lodged at separate hotels; and the

Doctor had engaged a small house in a mean part of the town, when it was surmised that something of deeper interest than the study of medicine engaged his attention: persons, closely wrapped up, might be seen, in the dusk of the evening, lingering round the premises; and the door of the tenement was said to be frequently opened to these mysterious guests during the middle hours of the night. Odd and unaccountable tales were whispered abroad, of strange sights which had been exhibited, and strange disclosures which had been made; but nothing regarding either could be brought forward in an authenticated shape; the account of transactions alleged to have taken place being confined to vague and uncertain rumours, which, when inquired into, were not substantiated. The suspicions of De Wildsburg were, very naturally, strongly aroused; and perhaps some lingering remains of tenderness towards his fair enslaver induced him to make an attempt to fathom the mystery, and, by a timely disclosure, preserve a once loved object from disgrace and ruin. He communicated his wishes to a friend, who readily promised his assistance. Colonel Grandison, a travelled Englishman, who had seen much of the world, was at first persuaded that the junta were practised rogues of the lowest stamp, giving it as his opinion that they had only lately escaped from the galleys; but De Wildsburg, who had watched them more closely, felt assured that they were knaves of a different stamp, persons either believing, or pretending to believe, in judicial astrology, or in the transmutation of metals, who were now performing the prelude to a drama which had some very extensive spoliation for its object. By dint of constant vigilance, he had dogged the whole party to an old tower, nearly hidden amid the precipices which surround the environs of Spa. This tower had at some period been diverted from its original purpose, and turned into a mill; but many years had elapsed since any use had been made of it, and it now bore the appearance of having been lately repaired, in a rough but sufficiently substantial manner. There seemed no possibility of gaining an entrance. The door, which was a very strong one, was situated half-way up the tower, and could only be ascended by a ladder, either placed against the outside, or lowered down by some person in the interior. He had not been able to ascertain the means by which the associates contrived to gain access; for though there could be no doubt that the tower was their destination, his utmost watchfulness had yet failed to discover the precise mode of their entrance. Baffled upon many occasions, he would in all probability have desisted from so idle a pursuit, had he not, on one evening, just as he was about to quit the spot, found a new motive for perseverance. A few low notes struck upon a guitar arrested his footsteps; these were succeeded by a gentle plaint,

the soft melancholy murmurings of a heart ill at ease. The voice was that of a woman; and who, that listened to its sweet though broken wailings, could doubt that it proceeded from a woman suffering under oppression and wrong? All the noble and generous feelings of De Wildsburg's heart were aroused, and he resolved to discover, and if possible redress, the grievance of the unknown minstrel.

In his anxiety to make himself acquainted with the secrets of the tower, he ventured to approach it by daylight. He then convinced himself that the door was not intended to be opened, and that there must be some other entrance. Had not the song of the captive assured him that this dreary old building contained an inmate, he would have thought that he had mistaken the object of Von Kleiss and his associates, in roaming about the neighbourhood of this apparently inaccessible structure; but persuaded that they knew a method of penetrating the interior, he determined to gain admission either by fraud or force. Furnished with a new clue, he, after much investigation, discovered a cavern hidden behind some brushwood, near the place where he had always lost sight of the midnight visitants of the neighbouring tower. He had furnished himself with the materials for producing a light, and followed the windings of the cave until he came to a low iron door, fastened, apparently securely enough, by a large padlock. Less searching eyes than those of De Wildsburg would not have perceived this door, which was very ingeniously constructed, to elude observation; but he was not easily baffled, and though at present obliged to depart without all the knowledge which he was so desirous to gain, he felt that he had nearly attained his object, as there would be little difficulty in procuring a key to open the lock, howsoever complicated in its design.

Meanwhile Von Kleiss was acquiring a very high degree of popularity, by the lavish nature of his expenditure: he gave a magnificent entertainment to the ladies, and lost a considerable sum of money to the gentlemen. Some people supposed that he had in reality possessed himself of the philosopher's stone, through the instrumentality of Dr. Gomm, whose reputation gained considerably by this idea; while others, not able to reconcile the Doctor's insatiable demands upon their purses with the power of converting base metals into gold, clung to a contrary opinion, and believed that the heir of some splendid monarchy had condescended to divert himself for a while with the amusements of Spa. Baron Halle, from whom however nothing could be elicited, remained an uneasy spectator of proceedings he could not check; the nocturnal visits to Dr. Gomm's home were more frequent, and it was no longer a secret that he told fortunes, and that, in more than one instance, his

predictions had come to pass. Matches were made up which astonished everybody—jealousies were soothed—and husbands, hitherto suspecting themselves to be wronged, suddenly reposed the highest degree of confidence in their wives. A new impulse was given to society: instead of the sober hours and moderate enjoyments with which the visitants had been content, a round of feasting and revelry turned the heads and hearts of old and young,—public balls succeeded to public breakfasts,—and the ladies, kept in a continual hurry of preparation, had only time to snatch a short repose from the fatigues of the morning, before they were called upon to engage in new methods to divert the night. It was said that, while constant excitement brightened the eyes and heightened the colour on the cheeks of some of the fairer portion of this dissipated multitude, many covered aching hearts under gay exteriors, and that the Countess of Lindenfeldt was not the sole object of the noble incognito's attentions, nor the only one who flattered herself with the hope of a diadem.

One tragic event shed a momentary gloom upon the brilliant scene; a fair girl, the dependent niece of a widow of high pretensions but doubtful reputation, committed suicide, poisoning herself with a decoction of the deadly nightshade; and this catastrophe was in secret attributed to the remorse consequent upon a fatal partiality for the handsome and seductive stranger. Upon the announcement of this event, a loud clamour arose, but public indignation was easily appeased; the widow, upon whom it seemed convenient to throw the greater part of the blame, withdrew; and Von Kleiss having issued invitations for another ball, it was thought advisable to stifle opinions which, if expressed, would render attendance rather inconsistent.

De Wildsburg took no part in these festivities: he had a more interesting pursuit; patience and perseverance overcame the obstacles that opposed themselves to his wishes, and, after a few trials, he succeeded in gaining admission to the interior of the tower. The lower story was fitted up with alembics, crucibles, and all the lumbering machinery belonging to an alchymist; the next floor bore a more remarkable appearance: in the middle of a circular apartment stood a bier, covered with a velvet pall, richly worked with gold, in unintelligible hieroglyphics: the walls were hung with tapestry, similarly ornamented; instruments, apparently of sorcery, were arranged with much care; and upon a pedestal stood a silver censer, whence issued forth a bright flame, making every object in this strange chamber distinctly visible. De Wildsburg's anxiety to gain the upper story only permitted a hasty survey of the lower apartments: ascending another flight of stairs, he found himself suddenly in the presence of the person who had created the

strongest interest in his breast. Imagination had not deceived him; she was as young and fair as the most ardent fancy could pourtray. At the sight of a stranger she seemed for a moment startled, but quickly recovering her presence of mind, she advanced towards him, and in supplicating accents entreated his assistance in her escape from certain destruction.—“Alas!” she cried, “you behold an unhappy creature who has been made to envy the most forlorn and desolate orphan who was ever cast upon the pity of the world—the daughter of a man who could doom his offspring to the assassin’s knife: my father has brought me here, and I cannot now mistake his purpose—it is murder.” De Wildsburg, astonished, gave the agitated girl assurances of protection; he learned, from a very artless account, that until the last six weeks she had been the inmate of a convent, whence she had been taken by the Baron Halle, who, having satisfied the Abbess with the proofs of his right to claim her guardianship, conducted her to this lonely tower, where she had every reason to believe that she should fall a sacrifice to some unholy rite. De Wildsburg was at first incredulous; his suspicions pointed at a guilty project of a different nature; the known libertinism of Von Kleiss, and the subservience of the Baron, induced him to suppose that so profligate a father might be bribed to consign his child to a life of infamy; but Louise, who had never seen Von Kleiss, was so deeply impressed with the conviction that her life was in danger, and brought so many proofs in support of this belief, that he could not withhold his admission that her fears were not without some foundation. In her anxiety to effect her escape from the tower, Louise had formed a ladder from a portion of her wardrobe—a slight and inefficient aid; but, in order to divert suspicion, this was flung over the parapet, and descending the stairs, the lady and her deliverer soon found themselves in a place of safety. De Wildsburg, anxious to secure his fair companion beyond the reach of pursuit, conducted her to his mother’s residence at Cologne, writing by the first post to Grandison, with instructions to have the tower searched by the officers of the police. Though scarcely believing that Halle could in reality be the father of the fair creature whom he seemed to have so remorselessly doomed to destruction, he knew not what authority he might be able to assert over her, and therefore determined to conceal the place of her refuge until she could claim the protection of a husband.

The assemblies at Spa were gayer than ever, but the Countess of Lindenfeldt was seen to wear an agitated air; some of her confidants whispered that the real rank of Von Kleiss had been disclosed to her by some mysterious means, and that information which she could not doubt had inflamed the am-

bition which had already incited her to discard the faithful lover, to whom in secret her heart still turned. It was even said that this haughty beauty had condescended to visit the house inhabited by Gomm in disguise, and that she hoped, through his instrumentality, to entrap the heir of a throne into a clandestine marriage. Grandison was much amazed by the receipt of his friend's letter; he saw the necessity of proceeding with caution in an affair of so much difficulty, and set off instantly for Liege, to consult the Prince Bishop upon the subject. The Prince amazed him still further by an account of the illness of the Emperor, who was labouring under a dangerous complaint, which was supposed to be produced by the machinations of secret enemies, plotting his destruction. Hitherto suspicion pointed to a remote quarter, but now there seemed little doubt that the subtle poisons, which, by means the most unaccountable, the Emperor had been made to inhale, had proceeded from the confederates at Spa, who under various disguises had contrived to pursue their fearful object unmolested. Measures were instantly taken to surround the tower by night. Grandison obtained permission to accompany the party, having received from De Wildsburg accurate information respecting the precise situation of the secret entrance. Anxious to avoid giving premature alarm, the officers proceeded very cautiously to the scene of action. Wrenching irons soon removed the bolts and bars, which, having superseded the padlock, gave assurance that the conspirators were within. Gliding softly up the stairs, the ministers of justice were guided to the principal apartment by the low and stifled screams of a woman; entering almost simultaneously, Grandison, who was at the head of the party, saw the Countess of Lindenfeldt, clad in regal attire, with a diadem of gold upon her head, stretched on a bier. On either side, Gomm and Halle were holding the victim down, and smothering her cries, while Von Kleiss, having an uplifted dagger in his hand, was almost in the act of plunging it into her heart. They were instantly seized, and the whole party conveyed to Liege. In an outer chamber they found a priest bound and gagged, and he also was conveyed to the presence of the Bishop.

The real particulars of this strange transaction never transpired. Grandison gathered enough to know that Halle, either deceived himself, or anxious to involve his noble confederate in the deepest guilt, had assured him that the Emperor's death could only be compassed by the ashes of the heart of a virgin, who should be murdered by her nearest relative. Upon the flight of Louise, a substitute was found in the person of the Countess of Lindenfeldt, who was decoyed to the tower; and after the solemnization of a marriage, requisite to place the

pretended Von Kleiss in the prescribed position, was destined to die by the bridegroom's hand. None of the actors in this scene ever appeared again. Grandison, on his departure for England, took an oath of secrecy, and though the affair was talked about at Spa, the most contradictory reports prevailed.

HANGING MATTER.

AN ESSAY ON THE SUSPENSION PRINCIPLE ; OR,
THE CAPITAL CURE.

BY ONE OF THE INCORRIGIBLE.

"Killing no murder."—(Query, *Johann Ketch* ?)

[The following was written at the period when the Tawell tragedy was in course of performance. There seeming, however, to be some reason to believe that the Gibbet already tottered to its fall, the paper was suppressed. Morbid curiosity has however again and again been "gratified!" by the display of this curiosity of modern jurisprudence. The Hangman's doings have again been chronicled. Jail-fever, aggravated by the daily jail intelligence, has again been rife throughout the country, and symptoms of relapse into the old way of thinking have displayed themselves. 'Tis fitting, therefore, that "the case," as well as the prescription—and *the patient!* be "exhibited!" The "getting up" of it has been, as intimated at its latter end, entrusted to the devil. Old Nick's apothecary may have had a finger in it; but, at all events, the author's notions appear to have been *typified* with considerable skill, and are accordingly launched into publicity, as might be expected of anything coming from the devil's workshop, with the very best of "good intentions!"]

"Under the sun,"

Says Solomon,

"There 's nothing new."—

And I, with all submission, say so too!

Still, I require a novelty, perforce,

Whereon to hang the thread of my discourse,

But really, seeing

There 's no such thing in being,

I 'm rather apprehensive that my rhymes

Must be accommodated to the times,

Or left unhung, unsung, or otherwise unsaid—

And so of course unwritten and unread.

This is the Age of Gold—that is, of Mammon,

And,

Let him, or her, that readeth, understand,

It is avowedly, the Age of "Gammon"!
 It is the Age of "Mysteries" and "Revelations,"
 Mystifications, and Monster speculations,
 But above all, the universal rage
 For "Lines"—of which (as from the first intended)
 So many *drop*, such numbers are *suspended*,
 And which a *panic* only could assuage,
 Stamps this, *par excellence*—THE HANGING AGE!
 And thus I feel induced myself to flatter,
 'Twill tolerate my *lines* on HANGING MATTER!
 Shall I call up, to aid me in my *spells*,
 Familiar "spirits from the vasty deep,"
 Or shall I leave 'em in their damp, uncomfortable cells,
 Wrapped in the slimy sea-weed and mayhap in sleep?—
 An' if I call, they may not come, and so—
 I'll call a "Spirit," whose retreat I know,
 And who, by virtue of the sable art,
 Shall at my bidding come and so depart.
 But first of all, I'll call our friend Jack Ketch!
 And he, for once, shall help me to—a stretch!
 "Poor Jack" has *lines*, and heroes too, in plenty,
 And if need were, could furnish us with twenty,
 But less than these just now, I think, may do,
 And so I'll borrow only one or two.

O Shades of Burke and Hare!

Illustrious pair!

Take care!

Or vanishes your "fame!" in empty air.
 That proud pre-eminence ye won but by a neck
 Is even now of what it was the wreck.—
 Hide thy diminished head, O Hare! Burke, burke thyself!
 But let not Calcraft lay thee on the shelf!
 Lament thy fate, thy plaister, thy last *fell* disaster!
 But own no hangman living for thy master.—
 Out on the age, say I, would substitute,
 For the dead Burker, thus, the living Brute—
 Render the Newgate Calendar of no repute,
 And ruin its proprietors to boot,
 By making that, undoubtedly, diurnal—
 Blessing we less than half appreciate—the Journal,
 A calendar almost, or quite, infernal,
 By filling it with records of the wretches,
 Whom, *ex officio*, Ketch, or Calcraft, *ketches*!
 Would Lionize the Common Hangman, thus—
 (Instead of leaving him to fate, and Morpheus!)

"CALCRAFT!* the man of science and renown—
 CALCRAFT! the LONDON HANGMAN 's coming down!
 Calcrafft 's arrived!—is on the spot!!—What then?
 Calcrafft, they say—is going back again!!!
 But not until the Hanging job is done,
 And lots of people have *enjoyed* "The fun!"
 Calcrafft came down this morning by the Train!
 Calcrafft *this* morning went to town again!
 Calcrafft did this and that, and did the t'other,
 And did it better too than any other!
 'Tis true the man was rather light! and so"—
 Ye Gods!—shall I go on?—By Jingo!—No!
 Shame on the craven "Spirit of the Age!"
 (The sprite I threatened in a former page,
 To call upon,) "D——d Goblin," as he is,
 No choice, no dainty attributes are his,
 A good-for-nothing, graceless, recreant elf,
Less than the shadow of his former self.
 Fall'n from his high estate, the vagrant now
 Takes refuge with the lowest of the low,
 Leaves his aristocratic "larks," and swears,
 The lying varmint, that he says—his prayers!
 And that "the Marquis" having settled down,
 Himself, forsooth, relinquishes the Town!
 Gives over breaking heads, and smashing glasses,
 And for a choice or kindred spirit passes.
 Leaves bells and knockers in their proper places,
 Nor even signboards any more defaces—
 Your Spirit loves indeed the *hanging* trade, so well,
 He'd see you hang'd ere he'd unhang a bell!
 The Gibbet, and "the drop" are his delight,
 Murder!—a thing that whets his appetite
 For news
 Of those who stand a chance of "swinging in their shoes!"
 His name's "Expediency," his *lineage* "high,"
 (Bear witness TYBURN TREE, for 'tis to thee
 He owes, and traces back, his pedigree!)
 His "Arms" are, first, the public voice; the shield,
 Thirteen-pence-ha'-pen'y, argent, in a field
 Of Crimson; and the Crest,
 A Raven "sable," with a Gallows "gules."
 A malefactor "proper—pendent." For the rest,—
 Supporters—
 Two unfortunate Reporters!
 Whilst underneath, *The Sacrifice of Fools*,

* Taken almost *verbatim* from the public papers.

A little bird informs me, is intended,
 For legend, some years hence, to be appended.
 Spirit! all demon as thou art,—avaunt!
 Nor longer leave thy best-beloved haunt!—
 See how he crouches now, and cowers in THE CELL,
 The dismal place where he delights to dwell.
 His dwelling place? is asked,—where dwells he then?—
 His dwelling is The Murderer's dark den;
 His dainty fare, the agony of men;
 His "note of preparation" is, THE KNELL,
 The deadly echo of the prison bell—
 Its hollow sound alone reverberates,
 Where he in hungry expectation waits,—
 The CELL OF THE CONDEMNED it penetrates!
 And there "the antic sits," and hourly revels,
 In scenes fit only for the gaze of devils,
 And 'midst the horrors which the place divulges,
 His penchant for the horrible indulges.

Now, is it fair, that Calcraft, and the jail,
 The drop, and so on, thus "exceedingly prevail?"
 Should *Calcraftmania* thus uncheck'd run riot,
 Thus play the devil with our peace and quiet?
 Or rather, is it not both right and proper
 To clap on Calcraft and his trade a stopper?
 Surely we've now been hanging long enough,
 Pray, why "hang out" for *more* than *quantum suff.*?
 Do drop the system and "the drop" together,
 Though both should fall into the pit called "nether."
 "Killing, no murder!" seems to be agreed,
 When Calcraft or his fellows do the deed;
 But let the novice, who has learned the trade
 Of MURDER, from the "spectacle" displayed
 So often by the Hangman and his men,
 Just try his tyro hand,—what happens then?
 Your Tyro shall be hanged, as sure as fate, or
 Quarter-day, the daring innovator!—
 But *why* should 'Tyro' hang? and why should he
 Who stops poor Tyro's breath held *harmless* be?
 Both murder, for their bread and cheese; and why
 Should Ketch, or Calcraft live, and Tyro die?
 Surely one does his work as well as t'other!
 Why, *why* should Calcraft hang his tyro brother?
 Thanks to their intimate acquaintance with the Gallows,
 "The multitude" have grown a *little* callous,
 And seem to work and execute their will,
 Whene'er the fit comes over 'em to kill,

As though there were no gallows in the land,
 No Executioner to take 'em by the hand,
 No cambric handkerchiefs, no Bibles,* to be lent 'em,
 To be returned (if nothing should prevent 'em),
 When all was over, unto those who sent 'em !
 In fact, as though "mere hanging" *were* "a joke"
 Though one which necks sometimes, not often, broke !
 A thing on which the "sorry jade, Society"
 Set a high premium—THE NOTORIETY !
 And as for Blackstone, Lyttleton, and Coke—

Mere men of Law !

And Ketch, Jack Ketch himself—a man of straw !
 But the fact is—the mob have had "Example,"

Ample.

They know full well, alas ! that life is breath
 And strangulation—death !
 And death, they also know,
 (Pity they should, but pity 'tis, 'tis so)—
 By hanging, though it suddenly may check
 A man's career, nay, though it break his neck,
Makes his Biography,—
 Creates an "overwhelming interest" about him—
 And gives a mighty impulse to Stenography !
 Instead of "Six," in a despatch his "little hour" bestows
 On him and his, more *lines* than you'd suppose,
 (Making a very moderate computation
 From all the newspapers in circulation),
 And gives, besides, *a turn* to conversation !
 One thing however's clear, the Law's strong arm
 (The Gallows)—though it still retain a charm
 For some eccentric spirits, owns no more
 The force or terrors that it did of yore ;
 Creates indeed, excitement, lends it fervour,
 But is no more (if ever 'twere indeed), a *Life-preserver* !
 It is an EVIL TREE, and hath been found
 An evil thing. Why cumberers it the ground ?
 That grand recipe for saving human bacon,
 The *hanging cure*, has now so long been tried,
 And all in vain. So many men have died
 (And women too, indeed) of suffocation
 Brought on by the inhuman operation !
 So *highly injurious* proves a *drop*, when taken,
 Surely 'tis time t'were thoroughly *well shaken* !

* Such an arrangement was stated in the newspapers, within the past year or two, to have been made in the case of a certain criminal, and may possibly recur to the recollection of the reader.

The consequences of the drop indeed are such,
As prove it irrefragably, *a drop too much!*

There is, it is reported, a description

Of Prescription,

Prepared by Doctor Robert P—I, and others,
His Learned and Right Honorable "Brothers,"

Which proves a Sovereign remedy, applied

To that most sensitive, though stubborn thing, the hide!

Nay more, or less, mere mention of the thing suffices,

For whipping the offending Adam out, with his devices,
(Doubtless the fruits of "Satan's vile malignity,)

Against our gracious Queen, her crown and dignity.

And said (though fiction, this on fact is founded),

To be of one cart's tail and nine *cats' tails* compounded!

Together with a lifetime of *confinement*

To smother any desperate symptoms of repinement.

The medicine, 'tis true, has not been tried,

Yet is its virtue not a whit belied.

The notion of the potion proves so efficacious,

As utterly to quell the contumacious—

To cure even Constitution-hill attacks,

And bring to reason even *Monomaniacs!*

And now, will anybody, who may feel inclined,

And owns the guilty knowledge, be so kind

As render (barring high crimes and misdemeanours, Treason,

And all that sort of thing), a reasonable reason,

Why the right royal Physic shouldn't be "exhibited,"

And save 'the multitude' from being—gibbeted!

If there be terrors which the population

Restrain within the bounds of moderation,

Pray let 'em have fair play, and save the nation,

At least from that most fatal consummation,

Strangulation!

Take physic, Pomp, but pray don't take it all,

Its powers preventive thus appearing mighty.

Dispense for our behoof what I shall call

The true *Elixir vitæ!*

And let it save the mob from being crushed,

And trampled underneath the gibbet, in the dust.

The flesh is weak, and horribly unwilling

To undergo the punishment for killing,

Or for "assaulting, with intent to kill,"

Awarded by Sir Robert's "Popgun" bill,

And therefore let 'the flesh' be made to feel

In all its force, Sir Robert P—I's ap-*peal*.

Consign the murderer to the living tomb,
 On Earth his final and IRREVOCABLE doom,—
 Chains, and the treatment of a beast of prey,—
 Darkness by night, and solitude by day—
 His very name into oblivion hurled,—
 The lash, his latest recollection of the world.
 These, with his seared and fevered brain, his guerdon be,—
 His refuge only in Eternity—
 But let Jack Ketch's labours be suspended,—
 The *stringent* statutes once for all amended.
 The hangman paid his wages—compensated—
 No matter what, but let him be "abated"—
 That ugly thing, the gallows, undermined—
 And Calcraft's further services—*declined!*

Thanks to Jack Ketch, my ink is all expended;
 Thanks to the wretch, my essay too, is ended:
 And so I'll send my *lines*, where many more,
 Dropped latterly, tis said, have gone before.
 Leaving the GREAT DROP (CALCRAFT'S) LINE, to find—
 its *level*—

I'll wind 'em up, and send 'em to—

The Devil! *

II.

THE LAW STUDENT'S BREAKFAST;

OR, THE JOURNAL OF A DAY.

BY FELIX AUGUSTUS BUGGINS, ESQ., OF GRAY'S INN.

Monday, November 1845, Seven o'clock A. M.—Awoke before the sun—seldom wide awake—just as the clock of St. Giles's Church struck the seventh hour. Fog intense, and though, from a philosophical indifference of disposition, I invariably inhabit the first floor down the chimney, not a glimpse of the huge luminary could I get.

The clock, I have said, struck seven as I awoke, sounding in the fog like a muffled drum. I did not rise, but gave a grim smile as I gazed out upon the eight or nine square feet, of which I was, for the ridiculous consideration of three and sixpence hebdomadally paid, the sole lord and master. But I didn't feel at home, since, during the three years I had been

* Printer's Devil of course.

domiciled in London, so many similar boxes had owned my sway, that my ideas were somewhat confused; especially as it was a peculiar nervousness which generally occasioned my departure. I know not if my kind readers understand such things or not; but in the lower regions of these temples of Mammon, there generally resides a Hecatè whose earthly vocation it is to persecute and irritate those, whose nervous sensibilities render them peculiarly liable to external influences. Now I—and strange to say, my weakness is not singular—have a particular and unaccountable aversion to small scraps of paper being continually thrust in my face. I do not comprehend this consequence of civilization. I spoke of the Hecatè below; she was above nothing—she lived in an underground kitchen—and one would have thought her aged limbs incapable of exertion. But *crescit amor nummi*: the older she got, the more incessant were her visitations; and every Saturday morning, regular as an eight-day clock, I caught sight of her pinched and wrinkled phiz, below which, emanating from an arm rigid and unbending as a pump handle, was the sempiternal “bit o’writtin.” It always exercised a painful influence on my mind, showing itself in various ways. Sometimes, so great was my disgust, I turned away, and visited the realms no more; at others, weary with her importunity, I essayed a bribe of three and sixpence, which desperate remedy generally proved effectual in procuring me a respite during seven days. But in this my tormentor resembled the pirates paid off by the wisdom of our ancient kings—they liked the money, and came again. Ditto with my evil genius, whose “visits” not “few and far between,” made me often exclaim *decies repetita non placebat!* As is the genus, so is the individual. During fourteen revolutions of the ever invisible luminary, had I lain down and risen again within its confines, and began at length to feel at home. This reflection occurred to me as I gazed out from beneath my dingy whity-brown sheets, in which doubtless many an unfortunate wight had lain before. Homer never lived in a garret—at least in St. Giles’s; or if he did succeed in seducing one of the Nine to such a place, it must have been by some spell I wot not of. The room was perhaps ten feet square, moderately high—I never wear my hat in doors; opposite the fire-place—which, be it known, owned two excellent hobs—was the bed; in the intervening space a table; in the right hand corner a huge box containing coal and some three or four halfpenny bundles of wood; to the left an ancient and venerable chest of drawers, and close to this a cupboard, which being half open, disclosed certain cups and saucers, a tea pot, sugar basin, &c. The table was covered by numerous writing materials, pen, ink, and various kinds of paper—tissue, lamp-black, and other “fix-

ings," which I sighed as I gazed upon. But, bah! great men rise from nothing; and though I do not feel myself capable of naming a Lord Chancellor who was originally a penny—or rather three-half-penny a liner—yet who knows *ex nihilo*, from little [Lacune in orig.] * * * much *fit* may be expected! A Sunday Journal of last year's date, served to guarantee the green baize from the *galling* compound which serves equally well to put on paper an astronomical problem and a gastronomical platitude; while religiously deposited between the folds of an old *Gazette des Tribunaux*, containing the *proces Laffarge*—my whole law library—was a fresh uncut magazine, which my friend Spriggs had borrowed for me, and with which I intended to solace myself during the day.

But footsteps are heard upon the stairs—the door opens—and the deputy Hecatè, a beldame some sixty years of age, shuffles in, and proceeding toward the coal-box began to light a fire.

"Any note left for me yesterday, Mrs. Mutton?" I inquired. I had been ruralizing in Hampstead all day, in town all night, and had let myself in at four.

"Oh lawk! yes, sir, and the Irish gentleman, the funny Irish gentleman, called several times."

I took the note, opened it, and read as follows:—

"DEAR BUGGINS,—I need scarcely remind you, that at eight precisely to-morrow, I *will* be with you to breakfast according to invite.

"Yours till death,

"SEPTIMUS O'SHINE."

"Mrs. Mutton," said I, "I had quite forgot, but Mr. O'Shine will breakfast with me this morning, at eight."

"Werry vell, sir! vat shall I get for breakfast? There is nuffin in."

I rose, half sitting, half reclining in my bed, looked actually wildly at the imperturbable beldame, and taking up the echo of her speech, slowly ejaculated "nothing?"

"No tea, sir, no sugar, no bread, no bacon, no nuffin."

Here was a pretty perplexing predicament! Half-past seven, an Irishman coming to breakfast at eight, and nothing to eat! My readers will probably remark, and justly, why not run over to the nearest chandler's shop, and get all the necessary articles? Very true. But let me make a clean heart of it. One Saturday when I invited O'Shine, I had fifteen solid silver shillings in my pocket. Sunday came, and with it certain temptations. I will not be forced into too particular a confession—suffice it to say that when at four in the morning I dived into my pocket in search of sixpence, I pulled out nought save a handful of notes from a respected and reverend uncle, who it

seemed clear even to my then obfuscated intellects had various places of abode, since no two bore the same address. Unfortunately, too, I had exhausted myself of late in paying him visits, and could not have the face to encounter him empty handed. What was to be done? Some diversion worthy of Wellington or Buonaparte could alone save me. Rapidity was required. The minutes were tumbling one another headlong into the bottomless abyss of time, and eight o'clock would soon be round; and as sure as eight came, Mr. Septimus O'Shine would pull the top bell thrice and be let in. I sank back with a groan upon my bed.

"Mrs. Mutton," said I, "shew my friend up when he comes. Meantime lay the breakfast things. Put the tea-kettle on the fire—it looks comfortable: place the coffee-pot on the hob: cover up the sugar-basin. I'll get Mr. O'Shine to market for me. It will save you the trouble."

Septimus O'Shine was the third son of a worthy Cork distiller, who had been finished by Father Mathew. At least he said so, though people whispered that he was in the Gazette in the year 30. Howbeit, he died, leaving nothing save three sons—Mark, John, and Septimus. The first was a briefless barrister, haunting the hall of the Four Courts, Dublin; the second emigrated to America, and was never more heard of; and the third came to London, to seek his fortune. He is a worthy fellow, is Septimus; kind-hearted, honourable, upright, and like myself a philosopher—*i. e.* so utter an enemy of Mr. Cash & Co., as to be very seldom troubled with their company. Septimus had been in town two years. How he lived, no one knew. Employment he had none. It was generally opined that he resided nowhere; or if a flight of fancy ever carried any one far enough to suspect him of having an address, it was always supposed to be in some situation two stories nigher the clouds than ever any one had been known to live in before. Income he had none either, though now and then he had been seen to receive a letter, containing what he said in an off hand manner was a "sov," but which looked marvellously like a shilling when it was hastily slipped into his waistcoat pocket. But Septimus was economical, and Septimus lived. Besides, he made friends; and before it was found out how poor he was men would lend him five shillings or so; but of late his suit of black began to look wondrous seedy, his well-darned cotton gloves were fingerless, his boots were unguilty of a sole, and his friends looked the other side of the street, or were very busy gazing at nothing, whenever they crossed his path. I like Septimus—I can't help it. His temper is bad, his politics detestable and incomprehensible, his violence when roused to anger, awful; but I like him: to me, whom he loves, he is a lamb, and often

have I shared my last shilling with him. I knew that Sunday he had chiefly spent in bed, to avoid the sense of hunger. To ask such a man to breakfast and nothing to give him! It was dreadful. But—so strange, wayward, and contrary is human nature—among all my numerous friends and acquaintances, I preferred that morning having to encounter him and his hungry maw, than one “with good fat capon lined.”

Eight o'clock.—A pull at the bell, a knock, a shuffling below, a well-known foot on the stairs—Septimus O'Shine entered the apartment.

“Arrah, now, Falix, ye're the lazy boy! Tare an' ouns, mhan, git uph! Ah, bhut it lhooks mighthy comfortable. The kittle biling, too.—That's the chat that houlds wat'her!”

“Good morning, Septimus.”

“Divil a bhit, my boy, but it's a mighthy raw marning, any how. Fhog enough to choke a mhan. But git uph; it's I've the appetite this same marning, now; an' it's a pow'her of rashers I'll undermhine, and not to spake of a dozen bhoul's o' tay.”

“Septimus, my dear fellow,” said I, gravely, “accidents will happen.”

O'Shine made no reply, but he looked at the table, at the cupboard, at the half-open drawers of my commode—not a sign, not a vestige, not a crumb of anything eatable could he descry. Septimus was a little man, round shouldered, about forty—a merry twinkle in his grey eye—and never had I seen his eye twinkle more vividly than while anticipating the joys of breakfast.

“Septimus, my dear fellow,” said I gravely, “accidents will happen.”

His look became grave, nay, severe. He was disappointed—he was astonished; but he saw it all at a glance.—He was used to such things, poor fellow!

“Arrah, now, ye're hard uph, and no shot in the lockher. Och, what the divil have you dhone wid yer money, mhan.”

“That's a question, O'Shine, easier asked than answered,” replied I ruefully, advancing at the same time towards the fire, after a few hasty efforts of dandyism.

“Bad 'cess to the unlucky marning. But one thing's shure, Falix,” said he, “we're both mort'hal hungry, and must riz a brekust, as the Dhublin jaqueens have it.—Wudn't the coffee-house rhound the corner sthand it now?”

“No go, Septimus—no go. My head so outrageously swelled in that quarter, I can't get in at the door.”

Septimus O'Shine put his finger to his nose, shut one eye, turned his head in his shoulders, and said nothing.

"And then," continued I, fully comprehending the force of his bye-play, "I havn't a mortal thing to put up the spout."

"It's divilish hard uphon us, Falix, my boy; shure you know now we must breakfast this same cowl'd marning, and a mighty hard-hearted marning it is. By-the-bye, mhan alhiv, there's your 'shuspected murder' in three Sunday paphers."

"Humph! I'm glad to hear it. But no go till Wednesday; don't pay before, you know.—Perhaps find out it's all a bottle of smoke before that."

"At a pinch now, my honey," replied he, pursuing his own train of reflections, "dis auld pok'her 'ud fitch three pence at the shign of the two-to-one. Thru, it's pretty ould and short."

"Poker be hanged," interrupted I, laughing, though faintly.

In speculations, propositions, and probabilities, the time slipped by. We passed in review every scheme possible, probable, and impossible, which presented itself to our heated imaginations. We discussed the merits of our friends, or rather the merits of their pockets; and, after many arguments, *pro* and *con*, decided that, on a careful inquiry into their capabilities and means of replenishment, it was imprudent, nay, useless, to make an attempt to conciliate the benevolent feelings of any one of them. We ransacked my drawers from some *cadeau* wherewith to gain the favour *mei avunculi*. O'Shine at length suggested selling my bills on the Sunday papers at a discount of twenty-five per cent., but I refused. I did not choose every one to know I did such things; and besides, who would become a purchaser? Probably on the Stock-Exchange they wouldn't know such paper;—it was, at all events, very unlikely.

"Arrah, nihan, ye'r mighty pertikl'her this marning, now. Ochone, my inside's carrying on a quare discourse all this t'hyme."

Nine o'clock.—As the clock ceased striking, we looked at one another with a dismal expression of countenance, which is not to be depicted on paper. We didn't like it—it wasn't at all agreeable. But how was it to be mended?—That was the question.—There was the rub. O'Shine became silent, thoughtful—an expression of fixed melancholy settled itself upon his face. I looked at him—he at me. I took the poker—which he still held—out of his hand, stirred the fire, threw on coal with a desperate liberality, as much as to say, "you see I am not niggard of what I have got." It had the desired effect. O'Shine looked up and smiled; he even took my hand—I squeezed his, and let it go.

"Falix, my boy, ye're the free horse that whants no spur-

ing.—If ye ohnly had the bhread and but'her, now, it 'ud be as readily handed out."

"But, Septimus, we cannot eat coal."

"Thrue, for you.—By the howly St. Pathrick, but I don't know what to do, or what to be aft'her. The ould toothless Jezebel down st'hairs wouldn't dhub it up?"

"Septimus, a hungry man has no conscience. Expose myself to my landlady? Whew!—here she comes. Take the book—be very busy reading. It won't do to appear without breakfast."

Saying these words, I threw him the magazine, which hitherto had been neglected—seized a pen and ink, and drove away at a sheet of paper. It was then I put down the idea of "A History of the Day:" I am following it up.

"A letter, sir, and the boy waits an answer," said the bel-dame: "shall I take away the breakfast things?"

"No, I thank you, Mrs. Mutton. My friend breakfasted before coming;—I have no appetite just now; but we'll set to work by and by."

"With the blessing of the howly St. Patrick, I hope so," exclaimed O'Shine, as soon as Mrs. Mutton had vanished: "but what an ideya, man, that I'd whipped in a breakfast afore coming out. Shure she must think, for all the whorld, I'm a peep-o'-day boy."

"What's this, now?" continued I, opening the note: "a bill from my tailor, by Jove."

"Sind it back to him, wid yer compliments; you hope he's whell, and ye're not at home. Shure this is no t'hyme now to be aft'her bothering a man for little accounts.—I've no patience wid de fellow."

"Go down to him, Septimus—say any thing, so you get rid of him. You don't mind the job?"

"Is it me, now?—Shure ye know me.—I'll s'hend him off, the dhirty spalpeen, in half the twinkling of a bhed-p'host."

When Septimus returned, I was sealing a letter very neatly.

"What's that, now, my jewel—any thing to ate?"

"Septimus, it is no use showing a faint heart: breakfast we must. I am, you know, literary critic to the *Weekly Slasher*, paid by the column, extracts not included. This is my first week: pay-day is Wednesday; they owe me thirty shillings. I write to say I have an account to settle—£20, want five-and-twenty shillings to make up the sum. Would greatly oblige, if they would break their rule for once."

O'Shine gazed in admiration on the note; had it been a note of hand, he would not have regarded it with more veneration.

"Falix, my boy, you're a janius.—Ghive it to me; I'll

be there in no time, and bhack in half that same lhttle period."

"O'Shine, I know you. You are aware these things can't be asked in *propria persona*. My modesty wouldn't let me do it. That is the grand use of letters. Many an impudent thing one can say on paper, which one would not dare to say oneself. I asked Julia to marry me, through the penny post. By the way, don't you think this love affair of mine rather hard?"

"By this and by that, now, Jhulia mhust whait 'til I come bhack, to be talked about. Shure you're not coming now. Stay at home, man; keep a good fire, and in a jhiffy I'm back wid de atables."

I sank back in my chair, quite overcome at the prospect. Meanwhile O'Shine stuck his hat on his head, pulled on his gloves, put his umbrella under his arm, and prepared to depart.

"And the tailhor's boy—och, I did him beautiful! I tould him ye'd got three dhocters all this blessed t'hyme; that it was their unanimous affidavy ye couldn't be disthurbed; ye had, I said, the inanition low fever, the chief sign of which sthrange malady is excessive ghrumblin in the intarnals, an utter prostration of the oesophagus, a vacuum in the phylorus, and an excissive quhantity of chyle in the duodenum. So you see I havn't bin a medichal student for nothing. But I'm aff."

Mr. O'Shine then whisked down stairs, and had almost turned the corner ere I could throw up the window. I could scarcely refrain from laughing, as, leaning across the leaden conduit—*vulgo* gutter—I remarked that he took the longest route to avoid passing a cook-shop, where he saw the proprietor standing at the door. O'Shine was considerate; he owed the man a trifle, and wished to spare his feelings; "for shure he was able to owe it." I re-shut the window, sat down, and endeavoured to read. It was in vain. I knew very well I had made a rash attempt. Monday was the day for going over the *Weekly Slasher's* accounts, and it was hardly possible my mission could prove successful. They would not have time to attend to it. I took a knife, wiped it clean—that was unnecessary, it was guiltless of bread and butter—and began patiently to cut open the pages of the magazine which lay on the table. The idea of how much it would fetch round the corner, in case of failure on the part of Septimus, was, however, the only idea that dwelt on my mind. Disgusted with my mercenary feelings, I rose and walked the room, never reflecting that thereby I was gaining an appetite. Nothing, too, more annoying, more vexatious, than to perambulate a small apartment—there were so

many turns and corners! But, for the life of me, I could not sit still. I was vexed—annoyed that I did not go with Septimus; he was, however, gone, and resignation was a necessary virtue.

Eleven o'clock.—Rat, rat! The postman! a letter from Julia. Reproaches, tears, and threatenings. She had received the letter asserted a most awful account of my life and character. Who could have been blabbing? It concluded,

"I hope you can clear yourself. I take tea Wednesday evening with Mr. O'Leary and his wife: perhaps I may meet you there. My father is out of town for a few days.

Your true but sad

JULIA."

"The devil take that Septimus!" thought I to myself; "eleven past, and not back yet. I shall perish an ignoble victim to famine. Julia takes tea with Jocastus: by Jove I go. I wish it were this morning though. I am just in the humour. Tea, toast, muffins, and Julia! By the immortal gods, come night, come morning, and come night again. D—— that Septimus; he'll never be back. Caggs out of town—now is my time or never, to get married. But will she join me here? O'Shine, I forswear you. It is abominable, atrocious, thus to keep a hungry man upon the rack. Julia—humph! to-morrow evening—thirty-six hours. If I have nothing to eat until then—to-morrow evening, tea and Julia—and after, supper and Julia—always Julia. Oh that the too, too solid hours would melt, and bring me to to-morrow even! Ah! Is it a supper that I see before me?—*Shakspeare*. Humph! Septimus, you have the heart of a crocodile, the stomach of a camel. If I only could borrow that of an ostrich, and digest iron, yonder poker would do to begin with."

I here sank into my chair, overcome by the excess of my emotions; an inward groan was re-echoed from my heart. I took in three inches of my *blouse*-belt. A new source of vexation here arose. Wouldn't my landlady smell a rat? I only wished I could have done so, that's all. I say no more. The idea, however, of having your misfortunes known over the house was maddening. A bright idea struck me! I rang my bell.

"Mrs. Mutton," said I, as soon as the deputy Hecate appeared, "I didn't have supper at the Cider Cellars until four this morning; don't feel peckish, and my friend breakfasted at seven; so you see we hav'nt much chance of an appetite. We shall lunch, however, about one; secure me the frying-pan, and bring it up as soon as you can."

"Werry vell, sir. My missus was a saying as how she thought you hadn't the tin for to git breakfast."

"D—— your mistress," exclaimed I, as the talkative, half-

silly beldame left the room; "if I say a word, though, you'll get turned out for repeating her impertinence. I'll leave here next week—that is, if I can pay my rent."

Such was the agreeable result of my great stroke of generalship.

Twelve o'clock.—Five hours since I awoke, two and a half since the departure of my messenger. What could have become of Mr. Septimus O'Shine? Perhaps hunger had overcome his sense of decorum, and now, at the very instant of time when I was ready to faint, he was snugly ensconced in the box of some well-known house, regaling himself with his favourite stop-gap, coffee and rashers. The idea of his imbibing coffee made me boil; at the bare thought of rashers, I fumed. Perhaps—the thought was horrible and ghastly—he had failed, and had, in sheer spite, fallen down dead on the road. Disappointment has produced more powerful results. But Septimus—visions of coroner's inquests froze up my veins. I clapped my hat upon my head, and prepared to sally forth. "Where?" whispered Reason.

I sank once more into my chair. My hunger was now intense; nay, awful. I put my head out of window, and looked cannibalism at every woman that passed. They did look more eatable than the men. But I soon retired—a female, carrying home a baked shoulder of mutton, offended the delicacy of my olfactory nerves. But I could not remain five minutes in one position. I threw up the window again, and leaned out—two minutes passed, when my eye caught sight of an advancing figure. It was Alphonse Jujube, a French friend of mine; I should say acquaintance—he was one of Jullien's *clacqueurs*! I read his errand in his walk, and also in his ancient *Mackintosh*, which was never put on save when the coat was *en voyage*. He was come to borrow money. My indignation was roused. I rushed to the landing, ringing my bell at the same time.

"Mrs. Mutton," screamed I at the top of my voice.

"Sir."

"I am at home to no one to-day but Mr. O'Shine."

Rat, tat, tat! ding, ding, ding! I listened.

"Monsieur Boogins at hom?"

"No, sir."

"Nevère mind, I call in von hour."

I re-entered my apartment, threw myself into a chair once more, and remained in silent contemplation until Mrs. Mutton interrupted me, bringing in the frying-pan. She laid it near the coal-box, and retired.

One o'clock.—No Septimus!—*A quarter past.* He rings, enters; I was listening on the landing. His step was slow; I closed the door, and sank breathless into my old arm chair. I

read my fate in his walk. He opened the door, and walked into the room:—

"Och, man, the *Weekly Slasher's* a brute; shure you must a knowed him. I'll lay a pennny now he's some cast-off Dhublin report'her—a half-a-farthing-a-line man. Khept me there 'till just now, and then ghive me this stinking piece of pap'her," throwing me a note.

"Humph!" exclaimed I, opening the highly-scented satin envelope. "A check, by Jove!"

O'Shine cut a caper.

"A what?"

"A check, my lad; a check for 3*l.* 10*s.*!"

"Shure I know'd it, I said he was a rale gintleman. I could a towld it. Who is it on?"

"A bank in Lombard Street," answered I despairingly; "and I can never wait till you come back from there; I am half dead. Take a cab."

"Divil a hapath, now—whasting the mhoney that-a-way," exclaimed O'Shine, his eyes once more glistening. The man's powers of endurance were awful.

"I'll go with you, then."

"No, no, man! we'd be dhouble the thyme, now. By the way, there's some fine 'L.L.' to be got over there. An imperial quart now 'ud do us good this same blessed day."

"My dear fellow, bring any thing you like, only be quick. I'll have a famous fire and every thing else ready. Bring tea and coffee both."

"Shure I know what whe'll be aft'her wanting; aint I a fine messman? Good bhye, my darlin'; I'll be there and bhack dhirectly."

He was off again, and I was once more left alone. I then read the note which accompanied the check.

"The Editor of the *Weekly Slasher* presents his compliments to Mr. Buggins, and begs to enclose him 3*l.* 10*s.* on account."

I felt happy. It was kind, very kind; and a kind action always pleases me.

Four o'clock.—Septimus not returned yet. I had closed the curtains, lit two moulds, the fire blazed cheerfully, the replenished kettle boiled *à merveille*. The evening looked delicious; my room was every thing that could be wished, but—the substance was wanting. Could the answer to the check be "no effects?" The very notion was enough to drive a fellow mad!

Ding, ding!

It was Septimus. This time he rushed up stairs, opened the door, and caught hold of me.

"Io pæan! shure, my jhewel, look here, there's three pound of fine rashers for ye now. There's the shugar, the tay, the

coffee, and there, my boy, 's the whiskey—that's the stuff to raise the cockles of yer heart. But ating before every thing. Make the tay, my boy; sit the rashers a-going. I'm off for the two quartern loaves and the but'her; I'll send the shape for de milk. Cushla machree! who'll tell me the *Weekly Slasher* isn't the bist pap'her in all existence? I'd like to see his two dhirty eyes that 'ud say it, now."

I did not answer; my heart was full, too full. But I could act—and act I did, and to some purpose; for when he rushed up the stairs, holding in each of his outstretched hands a quartern loaf, the rashers were phizzing away, the tea made, the coffee simmering, and in five minutes we were armed with knife and fork, and ready for the conflict.

Rat, tat!

"Monsieur Boogins at hom?"

I rushed to the top of the stairs.

"Walk up, Monsieur Jujube," cried I, "walk up; glad to see you."

"By the p'howers, man, is it comp'hany your aft'her now? Shure there's enough anyhow."

"Ah! my dear Jujube, how are you! devilish glad to see you. Take a chair—down with your *chapeau*. That's right, O'Shine; here's another plate for yourself. M. Jujube will take a snack with us."

"Shure, my darlin'," exclaimed O'Shine, inserting at the same time a quarter of a pound of rashers into his mouth, "sure I'm p'hroud of the honor of the acquaintance."

"Ah, my goat friend, you very much goat. I have five *minute* finished my *diner*; but, *pour vous faire plaisir*, I will just taste a bit."

"Goat! by Moll Kelly's kettle," whispered Septimus, "he's complimenthary."

"No ceremony, I pray you, gentlemen; fire away!

'Lay on, Macduff,

And damned be he who first cries *hold, enough!*'

The chatter of knives, plates, forks, and spoons, was the sole answer to my wit,—music to me most welcome.

Half-past five.—The bacon was at this hour *non est*, as were nearly all the eatables.

"O'Shine, could you manage another rasher?"

"Well, if ye vhex me now, I will."

"Ditto," replied I, "*decies repetita placebat*."

"Von lettle bit more hog would not be bad," replied the Frenchman who had just dined.

O'Shine vanished, and in ten minutes the frying-pan was again in requisition.

Seven o'clock.—It was this hour before our breakfast-things were cleared away; that is, ere the estates had wholly disappeared. The rage of hunger was now appeased; but O'Shine, though full to bursting, still coquetted with the little that our appetites had left.

"I feel mort'hal good," said he; "suppose, my honey, we thry the spirits."

The Frenchman vowed against whiskey; he could not manage any thing stronger than Bordeaux or Champagne; but O'Shine swore he would initiate him. Now began the jovialities.—Pipes, coffee, punch, cigars, songs, and long-winded Irish genealogical histories and reminiscences ensued. I had, it is true, heard them all before, but I was in no humour to quarrel about trifles. Jujube took us behind the scenes of Drury and the Garden, O'Shine to the lakes of Killarney, to Cork, Killenny, and the Corn Exchange. I talked law, short-hand, and manifold copies of murders. In a word, all was fun, sociality, and mirth. We were not philosophical, but we were philo-whiskical; we were not critical, but we were lyrical; and who will say I was not witty, humorous, gay?—in fact, I paid the piper!

P. S. Tuesday morning, two o'clock, A. M.—I was dozing in a chair, dreaming of Julia, when O'Shine shook me, saying,—

"Whake uph, mhan alhive! Shure this is no night for slape."

I prepared to relapse into unconsciousness, when O'Shine lifted up the *second* "imparial quart" (it had been secreted on the landing until the eleventh hour), and gave it a melancholy shake.—The shake brought forth no echo.

"Falix! Falix!" said he, in a most lachrymose tone of voice "*whiskey fhuit!*"—whiskey was!"

I wished it never had been—and fell asleep.

Literature.

SKETCHES FROM REAL LIFE, BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.*

POOR Laman Blanchard! His death is one of the saddest events in modern literary history. Brokenhearted by the long illness and eventual death of a beloved wife—his companion from his twentieth year—he perished in a moment of

* Sketches from Real Life, by the late Laman Blanchard. With a Memoir of the Author, by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. 3 vols. Colburn.

aberration, by his own hand, leaving behind him four children unprovided for. It is for the benefit of these doubly desolate orphans that these volumes are published, and sincerely do we hope the public will prove that their much-talked-of apathy with regard to the struggles and sufferings of literary men, is a thing of the past, a dream to be no more revived. Did the refined, the wealthy, the tasteful, know on how slender a thread often hangs an author's weal or woe—that wit has often happened that on a few copies more or less purchased of his work, depends his success or failure,—they might be tempted to buy more and borrow less.

It is a matter of astonishment to us how selfish and close the people of this great and wealthy country are on this point. Rich and opulent men, persons who might patronize and raise literature to the noble position the mission it is sent on deserves, will not purchase that which they can obtain without. A new horse *must* be bought, a new style of coat *must* be patronized, a new shawl *must* be worn, but a new book can be neither worn nor ridden—it may, 'tis true, line the brain, if there be any to line—but for all ordinary purposes of life, it is a useless affair. Hence it is, in a great measure, that authors, having worn their pens and themselves to the stump, as Sir Bulwer Lytton very aptly expresses it, “perhaps on his death-bed receives a pension, and equals, it may be, for a few months, the income of a retired butler.” We hope the present volumes will meet with more than ordinary success; both the internal merit and the object are alike good and great. All the parties concerned in the matter have combinedly acted in a noble and praiseworthy manner. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton has given a memoir, characterized by all that pungent, terse, and vigorous diction which is found in all his works. Mr. Colburn has shewn his marked esteem for the writer, with whom he had been so long connected, not only by a munificent subscription, but by generously surrendering his copyright in various papers which form a large portion of the present volumes. Mr. Ainsworth, in his usual kindly spirit, has also given up, no less liberally, the copyright of contributions to his Magazine. Mr. Hurst, an intimate and most valued friend of Laman Blanchard's, has devoted great zeal and care to the arrangement and production of these volumes; and Maclise has given from memory a most admirable portrait of his departed friend. In a word, it will be seen that all his friends have acted nobly;—the press have followed their example; to the public we say, “Go thou and do likewise.”

Of Laman Blanchard's talents we have scarcely need to speak. His keen wit, so utterly without gall; his kindly satire on men and things; his pithy epigrammatic essays, are universally known.

He was the last, but not the least of the Essayists. Inferior to Lamb, he yet surpassed all his cotemporaries, and had he written for fame, and not for bread, would have attained a far higher flight of eminence than circumstances allowed him to reach. Sir Edward has ably, and in the right spirit, dwelt on what Laman Blanchard might have been. The causes which compelled him to write rapidly and hastily, are dwelt upon with the hand of one who understood his true character. They who, trammelled by the wants of the hour, seek rapidity of execution and quantity of production, are to be rated highly if they do not fall into the slough of mediocrity. When, like Blanchard, they reach to loftier flights, we cannot but form the very best opinion of their talents and power. The Essays contained in the present volume are written with all the graceful ease and care of one who produced them at his leisure, and after much study. Though often quoted, we select one at random, as a specimen, with which as a bait to tempt the reader to seek farther instruction and delight in the present collection of the writings of Laman Blanchard:—

"SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST.

"For some considerable period previous to the world's arrival at years of discretion, it was a question whether women had souls; but that men, by whom the question was modestly mooted, had minds—each male creature having a whole one to his own share—was never disputed for an instant. Yet this, like other indubitable truths, there is great reason to doubt. How many hundreds of particular friends could each of us give a list of, who have never thoroughly succeeded in 'making up their minds;' who really 'never know their own minds.' How should they, when they change them so often! They are not in the same mind two seconds together. They never keep a mind long enough to know it. Yet while in this very state, the whole tribe of human chameleons are fain to flatter themselves that they have 'two minds' instead of none. When a man doesn't know what to think, he observes, 'I have two minds.' When most irresolute, we think ourselves capable of wonderful determination. How to decide, is more than we can tell—what in the world to do, we know not—but we have a very *great* mind.'

"Second thoughts are often sneakers—treacherous untiers of true-love-knots, roguish dishonourers of handsome acceptances. The first thought comes with a hand open as day, the second with a tight fist prepared rather for a blow than a boon. The first springs from a generous disinterested impulse, the second from a shrinking of the heart and a selfish betrayal of self. The first is a gallant gentleman, a little imprudent and headlong sometimes; the second a close curmudgeon, who won't do good when it costs him nothing, lest it grow into a habit, and he be induced to sacrifice a sixpence at past eighty. Second thoughts turn the jovial resolution to make your visitor stop to dinner, into a hesitating hope that he will come and dine some day when the weather settles. They pare a banquet down to a sandwich, under the pretence of making it the feast of reason, and leave you to find the flow of soul in cold water. All that need be said for them is, that they are best

once in a way, but the exception proves the rule of inferiority. A man whose impulses are in favour of stinginess is seldom generous on second thoughts; but generosity often falls back upon meanness when it has had time to cogitate. Second thoughts are far less liable to say, boldly, 'I'll make him a present of it,' or 'I'll discharge the duties gratuitously,' than to mutter inwardly, 'Why should I?' or 'I may as well ask for another hundred a-year while I'm about it.' The effort to be virtuous, in frequent instances, dies away before its purpose is completed; but meditated vice rarely rises, by the second-thought medium, into pure and exalted virtue.

"Even when second thoughts come to a right purpose, they generally come in the wrong place. They thrust themselves forward to break off a match after a heart has been won, and a family thrown into convulsions; but they never made their appearance at the heels of the declaration of love, when it might more easily have been tripped up. Second thoughts have an awkward habit of being too late. They have a knack of sending the reprieve after the victim has been turned off. The good intention of going to drag a neighbour out of the flames when his house is on fire, is, if the result of second thoughts, pretty sure to find the object of its tardy humanity reduced to a cinder. The good intention of plunging in to the rescue of a drowning wretch who has twice risen to the surface, is defeated by the selfish intruder, Second Thoughts, suggesting to the humane spectator, 'Though you can swim well, you may be seized with the cramp;' and Second Thoughts may be seen scampering off along the banks of the river, on a benevolent search for assistance half a mile off. Before this has been attained it has become useless, and then another thought arises—'Perhaps I had better know nothing at all about the affair thus accidentally witnessed, or I may get blamed for inhumanity which was but common prudence—rheumatism's no joke.' This is another disadvantage attendant upon second thoughts—they lead to third; and these in turn to suggestions darker and darker—and so on to things without number that are no thoughts at all, until the mind becomes a prey to indecision, and exhausts itself in the conviction that it cannot be stable unless it is shifting, and that the way to be continually right, is to be abandoning one wrong position for another."

INDIAN TALES. BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.*

APART from their merit as stories, Mr. Percy St. John's productions have the great advantage of being records derived from personal observation. This makes them valuable. We learn from a cotemporary, "Mr. St. John has visited Texas, roamed through the woods, and in reality witnessed the scenes he delineates in so powerful a manner. Knowing that he has sailed upon salt water—worn a cocked hat upon the deck of a man of war; that he has handled the rifle, the paddle and the musket, and for aught we know danced the bear, the scalp, or the

* The Enchanted Rock, by Percy B. St. John. London: Hayward and Adam.—The Trapper's Bride, &c. Second Edition. Ditto ditto.

buffalo dance—his narratives acquire a zest and interest which would not otherwise belong to them.”

Utility is thus added to the mere amusement of the tales, and this quality must always make them suitable books for the young. The tale of *The Trapper's Bride* has already been noticed in our pages; the *Rose of Ouisconsin* contained in the same volume is however the ablest as a narrative. It opens thus :

“Somewhere between the *Prairie du Chien* and the celebrated Falls of St. Anthony is a small expanse of water, which, though nameless in the annals of geographers, was yet not very many years ago known to the Indians as Cedar Lake.

“Cedar Lake is some four miles in circumference, of an oblong form ; and it is to the extreme point of its eastern extent, where it is fed by the waters of Sycamore Creek, that we must now endeavour to transport the fancy of our readers. To the left rose a lofty hill, clothed in a garb of sombre green, which, sweeping down to within two hundred feet of the water's edge, ended in an abrupt hollow of exquisite verdure, but unspotted by tree or bush, and then sloped upward again, until, when the creek was reached, the ground had attained the form of cliffs beetling over the water, with a graceful fringe of cotton-wood, buffalo, and other bushes, which rendered objects on that side completely invisible from the opposite bank. It was the end of May, and at early dawn ; myriads of those bright-plumed choristers that throng the teeming woods of the American continent were giving full play to their untutored melody, a herd of deer were gently cropping the velvet sward, while the fall of the cataract, which united the waters of the creek and the lake, sounded with the solemn unvarying tone which emanates from all things that we are conscious have been in action since the creation.

“Suddenly, the deer raised their heads, pricked up their keen and timid ears, listened one moment, and then, evidently alarmed at the approach of some enemy, bounded off in a direction equally distant from the skirt of the forest and the bank of the stream, and, taking shelter in an island of timber, disappeared. Before the last straggler of the escaping animals had leaped within the friendly concealment afforded by a sycamore grove, a man stepped forth from the long arches of the forest, and, kneeling, levelled a rifle in the direction of the game. Satisfied, however, of the uselessness of a shot at the distance which intervened between him and his promised victims, he reserved his fire, and, shouldering the deadly arm of the backwoodsman, walked leisurely across the green hollow, musing and gazing at the scene around him.

“He was a young man, of that lofty stature which is more common in the western states of America than perhaps in any country in the world. Of powerful make, his form had all the elegance of one nurtured in the ease of a town life, with the sunburnt complexion and rude garb of the hunter. His face was handsome ; but though exposure had darkened his naturally fair skin, it had not attained that weatherbeaten appearance which years of toil in the open air alone give, but which never so rapidly manifests itself to landmen as it does unto those who have the effects

of alternate heat and cold, sun, rain, and wind, upon the changing bosom of the ocean. A tunic of deer-skin, open at the breast, showing off the red hunting-shirt, and ornamented at the edges with blue fringe; a dog-skin cap set jauntily on the side of the head, and confined by a leathern thong; dark-brown hair curling thickly and hanging to his shoulders; leggings and mocassins, with powder-belt, shot-pouch, brandy-flask, and a little axe—such were the outward ornaments of the stranger. Good humour and intelligence beamed in his face, with a slight tinge of obstinacy showing itself in the expression of the mouth. How far physiognomy gave a true index to his character, will presently be seen. . . .

“When about half a dozen yards from the edge of the bank, the hunter happening to raise his eyes from the ground on which they had been resting, his face gave token first of astonishment, and then was suffused by that look of caution and alarm which even the bravest must feel at the approach of a danger at the same time unexpected and fearful. Rising above the edge of the bank, and evidently proceeding from the opposite side, curled a scarcely perceptible column of thin blue smoke, which to any but the practised eye of a woodman would have been invisible.

“Restraining a low whistle which at the first impulse was about to burst from his lips, Henry Folthorpe walked up to the edge of the bank, carefully screening himself behind the bushes, which rose so high as to prevent his catching the slightest glimpse of what was beyond. He now paused, and proceeded slowly, and without the slightest evidence of anxiety, to disencumber himself of everything which could in any way impede his movements. His rifle was laid gently against the fork of a sapling, his hatchet, knife, horn, &c., were deposited, with his cap, at its foot, and then, closing the breast of his tunic so as to conceal his red hunting-shirt, he prepared to investigate the cause of his alarm. Lying flat upon the ground, he crept with the slowness of the serpent beneath the bushes, and, soon emerging from the thick gloom of his sinuous pathway, nought but a few tufts of grass concealed him from any eye which might have been upraised. His body motionless as a felled log of wood, his eye slowly took in all the features of the scene below.

“The position occupied by the young hunter was some twenty feet above the level of the opposite bank, and about as much higher up the creek than the cataract. Opposite to him was a little cove, formed by a reflux of such portion of the stream as, catching the edge of the narrow gap through which alone the waters could find vent, was forced back in a constant eddy. The cove was of semicircular form, of very small dimensions, and closely surrounded by the forest, save one little spot beneath an outspreading oak. This was a rich green sward, reaching to the very brink of the water, which lay about a foot perpendicular below. Here sat an Indian girl, alone, and evidently in a sad and contemplative mood.

“About sixteen, fairer than was wont, she seemed, both in features and complexion, to have white blood in her veins. Her dress, however, was wholly Indian. Her head was bare, while over one shoulder.

and under the other arm, was drawn an elegant mountain sheep-skin cloak, leaving one half of her neck and bosom bare. Porcupine-quills edged the garment, while ornaments of elks' teeth, and others of similar character, were profusely scattered over its surface. As she sat, this covered her to the knees, and, from thence down, leggings and moccasins completed her attire.

"Before her lay the lake, seemingly, however, but two rivers branching from the Sycamore Falls—an island, thickly covered with willow that hung into the water, giving it this appearance. It was a calm and placid scene, of which the Indian girl appeared the presiding genius. Behind her, and to the right of Henry Folthorpe, were the numerous wigwams of the aborigines at some distance from the water. It was plainly a permanent village, as the buffalo-skin tents were surrounded by a stockade. Without the shelter of this rampart sat, round a diminutive fire, thirty-two Indians, evidently just returned from a war-party, many of them being wounded, and all bearing marks of a long and fatiguing journey. Henry Folthorpe knew them at once to be Sioux. Women and children, the former occupied in their laborious duties, the latter playing, filled the background." pp. 75—83.

The girl is a prisoner with the Sioux; and the young man, deeply interested in her fate, resolves, with Black Kettle an Indian, to rescue her. Harry is engaged to Alice Murray, who loves another. These two features form the principal interest of the narrative, which contains an evening on the lake.

"It was a dark night; no gentle moon shed her dim blue radiance on the dancing waters, and, the whole journey being performed without a word, Harry had ample leisure to notice, as far as the gloom would allow him, the picturesque nature of the locality on which he had happened. The lake was dotted with islands, some low and flat, and almost unapproachable, from the quantity of sawgrass, as high as a man's head, which surrounded them, while others, mound-like, rose black against the sky, a dark mass of foliage. Little bays, deeply indented in the forest, projecting necks of land, one or two little rippling streams, and then myriads of fish leaping at times above the water, and overhead flocks of wild fowl flying to roost upon the islands, were all pleasing pictures in this night landscape."

The gathering of the surprise party—the night attack of the Whites, Tuscavoras, and Winnebagoes on the Sioux—the desperate encounters—the devoted affection of the Rose of Oniscousin, are all features described, as has been said, "in style so vivid as to approach the finest delineations of the author of the *Last of the Mohicans*." The following is a very peculiar opening to a battle scene:

"The spot was lovely in the extreme. On each side of the small stream, utterly motionless in its course to all appearance, with the moon sheathing its surface with silvery hue, with cotton-wood, huckle-berry and willow pendant in the water, and high trees raising their proud

heads aloft, it looked a very fairy domain, snatched whilome from the nether spheres. The all but silent dip of the paddle in the bayou was the sole sound, save the low musical breathing of coming wind, just sighing o'er the tree-tops."

"The Enchanted Rock," just published, has been received with enthusiasm by the press. We are told that "this Comanche legend is written in a style so simple and yet so fresh, truthful and picturesque, that it carries the reader along with an irresistible charm." The story of the Enchanted Rock is founded upon a somewhat simple plot—possessed, however, of a certain dash of mystery in its composition, quite sufficient to enlist the interest of the reader at the outset, and maintain it uninterrupted to the end.

THE NEW TIMON. A ROMANCE OF LONDON.*

"*Aut Bulwer—aut Diabolus*," exclaims a critic; we wonder he did not add, *aut Cæsar—aut nullus*. Be this as it may, let Sir Bulwer Lytton, Cæsar, Satan, or no one, be entitled to the authorship of *The New Timon*, nothing since the days of Byron's great satirical effort has made so much noise. It is so rare for poetry, true poetry, be it known, to appear on the world's stage, now-a-days, that every advent of promise is hailed by us with delight. Every epic, ballad, tragedy, play, is welcomed with hopeful enthusiasm, for it is in the eminence of her poets, in the fire of genius poured forth in the voice of song, in the bubbling forth of the well of undefiled verse, that Literature takes its highest stand. Since Byron, we have had no great poet—none whose name will ring in the world's ears a century after the age. But five stand pre-eminent in the whole history of English literature—Shakespeare, Milton, Byron. Chaucer and Spenser hold place beside them. None can claim to sit on Mount Parnassus, in high places, but them. There are many men who, driven by similar circumstances, would be Hampdens again; but we doubt if poets lie concealed in nooks and corners, unknown and unnoticed. Indeed in all things we believe that talent and genius find their way in the end; and we can lay it to our heart with credit, that to the cold grave there have gone few men, who, but for the world's injustice, would have held place beside the great quintet. We know that there are Miltons, Shakespeares, and Byrons in every clique. Burns is an instance of this, though the clique is here Scotland. Moore is another; the sister isle being not the party in fault, but a host of injudicious critics. Not that we deny their great,

* In Four Parts. London: Colburn. Parts I. and II.

their very great merit; but we nevertheless—and posterity will affirm our verdict—consider them, with many others, vastly overrated.

Every man who moves in literary society will hear each day of some one poet, painter, novelist, or philosopher, whose genius is firmly believed in by a little knot of men and women. Their productions are cried up as exquisite; and mankind generally are considered as malignant in not sympathising in this view of matters. The fact is, mankind in general will only accord merit where merit is due; and hence numerous reputations of cliques fritter their hour upon the stage, die, and are forgotten. Of second and third-rate poets we have had many, and this is no mean praise. In poetry, to be second or third-rate, is to be great; as poetry, of all kinds of composition, requires the most of art, skill, and the leaven of genius. There are now living many who take a high, a very high stand, but none threaten to weaken the hallowed strength of the great names. We think the author of the poem before us need bow his head to none of his competitors. He has many of the first requisites of his art. His mind is elevated and pure; his diction terse, vigorous, and mellifluous; there is thought, ideality, in his lines; and, in addition, a quality which in these days will be a great recommendation—his narrative is full of interest. There is much too of satire, keen, caustic, and severe—witness that on O'Connell—in the work. In a word, we think it a production which will have a wide and lasting reputation. It may be read by all. It has much of the Byronic keen and subtle wit; his elegant flow, his rapid perception of things remote and far off, with none of his less agreeable qualities. To all indeed who admire the great bard of the age, the New Timon will be a welcome and delightful study. It opens thus:—

“O'er royal 'London' in luxuriant May,
While lamps yet twinkled, dawning crept the day.
Home from the hell the pale-eyed gamester steals.
Home from the ball flash jaded Beauty's wheels;
The lean grimalkin, who, since night began,
Hath hymn'd to love amidst the wrath of man,
Scared from his raptures by the morning star,
Flits finely by, and threads the area bar.
From fields suburban rolls the early cart.”—Page 1.

In St. James's street, sits a

“homeless wanderer—with calm eyes
Looking through tears, yet lifted to the skies.”

A stranger passes by, and after a short converse with the poor girl, the rich man invites her to his dwelling, and gives her over to

the care of his sister. The girl has never known a father: of her mother we hear as follows:

"Here, one proud refuge from a world's disdain,
Here, the lost empress half resumes her reign;—
Here, the deep-fallen Eve sees Eden's skies
Smile on the desert from the cherubs' eyes!
Sweet to each human heart the right to love,
But 'tis the deluge consecrates the dove;
And haply scorn yet more the child endears,
Cradled in misery, and baptized with tears."—*Page 8.*

The mother dies, and

"They thrust some scanty pence into her palm,
And led her forth, scarce marv'ling at her calm;
And bade her work, not beg—be good, and shun
All bad companions;—so their work was done,
And the wreck left to drift amidst the roar
Of the Great Ocean with the rocky shore."—*Page 12.*

The stranger whose pity raises her from want to comfort, is Morvale, the son of a half-caste father and an English mother, who hates and abandons him on account of his colour, and only pardons her child when herself dying. She bequeaths to him a sister by a second husband, who shares in part, while loving her brother, her antipathy. The picture of the gloomy Morvale is very fine, and the following very Byronic:—

"The eternal quack upon the itinerant stage,—
This the 'good Public,' that 'the enlightened Age,'—
Ready alike to worship and revile,—
To build the altar, or to light the pile;
Now 'Down with Stuart and the Reign of Sin,'
Now 'Long live Charles the Second and Nell Gwynne,'
Now mad for patriots, hot for revolution,—
Now all for hanging and the Constitution."—*Page 16.*

Morvale's mother left him poor, but

"One day a man who call'd his father friend,
Told o'er his rupees, and perceived his end.
Life's business done—a million made—what still
Remained on earth, Wealth's last caprice—a will.
The man was childless—but the world was wide:
He thought on Morvale—made his will,—and died.
They sought and found the unsuspecting heir,
Crouch'd in the shade that near'd the tiger's lair;
His gun beside,—the jungle round him,—wild,
Lawless and fierce as Hagar's wandering child.—
To this fresh nature the sleek life deceas'd
Left the bright plunder of the ravaged East.
Much wealth brings want—that hunger of the heart,
Which comes when Nature man deserts for Art:

His northern blood, his English name, create
Strife in the soul, till then resigned to fate."—*Page 20.*

The brother hopes, by the reunion with his sister, to regain the peace of mind of which he has been robbed by his mother's antipathy and the world's prejudice; however,

"Certes, to those who might more closely mark,
That dove brought nought of gladness to his ark.
No loving step, to meet him homeward, flew;
Still at his voice her pale cheek paler grew.
The greeting kiss—the tender trustful talk,—
Arm linked in arm—the dear familiar walk,—
The sweet domestic interchange of cares,
Memories and hopes—this union was not theirs."—*Page 23.*

Lucy, the stranger, in fact proves the dove in the ark; and of her sweet influence we have a most charming description:

"The presence of this gentle third one brought
Respite to memory, gave fresh play to thought;
And as some child to strifeful parents sent,
Laps the long discord in its own content,
This happy creature seem'd to reach that home,
To say—'Love enters where the guileless come!'
It was not mirth—for mirth she was too still;
It was not wit—wit leaves the heart more chill;
But that continuous sweetness, which with ease
Pleases all round it, from the wish to please,—
This was the charm that Lucy's smile bestowed;
The wave's fresh ripple from deep fountains flowed—
Below, exhaustless gratitude,—above,
Woman's meek temper, childhood's ready love."—*Page 27.*

We omit the political portraits that now intervene, because they have been quoted everywhere—but select one touch:

"Lo where atilt a friend—if barr'd from foe—
He scours the ground, and volunteers the blow,
And, tired with conquest over Dan and Snob,
Plants a sly bruiser on the nose of Bob.
Decorous Bob, too friendly to reprove,
Suggests fresh fighting in the next remove,
And prompts his chum, in hopes the vein to cool,
To the prim benches of the Upper School."—*Page 36.*

One day Lucy and the sister, who is suffering from sickness, are alone: several persons pass before the window; none produce any effect upon her mind, though most of them are celebrities of the day; but

"Yet, what matter to ourselves the great?
What the heart touches—that controls our fate!
From the full galaxy we turn to one,—
Dim to all else, but to ourselves the sun;

And still, to each, some poor, obscurest life
 Breathes all the bliss, or kindles all the strife.
Wake up the countless dead,—ask every ghost
 Whose influence tortured or consoled the most—
 How each pale spectre of the host would turn
 From the fresh laurel and the glorious urn,
 To point where rests beneath a nameless stone
 Some heart in which had ebb'd and flow'd its own! "—Page 38.

At length one passes, causing an electric start, and then Calantha faints, her head concealing some relic that is hid in her bosom. She revives to lie on a sick-bed. Her brother visits her.—

"Yet oft the while, to watch without the door,
 The brother's step creeps noiseless o'er the floor;
 There meekly waits, until the welcome ray
 Of Lucy's smile gives comfort to the day,—
 Till Lucy's whisper murmurs, 'Be of cheer,'
 And Pity dupes Affection's willing ear.
 Once, and but once, within the room he crept,
 When all was silent, and they deemed she slept.
 Not softer to the infant's cradle steals
 The mother's step;—she hears not, yet she feels
 As by strange instinct the approach;—her frame
 Convulsed and shuddering as he nearer came;
 Till the wild cry, the waving hand, convey
 The frantic prayer,—so bitter to obey;
 And with stern brow, belying the wrung heart,
 And voiceless lips compest, he turns him to depart." pp.40,41.

Such is the matter of the First Part; and enough has been given to prove the poem possessed of high claims to notice. We shall, when the whole four are before us, return to the subject, but may now mention that the Second Part seems to promise the clearing up of Lucy's mysterious parentage. It is less fervid and vigorous, however, than the opening.

THE PLOUGH.*

WHATEVER may be our opinion of the Corn Laws, or the policy of affording protection to home-grown grain, either by a fixed or sliding scheme of duty, we cannot but take an earnest interest in all that concerns the Plough. It is connected, both in name and in substance, with the earliest impressions of our homes; and is the symbol of the most ancient of our national pursuits.

* The Plough, a Journal of Agricultural and Rural Affairs. London, Longman & Co.

The publication before us makes its appearance very opportunely. It stands forward as the champion of the plough; and it advocates its cause with much zeal and great ability. We will not, however, touch upon its political pretensions. It possesses a more extended claim to popularity in its scientific and general merits. These are especially adapted to the present day. Whatever may become of the Corn Laws, it is obvious, from the signs and tendencies of the times, that the agriculturists must prepare for competition. As Sir Robert Peel remarks in his address to the Tamworth Agricultural Association, the science of agriculture must "keep moving." Agriculturists, in advocating and defending their just rights, must not seek to adapt the age to their pursuits, but their pursuits to the age. They are undoubtedly susceptible of very extensive improvements. To work out these improvements, whether in the cultivation of stock or of the soil, should be an object of universal emulation; and, in pursuing it, it would be impossible to imagine a more useful auxiliary than the periodical before us.

The notice of *The Plough*, and its accompanying illustration, which appropriately open the first number of the work, will be read with interest. The Editor is an admirer of Sir Humphrey Davy, and, in the introduction, he acknowledges that "Davy was in advance of his age." From another and subsequent article, on "*The Philosophy of Agriculture*," we make the following extract:—

"Through the discoveries of the late Sir Humphrey Davy, a great revolution has taken place in the science of chemistry during the present century. Chemical philosophers, particularly Sir H. Davy, Dr. Faraday, Berzelius, Liebig, and Dr. Gregory, have discovered that all substances in nature may be reduced to about 56 bodies purely elementary in themselves; and that many of these have metallic bases, such as potass, soda, lime, the metals being potassium, sodium, and calcium; these are more or less all to be found in soils, but generally in combination with sulphuric, muriatic (hydrochloric), phosphoric, and carbonic acids; but out of these, there are only about a dozen connected directly with the interests of the farmer. The gases forming the atmosphere and water are of great importance to the agriculturist. To such of you to whom chemistry has hitherto been a sealed volume, the expressions employed by chemists will no doubt appear strange. I lament to say that modern chemists, while they, on the one hand, display great talent in their researches into the phenomena of nature, and in one way simplify the science, yet, on the other, they make it more difficult for the general student, on account of the abstruse technical expressions they employ, and which are all derived from the Greek and Latin languages. A little study, however, will soon make you acquainted with them. One of the most extensively diffused elements in nature is oxygen (for the old division of the elements into four parts—viz. earth, air, fire, and

water,—is incorrect, each of them being a combination of many). Now oxygen is a gaseous body, equally essential to animal and vegetable life; as a proof of this, take a plant and a small animal, and place each of them under a separate bell-shaped glass. Both plants and animals when living inspire oxygen from the atmosphere, and expire carbonic acid gas. The mouse and plant will each inspire the oxygen which was in the bell glass at the time they were placed in captivity; but no sooner is that gas exhausted, and the space occupied by carbon, than they both droop, and death gradually takes place. Again, oxygen is a supporter of combustion: this you can demonstrate by placing a tumbler over a candle; and by the fact that the parlour fire always burns brighter during the fine frosty day, than when it is damp and humid, because the oxygen acts directly on the fire, without the other elements composing the atmosphere requiring decomposition. The air we breathe is composed of

Oxygen	21 parts
Hydrogen	79
Carbon	a trace,

and presses at the rate of 15 lbs. on every square inch, and is 45 miles in height.

"Thus we see that oxygen constitutes one-fifth of the atmosphere, about eight-ninths of water, while in all earthy matters it contains about one-half. In nine parts of water, we find eight parts of oxygen, with one of hydrogen. The gas which, next to oxygen, is so important in the mineral kingdom, and which has so great an influence on vegetables, and enters largely into their composition, is nitrogen; and, as I have stated, it forms four-fifths of the atmosphere; it is extensively found, like carbon, in all animal and fleshy bodies; but carbon also forms a considerable portion of all our coal formations. Analyze minerals, and you discover one-half of oxygen; and all animals contain great quantities of nitrogen. Analyze the ashes of trees and plants, and you will find plenty of carbon. Bones, so extensively employed as manure, are valuable for their phosphate of lime, and other chemical properties they possess. We give plants water to supply them with oxygen, which is extracted by all plants. Phosphoric acid is also necessary for the support of vegetable life; no seed-producing plant can arrive at maturity without it, and which must be either given to it in the form of powdered bones, or in some other shape."—pp. 42, 43.

We may mention, in conclusion, that this Number of the Magazine is enriched with two articles from the pen of Professor Donaldson.

POST MAGAZINE ALMANACK.

This is a well-conceived and cleverly-executed little work, full of valuable information and useful memoranda. It has now enjoyed a long run of popular favour, and, amidst a host of competitors, still maintains its ground.

HOOD'S MAGAZINE.

NELL GWYNNE,

OR,

THE COURT OF THE STUARTS:

An Historical Romance.

ARGUMENT.

THE history opens in London, during the reign of Charles the Second, and in the year 1684. At the Court, Louise Renée de Queroaile, formerly a servant to the Duchess of Orleans, the King's sister, and now Duchess of Portsmouth, was the reigning star; and the Government was in the hands of the Duke of York. The Duke of Buckingham, said to possess "the form and genius of Alcibiades," was no longer supreme. The Duke of Monmouth was the leading noble; and, in the background, the Duke of Ormonde, whom Burnet, with a negative commendation, describes to have maintained "at least the forms of religion," still enjoyed a share of the Monarch's favour. General society was infected with the corruptions of the Court. Justice was a mere name: Religion a scandal; and Catholics, Churchmen, and Puritans, of every age and class, seemed alike uninfluenced by its spirit and precepts.

The First Reign.

CHARLES THE SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

DEVIL'S ALLEY, AND WHAT FELL OUT THERE ON THE EVE OF ST. HILARY, 1684

AT one end of the Temple, near the river, there anciently stood a long, narrow, and rugged passage, which, from its connecting the Temple-Gardens with the sanctuary of Whitefriars, and from its own grim and gloomy aspect, was known by the cant name of Devil's Alley. It was bounded on either side, from the verge of the gardens to the postern of the sanctuary, or, rather, to the archway which opened on the postern, by a row of lumberly, gable-roofed houses, principally occupied by usurious scriveners; and it seemed, if examined attentively, to be not unsuited to this class of denizens. There was, in-

deed, something in its frowning doorways, dirty windows, and tiled gables, (which were apparently ready to topple over, at a moment's warning,) that might well be associated with hidden hoards, and worm-eaten parchments; and it was probably for this reason, more than any other, that it was known better by its cant name, than by its proper one.

The passage was nowhere more than a dozen feet wide; but, in order to make the most of this space, the doorways on one side of the court, nearest the river, were pushed out from the main building, and supported an abutting structure above. As evil spirits are said to flourish most in darkness, it is possible that, in the first instance, this arrangement was designed to exclude the light, and, so far as the interiors were affected, it was most successful. On more than one occasion, however, it was made to answer other purposes, and such was the case on that which opens this history.

It was on the eve of St. Hilary, 1684, and about the hour of nine, that two men posted themselves in the alley, under cover of one of these abutments, with a view to an ambuscade. It was so dark, that it was impossible, if they were even looked for, to distinguish their persons, or to trace more than their outlines. They both were powerful-looking men, however,—though one of them, who was in the more sheltered position, was much shorter than the other, and, to all appearance, less athletic. Each of them was wrapped in an ample cloak, which might be worn as well for the purpose of disguise, as to protect him from the weather. This was in the highest degree inclement. The cold was intense; the rain fell in torrents, and, every now and then, a loud peal of thunder, which seemed to make the neighbouring houses totter, burst overhead.

The men were silent for some minutes, when the shorter of the two, who has been mentioned as being the less exposed to the weather, uttered a low imprecation.

"*Patienza, bona signore!*" answered his companion, "Art not content to be revenged?"

"If thou hast misled me, Master Colonel, I will be revenged indeed," returned the first speaker,—“thou art Blood by nature, and, by my honour, I will have blood out of thee!”

Colonel Blood—for so the taller ruffian was called—met this threat with a low chuckle.

"Marry, if thou think it a jest, thou wilt find it a sharp one, Monsieur Colonel," pursued the speaker.

"Nay, 'twas an empty jest, good Lordship, a cruel, scurvy jest," murmured Blood, "thou mad'st mention of thine honour, and by Carolus, if thou hast it in thy pouch, I should be well pleased with a view of it. My Lord Oxford's honour must be a marvel."

"Shall I poniard you?" demanded the Earl of Oxford, for the first speaker was no other.

"Thou would'st rather give me a purse of gold," replied Blood, "but speak fair words, my lord; all is well, I warrant thee."

"It may be, the girl, who is no amazon, will not venture forth in this storm," rejoined Oxford;—"it is no night for a woman to be abroad."

"You forget it is life or death, signore," said the Colonel, "but, trust me, you shall yet carry off the lady-bird, and we will see her old knave of a father, who has baffled us so long, dangling at Tyburn."

Oxford, whether he entertained this expectation, or not, made no reply, and they remained silent for several minutes. Oxford was then about to speak, but while the words were yet on his lips, the figure of a third person was seen in the alley, at the end opening on the Temple-Gardens, whose approach induced him to pause.

The stranger came onward at his best speed. Like the two ruffians, he was wrapped in a long cloak, which amply protected him from the weather; but, in his progress forward, it somewhat impeded his movements. His pace, however, was still rapid, though his bearing was irresolute. But almost breathless, convulsed with agitation, which probably arose from a knowledge of the evil repute of the neighbourhood, and with his long hair streaming on the wind, he never once paused, but, keeping to the centre of the passage, rushed desperately on.

He had advanced midway towards the sanctuary-postern, when the two ruffians, who had been impatiently watching his approach, sprang out from their covert, and brought him to a halt.

The youth—for such he appeared to be—uttered a shrill scream.

"Now, Colonel, tie up her mouth!" said Oxford. "Quick, or we'll have the Friars about us."

"Help!" screamed the youth. "Oh, spare me, sirs, for the love of Heaven!"

"Tie up her mouth!" muttered Oxford to his accomplice.

The individual addressed, dropping his hold of the youth's arm, which seemed to be sufficiently secure in the grasp of Oxford, proceeded to fulfil this injunction. In the meanwhile, the youth continued to cry for help; and at the same time (though with little effect), struggled to throw off the hold of his ruffianly detainer. His efforts, however, grew more and more feeble, and he was evidently just sinking from exhaustion, or, it might be, from terror, when a fourth person dashed up to the spot.

"Soh! what's here?" he demanded.

"If thou art a man, save me!" screamed the youth, in broken accents.

The stranger seemed not unqualified to lend him succour. Flinging back his mantle, he seized Oxford by the throat, and, with one resolute swing, threw him to the ground. As he did so, the youth, whether drawn down by Oxford, or overcome by exhaustion, also fell, and lay stretched at his feet. Before he could turn to raise him, he was assailed by Blood.

The Cavalier, who was yet hardly prepared, skipped aside from Blood's first thrust, but quickly returned to the charge. They both were skilful swordsmen, and possessed of a vigorous frame; but the contest, when it had fairly begun, was not long in doubt. Seizing a favourable instant, the Cavalier, by a well-directed stroke, dealt Blood a cut over his sword-arm; and, as he was parrying a second thrust, the weapon dropped from his hand.

He turned to flee; but, being hard pressed by the Cavalier, he drew forth a pistol, and fired.

Fortunately, the darkness was so dense, and his nerve so shaken, that he could not take a correct aim, and the ball passed through the Cavalier's hat. But though, from this happy circumstance, it did him no harm, it brought him to a stand, and, with his rear thus covered, Blood was able to effect a retreat.

Oxford, whose cowardice equalled his villany, had already taken flight; and, on wheeling round, the Cavalier found himself without an opponent. Assured of his security, he turned to the youth whom he had rescued, and who, seemingly unable to rise, was still lying at his feet.

"Now, boy! thou art safe!" he cried. "Get on thy way, and God speed thee!"

The youth made no reply, and, stooping down, the Cavalier perceived that he had swooned. In this dilemma, he glanced at the contiguous houses, on either side of the alley, as if in quest of a refuge. But, though the hour was not late, none of them revealed any light, or the least sign of being inhabited.

He hesitated a moment; and then, with a prodigious display of strength, caught the youth in his arms, and, thus freighted, bent his steps towards the neighbouring sanctuary.

He paused at the outlet from the alley; for though, being almost a stranger to London, he was ignorant of the character of the place to which it led, the archway before him had such a dismal aspect, and was so completely involved in darkness, that it seemed to forbid ingress. As he hesitated, a flash of lightning crossed his eyes, and, for a moment, illumined the passage. Remembering the condition of his unconscious burthen, he darted down a flight of steps before him, and through an adjacent postern, into the main street of Whitefriars.

CHAPTER II.

WHEREIN THE YOUNG CAVALIER ENTERS ALSATIA, AND AN ACCOUNT IS GIVEN OF WHAT ENSUED.

ALTHOUGH, in consequence of its peculiar privileges, every inch of ground in Whitefriars, or, as it was more generally called, *Alsatia*, was of great value, the locality which the cavalier now entered, presented a very dilapidated and ruinous aspect. The ravages of the Great Fire, which had reduced London almost to ashes, were traceable at every step; and though, here and there, an apartment or two had been rendered tenable, the upper stories of the houses were principally both roofless and windowless, and, in the day-time, some of them presented nothing but black and naked walls. The road was torn with deep holes, now filled with rain; and fragments of building material, such as stone and brick, lay scattered about, which, in the dark, rendered progress no easy matter. Owing to the prevailing storm, the street was for the moment deserted, and the cavalier, as he marked this fact, looked in vain for a light, or some trace of human habitation. But, though he could see no light, a few paces brought him to a house, which, though an absolute ruin above, had the lower window guarded by shutters, and was further furnished with a stout-looking door. Considering these particulars, in comparison with the aspect of the neighbouring houses, to convey an intimation that there was an occupant, he here came to a pause, and, still holding the youth he had rescued firmly in his arms, dealt several smart kicks against the door.

"Make off!" cried a voice within, which was evidently that of a female, "or I'll treat you to a bullet."

"Open the door, I implore you," answered the cavalier. "If you would save a life, open the door?"

"And lose my own life?" returned the woman. "But, come, I'll have no parley with you. If you've any errand for Nell Gwynne, go to his worship, the Rum-dumber, at the sign of the King's Head. Make off, now!"

"I entreat you, have pity!" rejoined the Cavalier, "or pity will come too late. The boy seems dead already."

A low moan here broke from the youth.

"That sounds honest," cried the voice within "and I'll even open the door. But mind, if you mean ill, I am well armed, and his worship will revenge me."

As she uttered these words, she was heard to draw back a bolt, or some other fastening, and the door, after a premonitory creak, was then drawn open.

With his unconscious burthen folded close to his bosom, the Cavalier sprang through the aperture, and the person who admitted him, and who made room for his passage, instantly closed and secured the door.

She was a young woman, apparently about nineteen years of age; and though her attire, if it deserved that name, was of the humblest description, she possessed such exquisite and extraordinary beauty, that it commanded immediate notice. She was scarcely above the middle height, but her figure, from her shoulders downwards, was so gracefully moulded, and so harmoniously proportioned, that she appeared much taller. Her hair was of the purest auburn, suiting admirably with her complexion, which was fair in the extreme; and though it had evidently been dressed in what was called a top-knot, then much in vogue, part of it fell in curls over one of her shoulders—seeming to rival it in brightness. Her eyes, now fixed on the cavalier, were of a deep blue, fringed with long silken lashes; and with her sunny lips, and pure complexion, rendered her a charming personation of English beauty.

As she turned away from the door, the Cavalier, glancing round, observed that her waist was circled by a leather belt, from which on one side, dangled a dagger, while the other holstered a pistol. Slightly smiling at this warlike exhibition, he beckoned her forward.

"This poor unfortunate, I see," he said, drawing her attention to the still insensible youth, "is no boy, but a girl."

It needed but one glance at that lovely face, now pale as death, and almost as devoid of animation, to confirm what he said, and show that the fair sufferer was indeed a girl. Her attire, however, was that of a page; and, under the cover of night, her long cloak and slouched hat, which the cavalier had just thrown aside, might pass her off for such. In the light, her disguise, as has been seen, was ineffective.

Eleanor, or Nell Gwynne, (by which name the occupant of the hovel had announced herself,) though residing in a neighbourhood where disguises were not uncommon, manifested a degree of surprise at this discovery; and after a glance at the features and dress of the lady, turned a look of inquiry on the cavalier.

His appearance was not calculated to impress her unfavourably. He was full six feet high; and his form and limbs, so far as his mantle allowed them to be seen, corresponded with his stature. His countenance was remarkably handsome; and though, by some tastes, it might be thought too deeply browned, its complexion was ruddy and vigorous. Beneath his mantle, which was of brown cloth, bound and collared with fur, he wore a scarlet riding-jacket, embroidered with gold; and this, with a

Spanish hat, and black plume, a pair of slashed hose, buff topped boots, and long buff gloves rising almost to his elbow, gave him a martial aspect. His bearing also was soldierly, and a long cut-and-thrust sword, with a dagger and a brace of pistols which were visible at his waist, showed that he was not a stranger to the use of arms.

He answered Nell's look of inquiry, which was not unmingled with suspicion, on the instant.

"I know not who she is," he said, "I found her struggling with two ruffians, and, of course, I drew for her. Can you offer her no restorative?"

Nell, with an appearance of earnest sympathy, bent over the unconscious girl, as if to ascertain her ailment. At this moment a slight spasm passed over her face; and her eyes, which hitherto had been fast closed, opened.

"Where am I?" she murmured. "Gracious Heaven, save me!" she added with a shudder.

"Thou *art* saved!" said the Cavalier. "Be of good heart."

The young lady—for such she was—looked up as he spoke, but quickly averted her gaze; and, with an appalling manifestation of horror, threw her arms round Nell.

"Let him not harm me!" she faltered. "Oh! let him not harm me, mistress, I beseech thee!"

"Fear not!" answered Nell, comprehending the cause of her terror. "'Tis he who delivered thee!"

The lady wheeled round directly, and, no longer influenced by terror, turned a glance on the Cavalier's face. It was a glance that, once seen, could never be forgotten.

"Words cannot tell, brave sir, what I owe thee," she said; "how can they convey my thanks?"

"Prithee no more of it," replied the cavalier. "I am right glad I chanced to be at hand."

The young lady, reassured by his tone, was about to make some further observation, when a noise without induced her to pause. Several footsteps drew up before the door; and voices, subdued at first, but which afterwards were more distinct, were heard conversing. Before the inmates could more fully collect themselves, or conceive what was meant, one of these voices invited them to a parley.

"So-ho, there!" cried the speaker. "Nell!—Nell Gwynne, so-ho!"

Nell, who had just before looked quite composed, changed colour.

"They seek *you*!" she said to the Cavalier. "There will, I'm afraid, be bloody work here."

"No! no!" faltered the young lady. "It is *me* they seek!"

Both Nell and the Cavalier, as by a preconcerted understanding, turned their eyes on her face.

"Yes, it is me!" she continued; "and yet, even now, when escape seems hopeless, I dare not tell you who I am. I would to God I could die now, so that *he* were saved!"

"I know not who you are, mistress," observed the Cavalier; "but it is apparent to me, from what I have seen, that these persons have no just right to offer you hindrance. So far, therefore, as my single arm will go, I will hold you safe."

"You are mad, Cavalier!" remarked Nell. "That rabble there, whom you seem to despise so, would tear out your very heart. But there is a way for you both to escape, if you will. You see that trap-door! It opens to a cellar, from which, if this young mistress will keep up her courage, you may get clear off. The only thing is, that in the interim, you must force the door, and overtake you."

"What time will it take to escape?" asked the Cavalier.

"Ten minutes," said Nell.

"Then, you and the lady go!" returned the Cavalier, "I will hold the passage for you, against any numbers that come, for that space."

There was no time to deliberate. The rabble without, having several times demanded admittance, and waited in vain for a reply, had now grown impatient, and were beginning to adopt ulterior measures. One party, headed by the spokesman, endeavoured to force the door; another made an attempt on the window-shutters; and a third, unable to approach the lower storey, called for ladders, and sought to gain ingress above.

But, notwithstanding these proceedings, and the danger and horror of their situation, neither Nell nor the young lady could hear the Cavalier's declaration, in which he devoted himself to their service, without the deepest emotion. In the young lady, indeed, it excited a kindred generosity, and, though her heart quaked with fear, she could not bring herself to accept it.

"No! no! I will not go," she said, "and leave thee to be slaughtered."

"This is no season for compliment, fair mistress," answered the Cavalier; "and therefore, I may say, in brief, that an opportunity for escape is before you, and whether you go or stay, I will remain here."

"He speaks well," observed Nell to the young lady. "I will take you off."

As she thus delivered herself, she stepped back a pace or two; and, catching up the light, disclosed the trap-door, which, from its obscure situation, had hitherto been hardly apparent. Seeing

that it was secured by an iron bar, which it would require some strength to remove, the Cavalier sprang to her assistance, and, while she held down the light, removed and raised the bar, and lifted up the trap-door. A draught of cold air, emitting a damp and unwholesome odour, rushed through the aperture, and with such violence, that both he and Nell involuntarily drew back. Its effect on the Cavalier, however, was but momentary, and quickly recovering himself, he turned away from the trap-door and passed back to the young lady.

"Now, mistress, the passage is open for you," he said. "No words, but flee!"

"I—I would first ask thy name!" faltered the young lady.

The Cavalier hesitated.

But the noise without, which had never once paused, now grew quite appalling, and, thus aroused, his hesitation vanished. Without replying to the young lady's observation, he caught her firmly by the hand, and before she could discern his purpose, drew her to the trap-door.

Nell, anticipating his intentions, had already passed through the aperture, and, no longer irresolute, was standing below with the light. She made way for the Cavalier, and, planting himself over the trap-door, he passed the young lady through, and set her on her feet below.

The poor fugitive cast one glance at his face, and then, though almost overpowered by the air, and torn with conflicting emotions, which were scarcely compatible with decision, followed Nell forward. She durst not glance around—indeed, it would have been useless; for their flickering lamp, instead of dispersing, only revealed the darkness, and they could not see a pace in their front. Moreover, the wet earth beneath, on which they trod, was so slippery and uneven, that they could hardly maintain their footing. The passage appeared to be vaulted; for they kept close to a wall; and the lady noticed, by a glance upward, that it rounded above, as if to form an arch. After they had passed about twenty feet forward, Nell, who was foremost, suddenly halted, and, turning round, gave the light to her companion.

"The rabble, I hear, have not yet gained entrance," she said. "If we can only thread the next passage, we shall come out on the Fleet river. Where do you want to go?"

"To Black-Boy Quay," replied the lady, hesitatingly.

Nell, without making any reply, again turned to the front. It now appeared, from the increased steadiness of the light, that she had paused before a door, which, with the reeking wall, formed the cellar boundary. It was secured by a chain and bolt; but these, though not without an effort, she shortly removed, and pushed the door open.

"Hold the light steady!" she whispered. "I'm going to fire."

Almost as she spoke, she drew a pistol from her girdle; and extending her hand, without any trace of agitation, or the least tremour, drew the trigger. The lady started at the report; but a loud shriek, and a quick, pattering noise, like the tread of feet, which followed it, alarmed her more.

"Come on!" said Nell. "It's only the rats!"

Again taking the light, she stepped through the doorway; and though the passage, as may be supposed, was even more difficult than before, passed rapidly on. Her companion, trembling with fear, and almost stifled by the dense atmosphere, which the stench of gunpowder had rendered more offensive, could scarcely keep up with her; but, conscious of the importance and necessity of expedition, she would not suffer herself to pause, and so dragged onward. Thus progressing, they had just become sensible, by an increased freedom of respiration, that the air was less oppressive, when, all at once, their light blew out, and they were involved in total darkness.

Nell, hitherto undaunted, uttered an exclamation of despair.

"God have mercy upon us!" ejaculated the young lady.

"There is a great outcry behind us," observed Nell; "and I think, as we hear it so well, they have broken into the house. But keep up! I spy the outlet, now—just above us. It is only a pace forward; but as it is so dark, follow me close. Here we are!"

They had, indeed, come to the end of the passage; and just above them, in their front, was a small aperture, which, from the freshness of the atmosphere, appeared to break on the open air. The ledge of the aperture was within reach, and planting her hands upon it, Nell raised herself up, and clambered through.

"I'm out!" she said. "Give me one of your hands, mistress, —place the other on the ledge, and your feet, if you can, in some chink of the wall. Now, then, up!"

Her companion, though sinking with terror, complied with her directions, and, summoning all her strength, raised herself up. She was very weak; but, with Nell's assistance, she gained the ledge, and scrambled through the aperture.

She came out in an open area, surrounded, or nearly so, by a broken wall, which was evidently the ruin of a house. This, as has been intimated, was not a rare object in Alsatia; for though several years had elapsed since the Great Fire, the immense number of buildings still in course of erection, and the scarcity of labour (for, notwithstanding a great influx of foreigners, the population had hardly yet recovered from the ravages of the Plague), confined the operations of artificers so

exclusively to other quarters, that this infamous and poverty-stricken locality was still only partially tenable. In the ruin under notice, there was a broken doorway in the wall, opposite to the outlet from the vault, to which Nell lost no time in repairing. It was very dark ; but the young lady, however far from being composed, was now somewhat reassured, and, though she stumbled at every step, followed her promptly. In a few moments they both gained the doorway.

"Mind how you tread, young mistress!" said Nell. "You see the river?"

It was almost at their feet; and the young lady, peering downward, distinguished the dark water, then flowing in a pretty broad stream, and heard it rushing past.

"At the end of this wall is a plank," said Nell, "which will lead you across. Keep close to the wall, and, if you value your life, tread carefully, for the path is barely a foot broad."

It seemed impossible, indeed, on looking out, that they could any way thread the path; but, having uttered these words, Nell stepped out. She was aware that, if she slipped, she must inevitably be drowned; for there was no shelve to the bank, and consequently, the stream was the same depth throughout. Moreover, the narrow path, if it might be called such (for it was a mere strip), was wet and slippery, and, at every tread forward, it required an effort to raise the foot again. Nell, as has been made manifest, possessed great nerve, and uncommon resolution, but, remembering her perilous situation, she could not repress a slight tremour. She moved on sideways, with her back close to the wall, and with one hand, which she strove her utmost to keep still, steadying her companion. They closed their eyes as they progressed. They feared that, even if they could maintain their footing, they would now be pursued, and probably overtaken; for the ten minutes which Nell had required for their retreat had expired. Haunted by this apprehension, the young lady, though she still bore up, was becoming more and more helpless, when Nell reached the open ground.

"Safe, at last!" she cried. "Now, good heart, keep up your courage. Here's the plank!"

She must have known the place well: for though, on gaining a firm footing, the young lady looked earnestly forward, she saw no trace of the object in question. Guided by Nell, however, she succeeded in making it out, and then prepared to cross it.

"Opposite is the doorway of a ruin," said Nell; "but it is partly cleared away. Walk ten or twelve paces straight on, and you will gain the road. Then, if you seek Black-Boy Quay, turn to the left; and still bearing leftwards, the first turning is the Quay. Quick, mistress; and mind, as you go, the plank is only for one foot!"

"And what wilt thou do, kind mistress?" faltered the young lady.

"I have, if possible, to save the Cavalier. So, quick, I pray you," answered Nell.

"At least, take this remembrance of me!" implored the lady, in broken accents. And, as she spoke, she seized Nell's hand, and thrust into it a folded purse.

"I'd sooner die!" exclaimed Nell. "Now, if you would have me save the Cavalier, quick! Give me your hand."

"The God of Israel reward thee!" cried the young lady.

She accepted Nell's hand, and, after pressing it to her lips, stepped on to the plank, and passed slowly over. Nell, with an anxious and fluttering heart, waited till she gained the opposite bank, when, without further adieu, she wheeled round, and darted off.

CHAPTER III.

CONCERNING THE FUGITIVE LADY, AND ANOTHER MYSTERIOUS PERSONAGE— AND WHAT BEFEL THEM.

WHEN the young lady gained the end of the plank, at the other side of the stream, she turned quickly round, and sought to obtain another glimpse of Nell. That person, however, assured that she could render her no farther assistance, had already disappeared, and she stood in the ruin alone.

After a little search, she easily found the broken doorway which Nell had described to her, and, cautiously picking her way, passed through. She could see no object in front; but walking straight forward, about ten or twelve paces, as she had been directed, she stumbled over the remains of a wall, which divided the ruin from the road. Though she was dreadfully agitated, she quickly regained her feet; and with a trembling step, and fluttering heart, passed into the road.

There was no sign of any one being abroad; but, fearful that she might be watched, she had no sooner gained the road, than she cast an earnest and searching glance around. As she did so, a sound like the rustling of drapery broke on her ear; and the figure of a man, wrapped in a long cloak, darted out of a contiguous recess.

The man sprang nimbly forward; but the young lady, though her knees knocked together, and almost refused to move, did not await his approach. She shot down the road at her utmost speed. Bearing steadily to the left, she shortly arrived at a sort of quay, fronting the Thames; and hence, with unabated rapidity, made her way to a small house, at its further end.

She could hardly collect herself sufficiently to knock at the door; but almost as she did knock, the door, as if by magic, flew open. She uttered a short, low scream, and no longer able to support herself, reeled through the doorway.

The door opened into a passage, in which, a few paces further on, there was another door, leading into a room. From this came a stream of light, which, pouring into the passage, fell on a tall, thin man, with white hair, and stern, haggard features, who stood near the door. He had caught the young lady in his arms; and, from his bearing, and the mournful expression of his countenance, seemed as deeply moved as she was.

The old man—for though his figure was robust and erect, he was a good age—was dressed in a suit of brown, cut close and short, with a buff belt, made very plain, crossing his breast, from which hung a long, straight rapier, of the kind called tucks. But though of a formal design, and entirely free from any decoration, which was far from being the general practice, his clothes were not of the Geneva school; and, taken in connexion with his bearing, they might serve to mark him a soldier, as much as a Puritan. Yet such he was.

As has been said, he had caught the young lady in his arms; and she, on her part, throwing her arms round his neck, eagerly returned his embrace. With her face pressed to his bosom, she now gave utterance, in short, broken sobs, to that terror and anguish which had so long been swelling in her noble heart.

The old man, who was himself deeply moved, suffered her to weep uninterrupted for several minutes, when, bending over her, he looked earnestly in her face.

"My sweet, sweet Agatha!" he said, "take cheer, child! take cheer!"

But she only clung to him more closely, and, after one more glance in her face, he again folded her to his bosom, and with a quick step, bore her to the inner room.

As he entered the room, it would have been difficult to say, at first, which was the more heart-rending—the silent but terrible grief of the man, or the convulsive anguish of the girl. After a short interval, however, the latter partially recovered herself.

"I have grieved thee, grandfather!" she said, raising herself up, and kissing the old man's face. "I have grieved thee!"

"Not a whit, if thou art well!" answered her grandfather. "God knows, I have done thee a foul wrong!"

"Thou?" exclaimed Agatha. And, as she spoke, she once more pressed her lips to his.

Colonel Mowbray—for so her grandfather was named—made no reply, but, as she impressed a kiss on his lips, a heavy tear rolled down his face, and sufficiently accounted for his silence.

Scarcely trusting herself to look at him, she again threw her arms round his neck.

"Did not I go in spite of thee?" she cried. "Couldst thou go thyself? and was it not, under God's providence, our only hope? Now do I know I have grievously offended thee!"

Still Colonel Mowbray made her no answer; unless, indeed, an answer were conveyed, more forcibly than words could convey it, in the renewed pressure of his embrace. Perhaps this pause, though quite unsought, was not absolutely disagreeable to her; for it afforded her an opportunity to compose herself. She certainly allowed several minutes to elapse, in profound and unbroken silence, before she interposed, and, though she was still slightly agitated, she then looked up, and spoke firmly.

"I have not given thee the billet," she said. "Take it now!"

As she spoke, she drew a paper from her vest, folded and sealed as a letter, which she placed in Mowbray's hand. But, distracted with grief, he seemed, for the moment, to be unconscious of her proceedings; and she had again to press it on his attention, before he took up the letter. Then, however, he aroused himself, and, tearing it open, read these lines:—

"Before morning your retreat will be discovered; but a boat will await you to-night, at eleven of the clock, off Black-Boy Quay, which will convey you on board a galliot, bound to Antwerp. The watchword is "Boat forward!" The counter-sign, "O."

"Thou hearest, Agatha, dear?" he said, as he concluded the letter.

Agatha nodded.

"But for thee, my child, I would flee no further!" continued Colonel Mowbray, in a firm tone. "But for thee, I would care not how soon, or how fatally, this weary pilgrimage were ended! My heart is old and aimless. Thou"—and, in spite of his anguish, there was a touch of admiration in his look—"art young, and good, and comely—comely!" he replied, "and the sons of Belial, who sit in the high places, have made a mark of thee. I cannot leave thee, dear!"

"Never! never!" faltered Agatha. "Let us hence straightway!"

"Soft!" returned Mowbray. "First, my darling, get thee on thy maid's apparel. Meanwhile, I will put together, in one package, our things of value, and leave a gift for the godless people of the house. We will then steal forth."

Agatha, anxious to be gone, readily agreed to his proposal, and though aware that it would involve a certain degree of peril, longed to see it put in execution. Glad, too, that she could now throw off her disguise, she hastened to a rearward

room; and there, though without the aid of a mirror, or even of a light, quickly resumed her own attire.

By the time that she returned to the front room, her grandfather, equally alert, had arranged everything for their departure.

"We will not incommode ourselves with baggage," he said, "I have secured all we value; and what is of less import, which we have no care for, may fall to the spoiler."

"Let us forth, in God's name!" faltered Agatha. "The clock has chimed eleven."

Colonel Mowbray, no less desirous to proceed, first reconnoitered the passage, and then, finding all quiet, caught up a leathern package from the floor, and led the way out. Agatha would have assisted him; but, though he was full sixty years of age, he still possessed great strength, and he carried the package with ease. Agatha, too terrified to speak, followed him in silence. They gained the outer door, and, with a cautious and stealthy step, passed out.

All was quiet without, except that, in one house, at the further end of the quay, a gentleman and his wife, as it seemed, from the intonations and discordance of their voices, and the squalling of a band of children, were engaged in a domestic feud. The storm had subsided; but the quay, being situate in a remote part of the sanctuary, was but little frequented at night; and there seemed to be no one abroad. They passed a short distance forward, when a flight of steps, which, even in the day-time, it was no easy matter to descend, led them to a hard, formed of bricks and clay. The tide was out, and several boats and wherries, secured by chains, were stranded around; but there was no trace of any waterman. From the end of the hard, however, they espied a floating boat, and, though it seemed to have no inmates, the Colonel hailed it.

"Boat forward!" he cried.

The boat shot up directly; and, as it came alongside the hard, they found that it was rowed by two men, in masks, who now demanded their business.

"What mean ye?" inquired the Colonel.

"The countersign?" replied the foremost boatman.

"O!" returned Mowbray.

The boatman, without further remark, stretched out his hand, and assisted Agatha into the boat. Colonel Mowbray, seeing her bestowed in safety, took his seat beside her, and, all being satisfactorily arranged, the boat pushed off.

They passed into the middle of the river, and thence, with a quick turn of the boat, which made Agatha tremble, shaped their course towards London bridge. Not a word was spoken—not an object moved on the water—and, as the boat glided along,

one could only fix the situation of the shore, on either side, from an occasional light, which distance rendered almost imperceptible.

But, slowly and gradually, the houses already perched on London bridge, since the period of the Great Fire, displayed a straggling line of glimmering lights, sufficiently apparent to mark their situation; and, thus guided, they soon gained the bridge, and made their way through the middle arch.

The boatmen, though still without speaking, here once more altered their course, and, with unabated diligence, pulled towards Rotherhithe. As they approached the shore, the hulls of numerous vessels, of various dimensions, which the depth of water allowed to moor close inland, presented themselves to view; but, among such a mass, it seemed impossible to identify the one they sought. The boatmen, however, were well instructed how to proceed, and, in their way towards the shore, they readily distinguished an isolated vessel, with two lights mounted in her rigging, which they recognised as their destination. Thither they now repaired, and, to the satisfaction of all, soon drew up alongside.

It was with a faltering heart that, aided by Mowbray and a stout accommodation-rope, Agatha clambered up the ship's side, and finally stepped on the deck. Here, as she came to a stand, she was accosted by the master of the vessel—a surly, phlegmatic Dutchman.

"Ah, mine vrow!" he said, in a grumbling tone, "vot vas der komterzuyng?"

Agatha was speechless.

"Der Teuvil!" exclaimed the Hollander.

But, before he could proceed further, Colonel Mowbray appeared on the deck, and, by a timely interposition, arrested his wrath.

"The countersign is O!" he observed. "When do you sail?"

He was to sail, he said, at daybreak, with the morning's tide, and would be out of the river by noon. This settled, Colonel Mowbray, giving his arm to Agatha, desired to be conducted to the cabin, and, with a muttered imprecation, the Dutchman led them thither. He then showed them their sleeping-berths; and Agatha, at Mowbray's request, and with a not unwilling step, immediately retired.

It seemed impossible, in her present situation—haunted by a dreadful anxiety, and distracted by a thousand fears, that she could dispose herself for sleep; but whether it was that nature was exhausted, and could bear up no longer, or that no solicitude can master the vigour and elasticity of youth, she did fall insensibly asleep. She was awakened by a sense of motion.

Looking up, she discovered that, though the close cabin continued obscure (being only lit by a bull's-eye), it was broad daylight above, and further, that the vessel was under weigh. There was, however, still sufficient light in the cabin, on looking carefully round, to shew her a rough arrangement for her toilet, which, she had no doubt, had been set out for her by her grandfather. Espying this, she arose, and lately but too much accustomed to attend on herself, quickly turned them to account. She then knelt down, with a pure and humble heart, by the side of her sleeping-berth, and offered her devotions to the Almighty.

She arose from her knees in tears—almost a child, almost destitute, almost defenceless! but was the tyrant on his throne, surrounded by guards, and supported by nobles, as strong and secure as she was? She had a presentiment, which she could not shake off, of some impending ill; but, in spite of this, her heart felt composed. She was sorrowful, but resigned—anxious, but collected; and, while she was passing from the cabin, she involuntarily thought of those thrilling words—"In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer: I have overcome the world."

On gaining the deck, she found that the ship, which had been nearly an hour under sail, had arrived off Deptford; and she was surprised to see her grandfather, with the Captain, and the whole crew, gazing earnestly towards the Deptford shore. As she was about to step up to them, the report of a cannon boomed over the water; and a volley of shot, of that destructive kind called langrage, tore through the ship.

CHAPTER IV.

OF THE RUM-DUMBER OF ALSATIA, AND OTHER NOTABLES, HIS LIEGES;
WITH A MEMOIR OF THEIR PROCEEDINGS.

ALTHOUGH the lodging of Nell Gwynne was situate in a half-ruinous house, its door and window-shutters, being constructed of stout materials, and constituting a sort of fortified outwork, resisted the storming-party without, longer than the Cavalier expected. Indeed, the ten minutes which Nell had required for her retreat, through the subterranean passage, and which he had engaged to ensure her, had expired, and the besiegers had not yet effected an entrance.

Nell had carried off the light; but some embers of a fire were gleaming in the andirons, at one end of the room, which cast a feeble glimmer around. It was not, it is true, sufficient to show the outlines of the room, but it rendered the darkness less marked, and enabled the Cavalier, in the end, to observe

the objects nearest to him, and so become master of his position. Almost as he had thus prepared himself, the door was forced.

The Cavalier was, as has been shown, a bold man, and not unskilled in his gallant profession. Though not much on the farther side of twenty, he had long been familiar with active service—had boarded the buccaneer at sea, and mounted "the imminent deadly breach" on shore; but, for all this, the array of assailants which now rushed before him, through the narrow and broken doorway, caused him visible apprehension. He turned pale; but his altered complexion, though remarkable, did not indicate cowardice: it spoke the stern resolution of a man who, involved in an unexpected peril, sees his life threatened, and is determined that he will sell it as dearly as he can.

The new comers numbered about thirty, and the light of their flambeaux (for they were attended by several), fully revealed their character. Their attire, to which attention was first attracted, was of the most motley and confused description, mingling the gay habiliments of the Cavalier with the harsh-looking garments of the Puritan—the fashions of the day, and the year or two preceding, with those of the Cromwellian and Royalist era—with not a few importations from France and Holland, and a dash of colouring from Spain. They were themselves equally heterogenous, presenting to view, in one close mass, the most conflicting characters—the retired buccaneer from the West Indies, or from the Spanish Main, being united with the escaped convict from the plantations; the old trooper of the Royal, with the grim musketeer of the Parliamentary army, now both at large, and earning their livelihood on the road; while a slight sprinkle of ladies, of various ages, from the old camp-follower to the dawning woman, was scattered about, and lent their ranks a graceful diversity.

The ladies, though they did not enter in the first rank, were the first to excite hostilities, and, in the general din, they could be distinctly heard calling for Nell, and demanding that she should be immediately sacrificed to the popular resentment. In the midst of this uproar, a deep and imperious voice, raised to its highest pitch, sternly called for silence.

"Ay, ay!" cried an elderly lady, in the background, "You'll toady your doxey!"

A loud murmur broke from the other ladies.

"Hilloa!" cried the first speaker;—but, as he spoke in a strange language, called Alsatian Greek, his words must be translated into English. "Some one, cut out that woman's tongue!"

All was hushed in a moment; and the speaker, snatching a flambeau from his next neighbour, stepped a pace forward, and

glanced inquiringly at the Cavalier. The latter looked as earnestly at him. He was about his own height; and his limbs, though very ill-proportioned, were as brawny and muscular. His countenance, though he might be verging on his sixtieth year, was bold and vigorous, but marked with a scar across the forehead, which he had won at the battle of Worcester. His dress was rather grave, but cut and made in the fashion of the day; and a long love-lock fell from his cap, down one side of his face, which showed that he had belonged to the Royal party.

He and the Cavalier exchanged but a brief glance, when he spoke.

"What dost thou here?" he demanded.

"What mean you?" returned the Cavalier.

"How you parley with him!" roared a tall, sturdy ruffian, with his right arm in a sling. "Flick him the cold billet!"*

"Stand back, Master Blood!" cried the first speaker. "I'm master here, I think."

The majority of the company, including the whole of the front ranks, murmured a low assent.

"Then, not to waste words," resumed the speaker, addressing the Cavalier, "I ask thee again, for the last time, what dost thou here?"

"No good, I ween," replied the Cavalier. "But give me a free passage hence, and I'll soon rid you of my fellowship."

"Villain! where's the girl?" exclaimed the other. "Ah!"—and espying the open trap-door, which he had hitherto overlooked, he drew forth a pistol, and levelled it at the Cavalier's head.—"Give way!" he continued, "or take a thief's shrift!"

"Take thou one, thou dog!" cried the Cavalier, also presenting a pistol.

"Hold, Cavalieros!" cried a third voice—and a man of middle stature, in shabby and tattered garments, with his face smeared with rouge, and disfigured by a black patch, but, in the light, still revealing traces of very unusual beauty, here sprang forward. "He's a brave soldado, master Rum-dumber!—that's clear! Let's have a parley."

"Well, I'll do you a pleasure, Captain!" answered the Rum-dumber of Alsatia†—for, truth to say, the adversary of the Cavalier was no less a person. "First of all, I must have the girl out!"

"Ay, where's the girl?" asked the person called Captain, addressing the Cavalier.

As he turned round, the Cavalier, who had hitherto stood perfectly still, drew a pace back, with a look in which surprise

* *Anglice*, Give him a shot.

† King of the canting crew.

was mingled with deference, but, remembering where he was, he quickly recovered himself, and resumed his first position.

"I know not who you mean!" he answered.

"There, you hear him!" cried Blood. "Cut him down, Rum-dumber, or I'll shoot him."

"Well said!" cried several voices, among which, though she disguised it somewhat, the elderly female's was distinguished.

"Peace, you flash rovers!" exclaimed the Rum-dumber. And, again turning to the Cavalier, he added— "Stand away, or I'll fire."

"You are welcome to pass, good villain," answered the Cavalier.

"Dost villain me, thou knave!" cried the Rum-dumber. Nay, then, some of you seize him!"

"Not alive!" said the Cavalier; "and I call on you, Sir"—he spoke to the person called Captain—"to stand my aid. I call on you by the name of—"

"Captain Fortinbrass!" interposed the Captain: "and thy call is answered!"

And, thus speaking, he sprang away from the Rum-dumber, and planted himself by the side of the Cavalier.

"Now, good terms, your worship!" he said to the Rum-dumber. "Let me take my court-bird clear off!"

"Thou art mad!" answered the Rum-dumber. "But stand away!"

"Thou'lt parley all night, Rum-dumber!" remarked Blood. "Cut them down, I say!"

Several of the company, including the elderly female, who considered herself pledged to hostilities, concurred in this sentiment, but the response which it elicited was by no means general. Indeed, while it was yet in progress, a knot of sturdy-looking ruffians, who had previously remained in the background, pushed into the front, and allowed it to pass them without remark.

The Rum-dumber, intent on seizing the Cavalier, did not mark this schism.

"Stand away, Captain!" he cried.

"We go together!" answered the Captain. "Fortinbrass to the rescue!"

To the surprise of the Rum-dumber, and of the company generally, six armed men rushed forward, and ranged themselves by the Captain's side. The Rum-dumber fell a step or two back. His force, however, was still two to one; and a loud yell which broke from them, with the clink of more than a dozen rapiers, drawn hastily and eagerly forth, assured him that they were animated by but one spirit. Moreover, the blast of a horn would call around him all Alsatia; and, at the

suggestion of the elderly female, a young lady had already made for a neighbouring public-house, called "The King's Head," to invoke this stirring alarum.

Meanwhile, the Rum-dumber, after a moment of hesitation, again became quite firm.

"Thou must take it on thine own head, Captain!" he cried. "Alsations! stand to your charter!"

There was a general movement forward. The Rum-dumber, pistol in hand, was preparing to spring on the Cavalier, who also had levelled his pistol at him, when, by a simultaneous impulse, they both drew back.

With her long, dishevelled hair streaming over her shoulders—her face colourless and terror-stricken—her fair bosom, in spite of its well-laced bodice, heaving for breath—pale, trembling, speechless, Nell Gwynne rushed between them. As she did so, the Rum-dumber, after a slight start backward, turned his eye on the Cavalier; and the resemblance of his features to those of the girl, thus brought before him, was so striking, that if they had not been more boldly turned, he might have thought them to belong to the same face.

He dropped his pistol directly.

"What, Nell!" he said, twining his arm round her waist, "Take heart, girl! take heart!"

THE ANATOMY OF GHOSTS.

THE world is a little in the dark respecting ghosts. We have had the "Anatomy of Murder," the "Anatomy of Suicide," and the "Anatomy of Melancholy;" but no single writer, either in England or America, has favoured us with a treatise on the "Anatomy of Ghosts." Certainly, it is rather a Grave subject; and this fact, which is apparent to all, may have deterred the authors of the aforementioned pleasant works from meddling with it. But, though it may not exactly be of a cheering nature, it should still be investigated; for there is hardly any suggestion of fiction, or matter of history (except Railroads) that possesses higher or more general interest.

Nevertheless there is something solemn in the sound—The Anatomy of Ghosts! The wind, as it rushes past, seems to blow aside a clean white sheet, and disclose an attendant at the neighbouring dissecting-room. He may soon see that he is not welcome. If, like a medical student, he had "walked the hospitals," he might have found himself at home; but, in our case, we care not how soon he "walks off." In taking

ghosts by the hand (as we now propose to do), this is a disadvantage. The world "makes bones of it." It may be proper; it may even be edifying; but, if we must own our bad taste, it is not pleasant. The "Anatomy of Murder" is interesting; the "Anatomy of Suicide," as every one knows, is illustrated daily; "The Anatomy of Melancholy" marks a genteel origin; but the "Anatomy of Ghosts," however deep, dark, and mysterious, is no joke.

The most momentous question that occurs to us, in our first glance at the subject, is—What is a ghost? "There's the rub!"—What is a ghost? The world has now, by the testimony of either tale or history (which, in modern parlance, is all the same thing) been nearly three thousand years in the habit of entertaining ghosts, and it is not yet universally known what they are! Mankind in general, but especially in earlier life, cannot precisely tell where ghosts came from—how it is that they are supposed to have a partiality for white drapery—or why, in the most rigorous seasons, they invariably take their airings at night in the cold, in preference to the morning, for which their light and *negligée* apparel is so much better adapted.

Perhaps it is this idiosyncrasy of ghosts, baffling all attempts at investigation, that constitutes their greatest charm. It imparts a mystery and singularity to their proceedings, which do truly astonish. They never stand upon ceremony. They are, indeed, it is said, chiefly remarkable for paying their visits at unseasonable hours, and often surprise you in your sleep. This is the more strange, as it is supposed, from their nature, and other personal circumstances, that they are always bound on an urgent errand. A ghost is a walking secret. All he requires of you, after he has got you thoroughly and perfectly awake, is to find out what he has come about, and he will instantly vanish. The difficulty is, if you are not accustomed to such good company, how to draw forth his secret. Though he is dying to explain himself, he is of so modest and reserved a nature, and so fearful of exciting unnecessary bustle, that he never speaks first. When he does speak, his words are short and few. Could one possibly convey them to a banker, they would be accepted at once, and without demur, as ample security for a loan. Indeed, a ghost's word is literally and veritably his bond. Hamlet, who was no rash speculator, offered to

"———take the Ghost's word for a thousand pounds."

This is a testimony to their general integrity, which no time can overrule.

Ghosts, always very brief-spoken, sometimes only imperfectly

explain themselves. That of Cæsar, though closely questioned by Brutus, was singularly reserved. His explanation, if it can be called such, was far from being conclusive; and

“ We meet again at Philippi.”

was all the answer he would render.

But, generally speaking, they disclose their business more fully. They are, it is true, uniformly concise; but they are usually explicit. When they are otherwise they make their appearance, not to unfold a secret, but to torment an enemy. They are chiefly animated by benevolent intentions. One of their most remarkable characteristics is, that they fulfil these intentions, or seek to fulfil them, in the most roundabout way they can devise. They never go to work straightforwardly. If they wish to bring a murderer to justice, or to point out the site of a hidden treasure, they generally choose for their instrument the person whom it least concerns, and who is the least adapted in the world to accomplish their object. A curious instance of this practice, and of its ill effects, is related by Clarendon. A ghost appeared to an old soldier, and commanded him, if he wished to be spared another visit, to go immediately to the Duke of Buckingham; and desire his Grace on no account to attend the opening of the next Parliament; for should he do so, it would cost him his life. The poor fellow, frightened out of his wits, lost no time in communicating with the Duke, and was kicked for his pains. On the other hand, the Duke attended the Parliament, and was assassinated.

It is difficult to mention a ghost, at a word, who can be set up as a veritable character, and who, while he operates as a warning, can be made to offer us a comprehensive example. The Cock Lane ghost was an impostor. Yet it puzzled the learned, and the unlearned—the noble and the beggar, for a whole month; and drew from Doctor Johnson one of his most remarkable propositions. This demonstrates, without further evidence, the difficulty and impossibility of elucidating the subject. Only one thing seems clear—that ghosts, as far as we know (for in our total ignorance of the matter, it is advisable to speak cautiously), never appear in the day-time, and, consequently, that the season for their appearance is very likely to be night.

Having fixed upon night as their favourite period for walking, it is desirable that, in the next place, we should ascertain the hour, or even the moment, at which they promenade. Instinct promptly points at midnight. Not only do they manifest a preference for night, but they have an aversion, which it would cost some inquiry to account for, to all that pertains to

day. When Hamlet's father, after a somewhat animated conversation, addressed him, with—

“Methinks I scent the morning air,”

he explained that it was a delicate hint for him to retire. Hamlet taken by surprise, hardly has time to cry—

“Alas, poor ghost!”

when the clock strikes one; and the ghost, without more leave-taking, disappears. Hence it is, that when we make a hasty retreat, it is said, in common parlance, that we are off “like *one* o'clock”—which clearly refers to the flight and disappearance of the elder Hamlet.

But, talking about Cock Lane, it may be observed, as a singular and very curious coincidence, that no ghost can stand against a cock. Next to one o'clock, there is nothing in nature, or, as far as we know, *out* of nature, that inspires the spiritual world with so much awe. A cock's crow, however timorously or imperfectly delivered, will stagger the stoutest ghost living. This, as *The Times* would say, “is a great fact;” and how it was discovered is a matter of very small and secondary importance.

For ourselves, we can never look on a chanticleer (which some people consider to be the French for a cock) without awe; for, bearing in mind his influence over ghosts, he always comes before us with an air of mystery. We have heard of gamecocks, and, in this respect, they are very game. We can turn easily in our bed, and look about us boldly, as though we cared for nothing, when we hear a cock crow.

In the earlier ages—that is to say, in our infancy and boyhood, ghosts were chiefly seen in country-places. There was hardly a village in the country, from one end to the other, that had not its haunted spot, its ghost, and its legend. It appears to have been the same, or nearly so, in the days of Bloomfield; for he—

“— down a narrow lane, well known by day,
With all his speed, pursues his wandering way,
In thought still half-absorb'd, and chill'd with cold;
When, lo! an object frightful to behold,
A grisly SPECTER, cloth'd in silver gray,
Around whose feet the waving shadows play,
Stands in his path!—”

But the regular old-standard country ghosts, being careless as to appearances, did not always take the shape of humanity. They were the most eccentric characters going. They have, it would seem, on different occasions, assumed the several shapes of a white cat, a white rabbit, and a white cow. These were the lane-ghosts, who may, therefore, without impropriety, be considered followers of Pythagoras. But in what class are we to place a young lady, or her representative, who appears in

public without her head, or, as the more authentic story goes, with her head borne before her in her hands? In what class are we to place a ghost who is only a *noise*? who, every midnight, as regularly as the clock strikes twelve, simultaneously throws open every door in a house, and never walks in? These are points which, if nothing more important can be started, deserve attention, and challenge inquiry.

It is wonderful what a time will elapse, both in town and country, and among every class and grade of society, before a ghost is forgotten. His memory survives his existence; and he is alive, if we may so speak, when he is no more. The fact is, he makes such a decided impression, that it cannot, in the common course of things, be ever completely effaced. Moreover, he is a very exclusive person. In his progress through a village, he does not, like a mountebank, shew himself to the young, but he pays his respects to the old ladies. His chief favourites, indeed, seem to be nurses. We can vouch for one thing, that our own old nurse, if she is to be believed (which no one will doubt), has seen as many ghosts as any person of our acquaintance; and, indeed, if viewed dispassionately, this will not appear so incredible, for no other person of our acquaintance has ever seen *one*.

If a right-down unexceptionable ghost were looked for, that of Richardson's show, perhaps, would be assigned the palm. He embodies, as it were, in his presence and habits, a great deal of ghostly circumstance. Moreover, there is no little mystery about him. No one can tell whose ghost he is. There he is, and there, as now, he has been for years. Richardson himself is dead; but his ghost, braving the shocks of time, and the change of seasons, survives. He has "put money in the purse" of the managers, if not in his own, as long as we can remember. But whose ghost is he? In what part of the theatre, if we may so term it, is his retreat? As far as our observation goes, he has never, like Hamlet's ghost, appeared on the platform.* From that elevation, the public below are entertained, between the performances, as every one knows, with a young lady's execution of the polka—the surprising feats of the native Arab tumblers—the jokes of the clown and pantaloons, who tell the young lady, for the thousandth time, that they can dance the polka better than she can—and with the procession of heroes, headed by Richard the Third; but who ever saw the ghost there? No one, it is true, will deny, or attempt to deny, that the exhibition outside is worth the money; for it is quite gratuitous; but what is it to the ghost? That, indeed, is an attraction to the interior, which neither old

* Hamlet, scene 1. Elsinore: a *platform* before the Castle.

nor young can resist. If the ghost *came out*, nobody would *go in*. In comparison with him, "how dull, flat, stale, and unprofitable," as Hamlet would have it, "are all the uses" without! And within, he is the life and soul of everything. No matter what the play is, he is always introduced. The stern Rudolpho insists on wedding the fair Francisca; she and her maid, Almira, who is in her confidence, are in agonies at the thought; but Rudolpho seems destined to triumph. Already is Francisca dragged to the altar (two deal boards, on tressels, covered with a green baize), Rudolpho has seized her hand, when, to his utter consternation, in walks the ghost. As has been remarked, nobody knows whose ghost he is: no hint has been dropped that a ghost is to appear; but there, in the very nick of time, he comes. Rudolpho is confounded; Francisca is rescued; and Almira, though somewhat startled, is made happy.

There are some fastidious people who object to this kind of *denouement*; and these may, with very few exceptions, be always set down as ghost-haters. It may seem strange that, in an age so enlightened, persons can be found so splenetic as to hate ghosts; but found they may be. Mrs. Okey is one of this class. To use her own words—"she can't a-bear 'um." She has no patience with "sitch rubbishge." Yet it is reported (and on very good authority) that she has a partiality for *spirits*. What is more singular, she is said to prefer *white* spirits. If ghosts are mentioned, she never fails to remonstrate, in the strongest manner, against putting "sitch stuff into people's heads;" yet, with surprising inconsistency, she herself allows spirits to get into her own head. She manifests her attachment for them, and her favourable opinion of their character, on every possible occasion. For instance, she would not go out at night without them, in the dark, on any account; and they always serve her with a draught in the morning. Yet, with all this fondness for spirits, she hates ghosts.

There are some ghost-haters more consistent. Mr. Spoon, who is a member of the tea-total society, hates ghosts. He professes an equal horror of spirits—the mere mention of which, in public, makes him turn up the whites of his eyes; and it is even said that, in private, they often make him turn up his heels. Yet there is a rumour current, among certain sceptical and slanderous persons, that he has the same partiality for them as Mrs. Okey; and that, in this matter, six Okeys make half-a-dozen Spoons. Some people, who are as hard of belief as flints, even go so far as to doubt his horror of ghosts, and their only excuse is, that one night, after officiating at a temperance meeting, he was seen coming out of a vault. In his name let us ask these persons—first, if there was any *bier* in this vault; and, secondly (should they answer in the affirma-

tive), if it was not ginger-beer. In short, was it not a *wine-vault*? These are questions which, if pushed home to them, may embarrass his calumniators, but they cast no reflection on Spoon.

There are some ghost-haters who, while they have a mortal horror of ghosts, are never so happy, morally speaking, as when they are talking about them. Miss Bang is of this disposition. Next to talking about them, she likes to read of them. She knows the ghost scenes in "The Old English Baron" by heart. She has read the "Castle of Otranto" seven times. Should you ask her if she has seen the new novel, she replies that, though it has been forwarded from the library, she has not had time; for she is now reading "Frankenstein." Has she been to see the new opera? No; but, having orders, she went the other night, in company with a party of friends, to see the "Castle Spectre!" Do you talk about the poets, she is sure, in the end, to introduce the ghost-anecdote of Shelley. In fact, say what you will, she insensibly leads you, by degrees, to her favourite topic; and whether you meet her at a morning call, or are waiting with her to join the dance, you are sure to find yourself in the company of ghosts.

The consequence of this is, that Miss Bang, however weary she may feel, never likes going to bed. When she retires, she looks round her room, from one end to the other, with the greatest circumspection—under the bed, behind the window-curtains, in her wardrobe, and in her band-boxes. To guard against a surprise, she provides every convenience for procuring a light. Thus, on returning from a ball, instead of thinking, as another young lady might, of a good *match*, she looks out for her lucifers. Instead of dreaming of a beau, she dreads being struck by a dart. In bed she always faces the door; and the slightest noise, though it be but imaginary, thrills through her frame, and makes her bury her head in the blankets.

She has a charming companion in the Honourable Mr. Noodle. If there is one thing Noodle shines in, more than any other (except smoking, drinking, and swearing), it is in a ghost-story. Here he is at home: here, at least, if nowhere else, he is brilliant. His *forte* lies in shocking and unhinging every one's nerves. Before now, indeed, he has even personated a ghost, and, as he never fails to tell you, with no little effect. When at Harrow, he so harrowed one of his schoolfellows, in the assumed character of a ghost, that the poor fellow became an idiot; and afterwards, at Oxford, he operated so successfully on an old woman, that she has ever since been subject to fits.

But all this, though certainly bearing on the subject, has little direct reference to the anatomy of ghosts. We approached it in the dark, and we cannot say, in our concluding remarks, that

we have brought it into the light. The question which, a few pages back, opened our treatise, now threatens to bring it to an end, and we again exclaim—what *is* a ghost?

Can none of the learned bodies, who are continually finding out something that no one knew before, or cared to know, and who are more familiar with the customs of the ancients than were the ancients themselves, answer this spiritual question? Will no ghost, compassionating our ignorance, come voluntarily forward, and—

But the clock strikes twelve!

THE BUSHRANGER OF VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

CHAPTER XL.

SUSPICION AND DISTRUST BREED FEAR AND TREACHERY.

THEY had not proceeded far before they came to a huge blue gum tree, on which was fastened by a wooden pin, another copy of the proclamation which the Bushranger and his companion had seen at the entrance of the cave. Grough read it over again, and seemed to dwell rather meditatively on the reward of "dollars" and "pardon."—Brandon marked his fellow's look, but said nothing.

The sight of this second hand-bill, however, made Brandon for the moment more suspicious of other enemies than of his companion, and he looked about uneasily.

"The enemy seems to be on this track," he said; "we must shift a little more to the coast."

Grough was rather inclined to proceed in a northerly direction towards the town, but this manœuvre was gently opposed by Brandon. They continued their course to the coast, therefore, for about half a mile, when fastened on a peppermint tree they beheld another copy of the Governor's proclamation.—Grough cast his eyes round on all sides with an odd and doubtful expression; Brandon looked to the primings of his fowling-piece, and kept to the right of Grough, so that his barrel, thrown over his left arm, might naturally point toward his companion.

"Proclamations seem to grow in these parts," remarked Grough.

"I don't think this is the best way for us, after all," said Brandon. "They will be looking out for me near the coast."

"And for me too.—"

"And for you too;" repeated Brandon, thoughtfully.

Turning sharp round, he retraced his steps, with Grough by

his side.—He thought that his comrade seemed inclined to stick to him more than ever.—But he was determined to follow out his own plan.

He then made a start in the direction of the north-west, keeping clear, however, of his previous route when he was accompanied by Helen, and having it in his mind either to climb the mountainous ridge to the right of the opening which he had passed before, or to try to go round it.—But after about a quarter of a mile's walk he encountered another ghost of the hateful proclamation!

"Another!" said Grough.

"They seem to be determined to hem us in with their bribes of dollars and pardons," said Brandon, eyeing his companion.

"It's a great temptation to a prisoner," observed Grough sentimentally; "and they that did it know it. Not that I would be such a rascal as to betray a chum! Sooner than turn nose, I'd rather . . . I'd rather . . ."

"Rather what?" said Brandon, "drily."

"Why, you don't suspect me?—do you?"

"Not I; you know that your fate is bound up with mine, and that it is to your interest not to betray me.—"

"I don't know that," replied Grough, a little doggedly. "It would be to my interest, perhaps, to get the dollars and the free pardon; but may I be hanged like a dog and sink into eternal flames, if ever I betray a friend!"

"Now then," said Brandon; "you have read the Governor's proclamation; will you stay behind, and give information of me if you like;—or will you go with me—and take your chance of our seizing a boat together and of escaping from the colony?"

"Which will I do? Do you think I would hesitate for a moment," replied Grough, who was puzzled to determine in his own mind which was the likeliest way of his being able to deliver up his friend to the authorities and of claiming the reward? "What will I do?" he repeated, after having revolved the pros and cons in his mind as well as the short time afforded to him for his decision would enable him; "Why, follow you, Mark, to the world's end, and stick to you, my boy, like a barnacle!"

This friendly resolve he had come to from the calculation, that if he left Brandon and sought to give information to the authorities, of his comrade's whereabouts, he might possibly be tried and hanged before the value of his information could be ascertained; but if, on the contrary, he accompanied his friend, some opportunity would occur, as he flattered himself that Brandon was quite unsuspecting of his intention, to enable him to fall suddenly on him, when he was asleep perhaps, and bind him; and so deliver him alive to the Governor in camp.

Brandon, on the other hand, had made up his mind before he asked the question, to shoot his comrade on the spot if he refused to accompany him, as he judged it would be dangerous to let him go; but as he wanted his services to carry various necessities into the bush for his convenience as well as safety, he let the huge oaf hug himself with the idea that he had the cleverness to deceive one who by his art and daring had acquired for himself preeminently the title of "The Bushranger;" and knowing well that nothing more effectually blinds a treacherous plotter of Grough's description than to suffer him to delude himself with the idea that he is the deceiver, he allowed his companion to enjoy undisturbed his secret satisfaction at being "able to put such a dodge on Mark."

With this thought he extended his hand to his companion, and wringing it strongly and with much apparent emotion, declared solemnly, that he would rather have such a man as he was to stand by him, than a dozen cowardly and treacherous rascals whom an honest man could place no reliance on!

Grough expressed, in his rough way, his utmost satisfaction at this exhibition of the warmth of his comrade's attachment; and swore a prodigious oath to signify that he would be true to him to the last. He walked on by his side therefore, full of glee, for he considered the dollars and the free pardon as his own already; while Brandon made up his mind, definitively, to blow his friend's brains out the moment they arrived at their place of destination.

In this amiable disposition of mind towards each other, the two proceeded on their way, keeping to the right of their former route; for Brandon still cherished the hope that he might possibly fall in with Helen by the way, for it was clear that she had not reached the cave, and the probability was that she was lost in the bush;—or possibly she might have been taken away by the natives, though that was not likely. There was reason to conclude, however, that she had not been killed in the fight, for in that case her body would have been found. Perplexed and irritated by these conflicting surmises, he determined to visit the scene of the fight again, and search narrowly for her remains; and if necessary, communicate with the wounded Officer, if he still remained there.

As to the risk of being taken, he did not care much for that, as he considered, that he was more than a match for the two soldiers in the bush; and that if it came to the worst, it would only be making a fight of it. To this step however he would not have been inclined, for his maxim was "never to give away a chance," had he not been incited by his burning passion for the girl, for whose repossession he would have incurred almost any danger.

With this resolve he proceeded rapidly on; but his companion was so loaded with his various assortment of useful and necessary articles for the bush, that soon after nightfall he expressed his utter incapability to proceed a single step further; and as they found themselves in the vicinity of a little streamlet, they arranged themselves for the night. Grough disencumbered himself of his load, and with an affectionate earnestness which manifested itself by many endearing expressions, he embraced a bottle of the rum, which formed a considerable part of the bulk of his provisions. Hastening to extract the cork, he applied it to his mouth, and indulged in a prodigious gulp of the liquor.

"You seem to enjoy it," observed Mark.

"If one could only get as much rum every day as a man could drink," replied the other, "I wouldn't mind whether I was a prisoner or free! Rum's the stuff for me!"

"And how much have you left for me?"

"How much? why, this bottle holds two quarts.—Drink, Mark, drink!—There isn't such stuff in the colony! It's downright beautiful! I'll fill my skin with it this blessed night, and then I shall have the less to carry to-morrow! This night I'll be jolly drunk, if I never am again! With a pipe of baccy in your mouth, and a bottle of rum by your side, what does a man want more! Eh, Mark?—Here, man, take the bottle."

Brandon took the bottle, and then selecting the pannikin, in the dusk, from the heap of articles on the ground, he fetched in it some water from the stream, to which he added a small quantity of the spirit, which he drank leisurely.

"Grough observed this moderation with extreme surprise. That any one should refrain from taking his fill of rum when he had the opportunity, was a prodigy that surpassed his comprehension! There must be a reason for it, he thought sagely to himself. Why should Mark not drink? Was he afraid of getting drunk? By —, that was it! More fool he! Then he, Grough, could drink Mark's share and his own too! Capital!"

With this he was about to put his beloved bottle to his mouth again; when, suddenly, a thought struck him—a most awkward thought! Perhaps Brandon was meditating to do the same thing with him, which he was meditating to do to Brandon? To fall upon him, and secure him, and deliver him up to the Government for the sake of the reward! That was the reason why Mark would not drink. He, Mark, wanted him, Grough, to drink and get drunk, so as to be able to master him easily! What a rascal! But here was a particularly disagreeable fix. If he didn't drink, what was the use of the rum which he had carried all that way? And if he did, and got drunk, he should be entirely helpless, and at the mercy of Brandon to do with him as he pleased.

The shock of this cruel dilemma was most horrid! He held the rum in his hand, which he dared not drink! Life had lost its salt and its savour! Bushranging had lost its relish! What was to be done? The only thing was to wait till Mark fell asleep, and then to fall on him. To this end he resolved to keep his eyes open diligently, though fatigue and travel had wearied his faculties sorely.

"You don't drink," said Brandon, as Grough placed the bottle on the ground, with his hand still on it; and with a countenance which, even in the gloom, Mark observed was ludicrously sorrowful.

"Better not drink it all up at once;—you know we shall want it in the Bush."

"You have changed your mind rather suddenly," replied Brandon. "I thought you were determined to take your fill this time?"

"Better keep it for times when we shall want it; the best thing to do now is to go to sleep, so as to be fresh for to-morrow. I suppose, Mark, you feel sleepy—as I am," said Grough; wishing by this considerate suggestion, to put it into his friend's head to lose no time about it.

"I am very tired, and very sleepy," replied Mark; "and I feel that I shall be off in a few minutes."

"So shall I," replied Grough, making an effort to keep his eyes open. "We will both of us go to sleep," he continued aloud, and then saying to himself, "If I do, I'm d——d."

You will be a clever fellow! thought Mark, on his side, if you catch me asleep! Depend on it, my fine fellow, that Mark is always wide awake!

"I shall be asleep in a minute, Mark."

"And so shall I."

Presently Mark breathed heavily.

I wonder if he is shamming! thought Grough. But I am up to that dodge too! Accordingly he performed a deep and regular snore.

That rascal is not asleep, said Brandon to himself; he is feigning for some purpose! Does he think to come over me that way! the thrice long-eared ass! Does he think that Mark Brandon is to be taken in by his contrivances! Shall I shoot him now? No:—I want him to carry his load for me, and to assist in beating off the natives, for it is more than probable that we shall meet with them before long in this direction, and for his own sake he will not fail me then. Besides, it will be better to appear to the young officer as two to two, should it be necessary for me to communicate with him. No, I will not shoot him yet. I will make use of him, and then punish him for his meditated treachery. But, positively, I think the brute sleeps.

Mark spoke to him in a low tone, to which Grough made no answer;—he then approached him cautiously, and satisfied himself that it was no sham; for in fact, the first copious draft of rum which the creature had imbibed, was sufficient to dispose him, wearied as he was, irresistibly to sleep.

The Bushranger now stepping with the utmost caution, withdrew silently from the spot, and continued his course till he arrived at a thicket, about a quarter of a mile distant from the place where he had left his companion; and burying himself among the densest of the bushes, he endeavoured to compose himself to sleep. But the thought of his precarious position, the ill-concealed design of his companion, and the gnawing fury of his disappointment at the loss of the girl on whom he had set his whole soul, for a long time kept him awake. But at last he was able to procure a few minutes of fitful slumber.

His fears, however, haunted him in his dreams, and he awoke with a sensation of being suddenly grasped by a powerful hand on his collar! It was only his neck-handkerchief which, in the uneasy position in which he lay, had become tightened round his neck.

He found it impossible, however, to sleep again. He made his way back therefore to his companion, whom he found still snoring. He sat by his side for more than two hours, cold and cheerless, for he feared to light a fire, lest some enemy on the look-out should discover him by its light. At last the dawn of day came; and then, thinking that his companion had slept long enough, and being anxious to get on towards the Sugar-loaf Hill, he awoke him, by putting his hand to his shoulder.

"Hands off!" cried Grough. "D—n me! you sha'n't take me alive! What! Mark! Is it you? By —! I thought it was some of the constables that had got hold of me! By —! and hav'n't you been asleep?"

"I could not sleep; so I have been watching for both of us."

"You hav'nt been asleep! and I have!" said Grough, rubbing his eyes, and endeavouring to reconcile the fact of Mark's forbearance with his own previous suspicions; "Well—there is something in this I can't make out!"

"What can't you make out?"

"What can't I make out?" replied Grough, a little confused; "Why, I can't make out why it is that you don't sleep, after you have been awake I don't know how many nights!"

"It is well," replied Mark, quietly, "that one of us can keep awake; for if we were both to fall asleep together, we might be surprised and taken before we knew where we were—as you might have been last night."

Grough was considerably puzzled, and could not make out

at all the reason why Mark had not seized on him when he was asleep and defenceless, as he certainly would have done to Mark. "Mark is up to some game," he thought; "but what is it?" The uncertainty of Mark's object puzzled the worthy Mr. Grough exceedingly; but disguising his thoughts as well as he could, he proceeded to load himself with his goods and chattels, taking, on this occasion, only a very moderate sip of rum, in which he was joined by Mark; postponing his breakfast until he should have the opportunity of bringing down a kangaroo, which he did not doubt of being able to effect shortly, as the fresh marks of their passage were visible in the grassy gorge which they were traversing.

Leaving them to pursue their way, and to meditate on their mutually-resolved treachery towards each other, exemplifying the life of fear and distrust which criminals who take to the bush sooner or later invariably suffer, the course of this narration turns on the fate of Helen and her fellow-captive.

CHAPTER XLI.

HELEN A PRISONER WITH THE NATIVES.

At the time when the natives attacked the two Bushrangers near the Sugar-loaf Hill, Helen and the unfortunate Mr. Silliman had been made to lie down on the ground by Brandon, while he stood concealed behind the thicket, towards which he had enticed his pursuers for the purpose of shooting them securely as they advanced.

It was from the accident of their recumbent position, that the spears of the natives passed over their heads; and it was owing to the same circumstance, perhaps, that the savages, seeing them down, forbore to wreak their fury on them.

As the crowd of males pressed forward, driving back the white people, the females followed, not less cruel than the first, perhaps, in their treatment of their enemies, but who, on this occasion, were struck with the appearance of Helen, whom they were not long in discovering to be of the same sex as themselves.

At the same time they beheld the prostrate form of Jeremiah, and were surprised to observe that he had his hands tied behind his back; and they immediately guessed that so palpable an act of coercion had been committed by his enemies. But seeing that he was secured from doing any injury, and that he was entirely at their mercy, with the caprice not inconsistent with their wild natures and with their sex, they postponed putting him to death with the intention of keeping him for the per-

formance of certain ceremonies which, time out of mind, had been in usage with the original inhabitants of the country.

After poking at him, therefore, with their spears, for a little while, to see, perhaps, how he would comport himself under the infliction of that preliminary trial, they signified their desire that he should stand up; which he did accordingly, endeavouring, by all the signs and gestures which he could think of, to excite the compassion of these black furies.

At the same time others of the women assisted Helen to rise from the ground, when they immediately proceeded to examine her dress with great curiosity, and showed a strong disposition to possess themselves of it; a proceeding which, if they had persisted in it, would rapidly have reduced the poor girl to the same primitive condition in that respect as themselves; but as the fight raged hotly, and as the guns of the white men continued to send forth their thunder, they were too much alarmed and hurried in their movements to carry their design into execution.

Presently, also, the number of killed and wounded of their countrymen became so numerous, one or two of the balls fired by Trevor and the corporal hitting one or two of the native women whom they wounded slightly, that the alarm of the females was too great to allow them to remain so close to the scene of action. They retired, therefore, to a little distance in the rear, compelling Helen to accompany them, and driving Jeremiah before them with the points of their spears; one or two of the younger girls not being able to restrain their laughter, notwithstanding the seriousness of the fight which was going on, at the curious grimaces exhibited by that unfortunate gentleman, as he made little convulsive leaps in accordance with the application of the stimulating spears administered behind. Helen, however, did not lose her presence of mind, even in this urgent time of peril.

At first she succumbed to the natural terror of finding herself in the hands of savages excited to fury by the fierceness of the fight; but when she saw that the native women refrained from putting her to an immediate death, she gathered courage, and was inspired with the hope of being able to save herself, as Trevor and a supporter were at hand combating for her rescue. No sooner, therefore, had their new captors stopped at the entrance of the forest, than she began to think of escaping. She communicated her intention to her companion:—

“Mr. Silliman, now is the time to make an attempt to join our friends; try to get your hands free—these are only women who are around us. Come towards me, and I will untie your arms.

Jeremiah was still loaded with the variety of articles which

the uncommiserating Grough had packed upon him, and which prevented him from exercising much activity in his motions; but he endeavoured to comply with Helen's intimation by sidling towards her with a shuffling step; which the natives regarded with astonishment, not being able to make out whether it was the performance of a sort of war dance, or a natural mode of progression habitual with the white people. They suffered him, therefore, to place himself before Helen; but they no sooner perceived the object for which the white man's movement had been effected, than they interfered promptly with spears and waddies; and while some thumped Jerry as well as they could get at him through his manifold encumbrances, others threatened Helen with the points of their spears.

"Wait," said Helen, "till I can find an opportunity to release you: then cast aside your load, and snatch some of their own weapons from the women, and let us fight for our lives."

"I will fight for you, Miss," replied Jeremiah, "till I die! but what can we do against such a herd of black wretches? Those spears are uncommon sharp, although they are made only of wood; they are indeed! I have felt them!"

"Never fear the wounds that a wooden spear can make," replied Helen; "we must fight for our lives, and try to join those who have come to rescue us."

"You see, Miss, I can do nothing with my hands bound behind me this way; and that ugly rascal has tied them so strong and so tight, that it is impossible for me to loose them myself. But never mind me, Miss; try to save yourself. They would not hurt you perhaps. Suppose you ran off and kept round to the left, so as to avoid the natives and join your friends. Anything is better for you than to be killed and eaten by these savages, for they are all cannibals; I can tell by the looks of them. One old woman," pointing with his head to a venerable lady of terrific aspect, who had been eying Jerry in a very affectionate manner, "has been looking at me in a very odd way! We shall both of us be eaten, Miss, if the savages get the better—that's certain!"

While Jerry was speaking, two or three of the natives, with faltering steps, were seen coming over the narrow space of plain between the scrub and the wood; and at the sight of their wounded countrymen the women set up a wail of sorrow, and looked fiercely at their white prisoners, whom they were about to put to death. But the old woman whom Jerry had already remarked as regarding him with longing eyes, which he construed into an excessive desire to eat him, interposed, as it seemed, with authority, and prevented them. She said some-

thing to her companions, and pointed to the spot where the sound of the guns and the shouts of the fighting natives were heard; and the rest of the women submitted with deference to her command.

She had greater difficulty in holding back the bleeding natives from taking their revenge on the white people in their power; and although they were bleeding and faint from their wounds, they exhibited a ferocious determination, which made Helen turn pale, and Jeremiah cry out with fright.

But the old woman stood before the prisoners, and, with arms upraised, vociferated with an energy and a volubility which betokened that she was an adept in the management of that most fearful of all weapons—a woman's tongue! Besides, it appeared that she had some pretensions to be obeyed, for the women listened to her with deference, and made no attempt to support the assault of the wounded males.

Whether their wounds, therefore, by producing faintness and weakness, made the men less firm in their resolves, or that they were fairly mastered and borne back by the eloquence of the old woman, they desisted, for the present at least, from their determination, and laid themselves down on the ground: while some of the native women to whom they were attached by particular nearness of kin or other ties, endeavoured to stop the bleedings of their wounds by such simple means as their little knowledge suggested.

But now the firing, which had been very sharp, ceased, and the whole body of natives fled through the covert towards the wood, bearing with them some of their wounded companions. It was fortunate for Helen, at this moment of their exasperation after defeat, that she had been taken possession of by the females, at the head of whom was the old woman, who extended her protection also to the white man; but it was not less fortunate for Jeremiah that he had his hands still tied behind him; for in that condition he presented no provocation to the men, who, seeing that he was incapable of defending himself, or of acting on the offensive towards themselves, hesitated to use their waddies on his skull—which was besides protected by the load of goods which surmounted his head and shoulders. Without delaying to make inquiries, however, as to how the white man and woman got there, or why their lives had been spared by those who had them at their disposal, the black man who acted as the chief of the party, gave the signal for immediate retreat.

Upon this, without noise, the whole of the sable troop made their way rapidly through the forest; the men supporting such of the wounded as they could hastily convey with them, and the women leading the van with Helen and Jerry in the midst, whom they forced forward notwithstanding their re-

sistance, and the urgent appeals which Helen despairingly made to be left behind. Seeing the difficulty with which the white man walked with his hands tied behind him, one of the women released him from his bonds.

Thus was Helen exposed to a new peril; the more to be dreaded as it was uncertain, and that she could expect no mercy from those who had so severely suffered from the thunder of the white people in the disastrous fight. Poor Jerry already considered himself as roasted and eaten; and the wretched Helen doubted whether instant death would not be the mildest fate to which she could be condemned. In this way they travelled without stopping for the remainder of the day.

When the darkness of the night came on, although the moon afforded light enough to travel for those who were acquainted with the country, the natives stopped. This halt Helen thought a fortunate circumstance, and she determined to take advantage of the opportunity, and endeavour to escape.

CHAPTER XLII.

A NATIVE BIVOUAC.

THE natives had divided, before reaching their resting place for the night, into two bodies, one of them proceeding towards the north, and the other body, by whom Helen and Jeremiah were detained, continuing their course in a westerly direction. The latter party consisted of about twenty males, and the same number of females; but there were no children, which made Helen conjecture that they had not yet arrived at their place of ultimate destination.

The spot which they had fixed on for their encampment was a deep dell, shut in by high hills on either side, partially covered with wood. There was a spring of water near the bottom, at which the natives drank copiously; and Helen and her fellow-prisoner following their example, did the same, their captors not seeming to take much heed how they disposed of themselves. This apparent neglect seemed to favour Helen's project to escape.

The men now busied themselves in erecting their break-winds from the bark of the trees which were at hand, but they made them, as Helen remarked, of very scanty dimensions, and they were insecurely put together. The women set themselves about collecting dry wood for fires, of which they made eight or nine heaps opposite the break-winds. Their next labour was to kindle a fire; for the two lighted sticks always carried cross-ways by one of the party had been extinguished in the confusion

consequent on the flight and it was necessary to raise a flame in the manner practised by the natives on such occasions.

Two or three of the party searched for a piece of dry wood suited to their purpose, which one of them soon found. This was placed on the ground, and held firmly, while one or two more stood round, ready to alight the flame, when kindled, with dry leaves and bark scraped into very thin shavings.

In the meantime another native had prepared a pointed piece of wood about eighteen inches long, and an inch or an inch and a half in diameter. This piece of wood he took care to select from a dead branch, choosing in preference a piece of the stringy bark tree.

A hole was now indented in the first piece of wood with a hard stone, and the end of the second piece, previously pointed with a stone axe, inserted in it. One of the natives now took the piece of pointed wood between his hands, and with a rapid motion turned the point inserted in the cavity of the other piece of wood, backwards and forwards, as if he was trying to bore a hole. This manœuvre he continued for nearly a minute; and when his hands began to get weary, another native relieved him, and then the second was relieved by a third, and so on, never allowing the friction of the two pieces of wood to cool down,—till at last they elicited fire.

As soon as this took place, the dry leaves and bark shavings were pressed around the point of contact, the natives assisting the nascent conflagration with their breath, lying down on their bellies to blow the fire into flame.

By this ingenious process, in the course of about half an hour, they procured a light, with which they set fire to the dry heaps of wood previously collected, and in a few minutes the dell was illuminated with the light of their numerous fires.

While this was going forward, Helen thought that, the whole of the party being so busily occupied, now was the time to escape. She communicated her intention in a few words to her companion, and directed him to ascend the steep hill on one side, while she did the same on the other, and to join her at the entrance of the glen, about half a mile distant.

Jeremiah readily acquiesced, although he had little hope of escaping from so many enemies; and they immediately began to carry their plan into effect.

Helen sauntered leisurely up the hill on her side, while Jeremiah did the same on his, looking about them in the dusk, as if they were examining objects here and there from curiosity. In this way Jerry had nearly reached the appointed opening, when, on turning a bushy mimosa tree, he beheld to his horror two great eyes, which, from the contrast with the black face,

seemed to him preternaturally white, staring at him from the other side.

He had sufficient presence of mind not to call out, but he endeavoured to catch sight of Helen, which he presently did; and he observed, at the same time, that a dark form followed her, which was visible to him as he surveyed her progress sideways, but which to her, doubtless, had been concealed. He guessed, at once, that he had been dogged by a native, as he saw Helen was followed; but as it was incumbent on him to endeavour to join her at all events, he stepped on boldly, taking no notice of the spy, by whom he had himself been watched.

"Courage!" said Helen, in a low voice, as soon as she became conscious of his approach, "we may yet be saved!"

"You are followed by one of the natives," replied Jerry, in the same low tone, "and so am I. We are discovered."

"Could you not catch hold of the one behind you, and secure him?" said Helen, with desperation.

"It would be folly, Miss; the two would only set up a howl, which would bring down the whole gang on us. Better go back as we came."

"It must be so," said Helen, after a short pause; "but it is hard to surrender ourselves again to the mercy of the savages. But as it must be so, our best course is to go quietly back again."

"It would be better to go back together," interposed Jerry; "it will seem more natural—as if we had been looking for each other."

"Perhaps so; and it may remove any suspicion that they may have of our meditating an escape, so that we shall have the better chance another time. Come, we must return."

They returned, therefore, together, the two natives following them closely, but without making any attempt at concealing themselves, as they had done previously. Jeremiah, wishing to take a survey of them, perceived by the light of the moon that one of them was a man, and that the other was the same old woman who had interfered in his behalf before. As he had no idea of her having any other design on him than to eat him, the present evidence of her inclination, in keeping him so pertinaciously in view, aggravated his painful anticipations.

During their departure the natives had succeeded in catching some of the opossums, generally to be found in great abundance scampering about the trees on moonlight nights, and which were now scorching in the various fires. The women also contributed their store of gum, which they had been diligent in collecting during the march, and which they had gathered from the acacia trees, as they passed, bit by bit; each woman sticking the whole of her fragments together as she proceeded, so as to make a

round mass, as big as a cricket ball, which she placed in a little net, about as large as a small landing-net, made from the flexible fibres of the stringy bark trees, and which she carried suspended round her neck.

Of these balls of gum, some big and some little, they produced nearly twenty, most of which they threw on the fires to simmer. The old lady who had taken Jerry under her particular protection, brought part of a singed opossum, and a small ball of the hot gum, to the prisoners as they sat side by side on the grass. Helen received the edibles with signs of thanks; but the opossum had a disagreeable smell, and the gum was boiling hot, so that the delicacies remained untouched.

Jerry now reminded Helen that he had a store of provisions more congenial to their tastes, in the knapsack of the bushranger, besides a variety of articles which might be useful in propitiating the natives. They discussed for some time the propriety of opening their wares, not a little surprised that the savages had not already laid violent hands on them; but there was a reason for that, as they discovered afterwards.

It was agreed, however, that they should make use of the biscuit and the tea and sugar of which Jerry was the bearer; and he began to unfasten the knapsack for that purpose. But he no sooner manifested his intention "to break bulk," as the nautical term is, than the same old woman came briskly up to them, for they were sitting by themselves, in the centre of the black groups indeed, but unmolested by their masters. The old woman seemed at first inclined to forbid the opening of the knapsack, but curiosity most likely prevailing, she suffered the white man to proceed.

Jerry therefore produced from the reservoir some biscuit and some tea, and white loaf-sugar. The old woman gazed at these articles very earnestly, but did not offer to touch them.

He then unpacked from his stores two pannikins and a small tin tea-kettle. These articles also the old lady regarded with much admiration, and she waited to see their uses.

Jerry made signs to her to signify that he wanted the kettle filled with water. This the woman readily comprehended, and she called out in a loud voice to the women who were grouped together at a fire behind those where the men were assembled. At the sound of her voice, a tall female native immediately came forth, and stood before her.

The old woman said something to her in a tone of command, which the other promptly obeyed; for, taking up the kettle, she proceeded to the spring and filled it with water, with which she returned, lifting up her legs on high, and with a very grave aspect.—

This command, and the ready obedience which followed it, made

Helen and Jeremiah surmise that the old lady was some person possessing authority; but what the nature of her rank or power was, they could not understand.

Jerry now poured some of the water from the tea-kettle on to the ground; an act which the old woman beheld with much surprise, as she could not comprehend the reason of his wasting water which had been fetched at the cost of some trouble; and when Jerry put into the remaining water half a handful of tea, and placed the tea-kettle on the fire, the old woman's surprise increased; for she expected, of course, that the kettle, (for of metal she had no idea,) would be burnt. But when the kettle boiled, and steam issued from the spout, the native could not restrain her astonishment, and she uttered a sound difficult to express in writing, but nearly resembling the neighing of a horse. This exclamation quickly brought around her the whole body of the natives, both men and women, who gazed at the phenomenon of the boiling water with the most lively expressions of wonder.

Jerry now offered the canvass-bag containing the white sugar to Helen, together with a pannikin. Helen selected a small lump, which she put in her pannikin, and Jerry poured on it some of the boiling tea from the kettle.—As the water was ejected from the spout, the crowd shouted with admiration; but they did not fail to observe that it was changed in colour, a circumstance which seemed to give rise to much comment among them.—One of the men who was standing close to them seized the bag of sugar, which he was about to dispose of in some way, when the old woman snatched it away from him, giving him at the same time a sound rating, in which she seemed to be a great proficient, for the man hung down his head, and slunk back behind the others.—She then restored the bag to Jerry.

Jerry wondered who this important old lady could be, who seemed to exercise so powerful a control over the tribe; and as he judged it was of importance to propitiate so dignified a personage, although she was as little encumbered with robes of royalty, or any other robes, as the rest of the black community, he took from the bag a tolerably big lump of sugar, and presented it to her with much ceremony.

The old lady hesitated for a moment or two before she took it; but when she had it in her hand, she viewed it with much indifference, mistaking it for a piece of chalk, of which there is plenty to be found in some parts of the island. In order to satisfy herself on this point, she called to her one of the men, who stooped down, and on whose back she attempted to make a white mark with the stuff. But as the sugar was hard and serrated, and as the old woman's hand was vigorous, instead of producing the pigmental effect which she expected, it only ex-

coriated the black man's back ; who uttered a loud roar from the smart, which was greeted with the general merriment of his brethren.

The old lady smelled at the white stuff, but that gave her no information. She then handed it to the native who stood near her, and he smelled it, and handed it to the next, who passed it on to the others, and so they all smelled it, but no one of them could make anything of it ; and the white stuff was returned to Jerry.

Jerry then took another little bit, which he put into his mouth and ate, making signs to the old woman to do the same ; but she shook her head, and declined to make the experiment.

While this examination of the lump of sugar was going on, Helen had been sipping her tea from the pannikin, and soaking her biscuit in the hot liquid ; in which refection she was accompanied by Jeremiah. As soon as he had finished his pannikin of drink, Jerry put into it the piece of sugar which had been submitted to the examination of the natives, and poured on it some of the boiling tea from the kettle. He then handed it to the old woman.

The old woman took it ; but as she took hold of it by the rim, and not by the handle, she burnt her fingers, and let it fall to the ground ; the hot liquid scalding the legs of several besides her own, as it was scattered about.

Jerry however poured her out another cup ; but as she would not take hold of it a second time, he placed it on the ground close by her side. She popped her finger into it, but soon took it out again, uttering a cry of pain.

Then all the natives would put their fingers into it, to try the experiment ; those who tried it first urging on the others to try it also, and taunting the backward ones, especially the women, for their timidity ; much in the same way as children, who have experienced an electric shock, endeavour to persuade others to feel the same sensation.

When the mirth which the hot tea had given rise to had subsided, the natives turned their attention to the biscuit which the white people were eating ; and Jerry offered some of it to the native who was nearest to him.

The native took it, and as usual, first smelled it, and passed it round to the others, by all of whom it was smelled in turn ; but not one of them would taste it. They exhibited a strong desire, however, to examine the contents of Jerry's knapsack ; but this was authoritatively refused by the old lady, who rose from her sitting posture, and spoke some words to the assembled crowd, pointing to the west, which had an immediate effect upon them ; and they forthwith retired to their separate fires, crouching behind their breakwinds.

Helen and Jerry also, on their parts, seeing that there was no present harm intended to them, and that the fate of themselves and their valuables was postponed for some reason which they could not divine, were inclined to rest; and Helen endeavoured to make the old woman understand that she was desirous of retiring to the sleeping-place of the women, which she observed was arranged by a fire apart, and at some distance from the fires of the men. The old lady at last understood her signs, and prepared to conduct her to the female department of the encampment; but first she called out to the men, and one of them having appeared, she said something to him, the meaning of which was evident from his behaviour; for the native at once established himself in the immediate vicinity of Jeremiah, and lying down on his belly, watched him as an intelligent dog does an article of property that he has been set to guard.

The looks of the black fellow were by no means agreeable to Mr. Silliman; but fatigue soon weighed him down so heavily, that he forgot natives and bushrangers and all, and slept on the bare earth as if on a bed of down. Helen also courted sleep, for the sake of the strength which it would restore to her; and in a short time the whole of the party, with the exception of the two who kept watch over the prisoners, were fast asleep. For many hours the two prisoners slept profoundly, nor thought nor dreamed of the new adventures which the morrow was to bring forth.

THE TWO TRAVELLERS.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

CHAPTER I.

THE CROIX BLANCHE.

IN one of the narrow, dirty and disagreeable streets, which abound in the Cité in Paris, is an inn of the lower order, and generally used by travellers only of the humbler classes. This inn is, or rather was, known by the name of the Croix Blanche. It boasted but slender accommodation for any who frequented it, having but a drinking room for the habitual visitors, and a kitchen occupied by the landlord and landlady. This kitchen, which had the usual huge fire-place, great square heavy table, with a rack of castroles, and other articles appertaining to the culinary and eating department, was moreover additionally lumbered by a large commode, in which more clothes and linen

could be bestowed, than ever, we opine, belonged to the domestic economy of the Croix Blanche. It had however other uses, which we shall take occasion to describe as we proceed.

One evening about a year after the restoration of the Bourbons, Dame Leroux, the stalwart and masculine landlady, was seated in her arm chair, dozing over the fire, as stout ladies are apt to do upon occasion. A savoury steam from the cauldron and *castroles* on the crook and three-legged iron stand, denoted that silent preparations were making for the last meal of the day; while a number of knives, forks, metal platters and dishes on the table, seemed to intimate that several parties were about to partake of the supper. Madame Leroux, however, was as yet only a passive observer of the scene; if she slept not, her senses were wrapped in thoughts far beyond any such sublunary comforts. Not so, however, the other occupant of the apartment. On the summit of the commode, at about five feet from the ground, sat a little man, whose cogitations were evidently divided between the meal which offended his nostrils, and the human garment which he was engaged in patching. By the light of a small candle, stuck for economy's sake in a bottle, did the little tailor ply his needle with a desperate energy, which was painful to look at. There was a fearful industry about the man, which was clearly unnatural. His eye roved uneasily about, as if he dreaded to be caught napping. Now he sniffed the savoury stew, which came like

"Sabeau odours from the spicy shore,"

to his uneasy nostrils. Now he eyed the dozing dame askance, and as if fancying her sleep feigned and counterfeit, stitched away at his work with double perseverance.

This silence had lasted about half an hour, when a girl, some seventeen years old,—a pretty brunette, with an intelligent and speaking countenance, entered the room, and touched the landlady on the shoulder.

"Eh! what is it? Ah! it is you, Cecile."

"If you please, madame, two travellers have entered the public room, who want to be accommodated with beds and supper. They are better dressed than the customers we usually have."

"Shew the gentlemen in here," said Madame Leroux, rising in a stately manner. "You need not have waited to ask me, I think. *Entrez, Messieurs, entrez.*"

As she spoke these words, two men, who were already advancing ere Cecile could join them, entered the kitchen of La Croix Blanche. The one a middle-aged man, of dark sallow complexion, with thick moustachios, a heavy cloak, and a hat drawn slightly over his eyes; the other, a young man, slight, also dark, dressed simply, with a havre-sack on his shoulder. He

had apparently just left the diligence. The first advanced to the fire, seated himself in the arm chair which Madame Leroux had left vacant, cast aside his cloak, and drawing near the fire, appeared determined to make himself at home; while the other, with somewhat more of modesty, allowed Cecile to point him out a stool, beside which he deposited his trifling baggage; and then with a slightly retiring air, seated himself, and extending his hands, warmed them by the cheerful blaze which illumined the whole apartment.

"Cecile," said Madame Leroux, "let us have supper. Tell Leonard and Jules to come in."

Leonard and Jules, two habitual and hard drinkers, entered. Both were young mechanics of the best class—good workmen; who earned excellent wages, all spent in that house, where, being countrymen, they lodged. When we add that both were suitors for the favour of Cecile, and both *mauvais sujets* of the first water, we have summed up all that was marked in their characters.

The elder traveller eyed the pair with very little favour as they entered, while the young men took no particular notice of them. Madame Leroux, however, whose very best customers they were, received them most graciously. They seated themselves one on each side of the pretty waiting-maid. One chair still remained empty.

"François," said Madame Leroux, severely, "have you finished that pair of pantaloons?"

This speech was addressed to the little tailor, who all the while sat perched on the summit of the commode.

"I have one stitch to do," said the little man, with much meekness.

"Finish then."

"I have finished."

"Cecile, put the steps. François can come down."

This was said with the dignity of a queen. The elder stranger scarcely endeavoured to restrain his laughter.

"Is Monsieur your child?" said he, with a look of cavalier audacity at the whole table.

"Sir," replied the dame, in the most imposing manner, "François is my husband."

"Oh, ten thousand pardons!" exclaimed the stranger gravely. "I suppose, however, the young lady, who is so tenderly assisting down your husband, is at all events your daughter."

"Cecile is a foundling, at least so François says," observed the dame tartly.

The stranger started and became silent, while the young man raised his eyes curiously, and fixing them upon the girl, examined her with some attention. Leonard and Jules were all

the while intent upon discussing the merits of their supper, in preference to amusing themselves with a scene which, unfortunately for poor François Leroux, was of nightly occurrence. Madame, who had ever an eye to the main chance, and who, it will readily be believed, ruled the roast in that house, was in the habit of every day making her husband, who had been bred a tailor, do a certain amount of work, ere she allowed him to enjoy his meals. The meek little man willingly acquiesced, for, except on rare occasions, it was painful for him to rouse himself. He now approached the table, and gliding into his seat, as if anxious not to be noticed, ate heartily of the food which Cecile with much kindness of manner placed before him.

At this moment a porter entered the kitchen, with a large portmanteau on his shoulder.

"Does Monsieur Amadis St. Barbe lodge here?" he inquired, touching his hat.

"I am that person," said the elder stranger; "take that box into my room, and there are forty sous for you. If you please, Mademoiselle," he added, observing that Cecile was about to shew the way, "would you be kind enough to bring down the key of my bed-room?" and his eye rested with a sneering look upon the two mechanics.

Leonard and Jules caught the sneer, but did not appear to consider it worthy of notice. The meal now proceeded without interruption, Cecile occupying a seat beside the younger stranger, that had been left vacant by Leonard, who had shifted nearer to Jules to whisper some remark concerning the sneer of Amadis. The latter, without taking the slightest notice of the two mechanics, addressed himself to his *compagnon de voyage*.

"It is curious, Monsieur le Comte," he said, "that we should both select this inn for a lodging."

"Not at all!" replied the quiet young man, who turned out after all to be a Count. "You said you were going to the Croix Blanche; I agreed to accompany you, having business near at hand."

The young Count, upon whom all eyes were now curiously turned, had had his rank accidentally betrayed to his companion, by the salutation of a mounted traveller passing the diligence. His name was still unknown.

"I have business *very* near at hand," remarked the other, as if he expected the young nobleman to enter into some explanations.

"Indeed!" said the Count, "then I suppose I shall have the pleasure of your society for some days."

"I shall enjoy that honour!" replied Amadis, biting his lip.

"If you please, Madame Leroux," observed the Count, rising,

"I would retire to my room for an hour, to rest myself after the fatigues of the day."

"François," exclaimed the dame, tartly, as Cecile hurried to open the door, "shew the Count his room. Cecile, I shall want you. I am going to Madame Fricours."

François rose meekly, and accompanied the Count to his room. The door reached, the young man turned round, thanked his conductor, and said:

"In an hour, I wish to speak to you privately. Mention this to no one. *August the 2nd, 1802.*"

The little man started, turned pale, and stood trembling at the head of the old rickety stairs. He would have answered the Count, but that individual had already entered his chamber, and closed the door. The landlord therefore descended the stairs, and with as much composure as he was able to muster, rejoined the company in the kitchen. Madame Leroux and Cecile were equipped for a journey.

"François," said the wife severely, "here are the keys. Don't you run up any scores. Recollect, Jabot owes me twelve sous: he is not to be trusted a liard."

"Very good," replied the little man meekly, his pinched visage lightening up at the prospect of a few hours' freedom. During his wife's absence, the small man was very large in his own estimation. Accordingly, as soon as the landlady and her pretty companion had taken their departure, he rose, and walking to the fire, addressed the stranger.

"Is the country looking well?" he observed in somewhat of a dogmatic manner. "I have heard it is presenting a most promising appearance."

"It is," said Amadis St. Barbe; and then leaning forward, he whispered, "I wish to speak with you privately. *August the 2nd, 1802.* Get rid of these two fellows."

François Leroux was petrified. His eyes wandered wildly round the room, as if fearful some horrid spectre was about to arise and confront him. By an effort, however, he regained his composure, and spoke, informing the men of his wish to be private. Leonard and Jules surlily remarked that they had no wish to pry into secrets, and left the room.

CHAPTER II.

THE DEATH BED.

THE clock of the small town of Chantilly struck. It was eleven in the evening. As the last sound of the booming bell came from afar off on the ear, a groan was heard from the couch

of one of the children of luxury and wealth. In a splendid chamber, hung with tapestry, and furnished in the most gorgeous style, was a bed on which lay a man beyond the middle age. Pale, thin, ghastly, Death had set its seal upon him, and nature struggled vainly with the grim and ghastly king. It was the Marquis of Liancourt, dying at the age of fifty, a widower and all but childless. Three years previous he had a wife and three children; but the Marchioness and two sweet girls had been dead more than a year, while his only son—a boy of five—was now in the hands of the physicians. The grief of the father had been all along silent and stern, but the last blow overwhelmed him. He took to his bed, and now well knew he should rise no more.

"I deserve it, I deserve it!" he cried in anguish, "I had no pity for her: Heaven has none on me."

A servant entered on tiptoe, and cautiously approached his master, as if expecting to find him asleep.

"Well, Sir!" said the Marquis, sternly, his old vigour burning brightly for an instant, "no equivocation; no lies—How is my son?"

"Alas! my lord," said the servant hesitatingly, "I fear the news will—"

"Speak, fool, idiot," cried the Marquis, rising by a mighty effort of the will to a sitting posture in his bed, "How is my son?"

"My Lord, the Count is dead."

A hollow groan of anguish, a gleam of fierce horror, was all the dying man's reply.

"Sir," he said faintly, "despatch messengers at once for my wife's nephew Amadis St. Barbe, and for the Count de Longueville."

The servant obeyed, and in half an hour Monsieur Amadis was in the presence of the dying man. Monsieur Amadis could scarcely controul a lurking smile of satisfaction at the prospect before him. All the children were dead, his aunt was no more, and doubtless the Marquis was about to make him sole heir to his immense property. Approaching the bed, he he gazed an instant on the face of his relative, and then addressed him.

"My dear uncle," he exclaimed, "how do you find yourself this evening?"

"Nearly dead, Sir," said the Marquis harshly, "my son is dead already, as you are doubtless happy to hear."

"Sir!" began Amadis, somewhat shocked at the sick man's humour.

"But, Sir," continued the Marquis, "all this will avail you

nothing. I have another heir, Sir, as you will find; God has deserted me, because I deserted my first child."

"My uncle!"

"No words," he replied, "look in the third drawer of my cabinet, you will find a packet there. You have it?"

"I have, Sir."

"Well, then, in an hour after my death, or as soon as the coach passes through for Paris, take your seat therein—follow the directions contained in that packet, find my child—and if you win her favour, my fortune is yours. If not, I leave you—my blessing."

"But, my uncle, I have no means of reaching Paris," said Amadis, with a sneer on his lip that the old man saw not.

"In the same drawer you will find a purse; take that, and now go."

Amadis obeyed his uncle's directions, and left the room to seek a chamber which had been prepared for him. It was hours after, when the Young Count de Longueville entered the sick-room. The Marquis slept, and his nephew—the son of a favourite brother—seated himself by his bed side. In doing so he accidentally pushed against a chair. The noise woke the sleeper.

"Ah! Charles, my dear boy, you are come to see the old man before he dies. Now do not speak, but indulge an old man by answering a few questions.

"Are you in love, or likely to be?"

"My uncle! such a question now?"

"You are then?" said the old man bitterly.

"No, uncle, I am not, nor am I likely to be; but why at such a time?"

"Enough, my dear nephew; listen. I am not, I would fain hope, childless."

"My uncle!"

"You are surprised; but hear me out. During the revolution I married; my wife died, and I was left with a little girl. Concerned in a conspiracy against the government, I prepared for flight, but determined to leave my child behind me. Late at night, bleeding from wounds received in a conflict with the minions of authority, I sought one François Leroux, to whom I confided the girl, with certain instructions. I can explain no further. Fearful of what has happened, I prepared two statements. In the fourth drawer of yonder *secrétaire* you will find ample instructions and explanations, which will suffice, with my will, made in case of the death of my second wife—whom as you know I married abroad—to restore my daughter to her rights. Now, Charles, promise me, if you can love the girl—I speak as if certain of her existence—will you wed her? She will be wealthy—very wealthy."

"My uncle, I am a Frenchman and a man of honour," replied the Count; "if I can love your daughter, I will marry her; her dowry will not enter into the consideration."

The Marquis, who was becoming much exhausted, after giving one or two more directions to Count Longueville, and requesting him to repair to Paris at day-break without communicating with Amadis, from whom he was earnestly entreated to keep himself unknown, dismissed the young man with his blessing.

Before dawn the old Marquis died, and the Count with Amadis St. Barbe were on their way to Paris, each utterly unknown to the other; the Count only discovering who his companion was on the arrival of his portmanteau at the inn.

CHAPTER III.

EXPLANATIONS.

AMADIS ST. BARBE and François Leroux remained alone. The former had again seated himself in the arm-chair, while the little tailor stood by the fireside in silent expectation of what was to follow. The huge logs burnt cheerily, while the whole chamber was faintly illumined by them and a very poor lamp on the table. This St. Barbe drew near to him, and then taking a paper from his pocket, propounded a series of questions from, it appeared, this writing.

"You are François Leroux, late tailor in the *Alles des Veuves*?"

"The same."

"You remember the night of the second of August, 1802?"

"I shall never forget it."

"Why?"

"On that night," replied the little man, approaching near to the questioner, "I was seated in my porter's lodge, when a man, all bloody, with a little girl in his arms, entered my room. 'François,' said he. 'Sir,' said I. 'Here are a thousand francs and a little girl,' he replied: 'will you take charge of her and bring her up well?' Believe me if I was delighted or not! I was ready to leap out of my skin for joy. 'You shall have five hundred every year,' he continued. 'You are my man,' I replied; and then he kissed the child, put it down, and went away. Well, I resolved at once to leave my porter's lodge, and, as Monsieur had said, 'bring her up respectable.' I induced a very worthy dame, who then kept this cabaret, to marry me, (for do you see I did not know what to do with a girl); and here I am."

"And the money?"

"Good as the bank; comes every year in a letter, with a request to send an answer to M. de L. at the post-office, Chantilly."

"And the girl?"

"You have seen her to-night—Cecile—and an excellent girl she is."

"So making her a waitress in a tavern you call bringing her up respectable?"

"Oh, Cecile is too good for us; but Monsieur le Curé, to whom of course I have confessed all, he took pity on her, and every day she visits him; while Madame Brieze—a good lady—has taught her to read and write. Reading is her vice."

"Come," said Amadis, "this looks well. And she has no idea of her true origin?"

"None—thinks every thing all right: though my wife takes leave to tell her, that though she may be my daughter, she is none of hers."

"Well, keep your counsel," said Amadis, "and here are four louis for you. I shall tell the girl the whole myself. She must leave you."

"And my five hundred francs a year?" put in the tailor somewhat anxiously.

"Oh! *he's* dead."

"What! M. L.?"

"Yes, and Cecile is now a countess in her own right, with a dowry of two millions!"

The ex-tailor rose two inches, opened his eyes to the capacity of moderate pancakes, and almost gasping for breath, said—"two millions?"

"Yes; and now that you know all, take care you breathe not a word of all this. I must proceed my own way."

"*And the other one?*" said the tailor, with a knowing wink upstairs.

"What other one?"

"The Count."

"What of him?" said Amadis, rising hastily, "have I a rival suitor?"

"Oh, nothing; I only thought you came together," replied the tailor, a light breaking in upon him. And then he added to himself, "I see two of them. I shall get my money from both."

"And now, Leroux," said Amadis, "I am going out for a stroll. When Cecile returns, I must have an interview with her."

"But, Sir, my wife, Madame Leroux, will never allow it," exclaimed the tailor with some anxiety.

"Oh, say I am her father,—her grandfather, if you like. But see her I must."

Amadis St. Barbe with these words went out, and François remained alone. In his hands were the four louis. To secrete these from his wife was now his object, as, did they fall into her hands, his delight in obtaining possession of them would be utterly fruitless. He was engaged in this task, when the door from the passage opened and the Count entered. François, who was stooping, with his hand in an old boot, started to his feet.

"You are alone?" said De Longueville, mildly.

"As you see, Monsieur le Comte."

"It is fortunate, as I wish a few moments' conversation with you."

"At your service, Monsieur le Comte."

De Longueville advanced to the table, seated himself, and reading from a paper, as Amadis St. Barbe had done, spoke—

"You are François Leroux, late tailor in the Allee de Veuves?" he said.

"The very words of the other one," muttered the tailor, ere he answered in the affirmative. "What other one?" inquired the Count, raising his eyes from the paper.

"The man who came here with you."

"Indeed!" replied the Count, with a dark shade upon his brow. "I see *he must be got out of the way*, for," he added to himself, "a more dangerous and unprincipled man I know does not exist."

This interruption over, the Count pursued his interrogations; and having satisfied himself that Cecile was the old Marquis's daughter, was about to retire, when the unconscious Countess entered with Madame Leroux. De Longueville hesitated a moment, and then advancing towards the pair,

"Madame," he said, speaking to Cecile with profound respect, "I have the honour to acquaint you that your parentage, hitherto unknown, is at length discovered."

"What!" exclaimed Madame Leroux, loudly, "is my François at last found out?"

"Hush" said the little man, sidling up to his huge wife, "Cecile is a lady, a Countess."

The young girl herself was so surprised, that at first she did not understand; but the Count in a few words explained her true position to the wandering Cecile. Drawing a chair near her, he detailed her father's history and death.

"And is my father dead? have I no friend?" exclaimed the bewildered girl.

"A very true one," whispered De Longueville, who now was quite willing to obey his uncle's command; "it was your father's

wish and will that I should acquire a very dear right to call myself your friend."

"You, Monsieur! a Count! a peer of France!" again said the girl hysterically.

"You forget, dear Madame, that you are yourself a Countess, and that to-morrow will see you installed in all the dignity and grandeur of the hotel de Liancourt."

Cecile made no reply, but sinking back on the old arm chair, to which the Count had led her, begged he would leave her alone, to collect her thoughts awhile. De Longueville fully comprehending her bewilderment, readily acquiesced, and retiring to his chamber, appeared no more that night.

It was a few moments after his departure, ere the Leroux's ventured to speak. They were struck dumb: that a real live Countess, wealthy, high born, and connected with the first families of France, should have been acting with them in the capacity of a waiting maid, was inconceivable; while both felt anxious to secure her future goodwill—a matter of some doubt in the case of Dame Leroux, who had not always been a kind mistress. Leaving them to make the attempt, we pass to early dawn on the morrow.

CHAPTER IV.

A NEW DISCOVERY.

It was early dawn, and François Leroux, with the two drunken mechanics of the preceding evening, were assisting Madame Leroux in preparing for the morning meal. Neither the Count, the Countess, nor Amadis St. Barbe, was yet moving. Cecile would have come down as usual; but on the previous night the old Dame had insisted on her acting in no such unreasonable manner; and the heiress, smiling at the change, consented to lie in bed in the morning for the first time for years. Jules and Leonard, however, being particularly industrious that morning, she was not missed; and when, radiant with loveliness, and beaming with the consciousness of rank, wealth, and the probable love of a handsome young nobleman, she came down, a breakfast awaited her, such as never before had been seen at the *Croix Blanche*.

"Good morning, *Madame la Comtesse!* I hope your ladyship has slept well," said the stout landlady, bustling up and offering a chair.

"Quite well," said Cecile with a laugh, "but my good Madame Leroux, do not be so ceremonious. You are both," she added, taking the hands of the worthy couple, "my kind tutors, and I shall never forget the very many happy hours I have spent under your fostering care."

"François," said the wife to him, with a husky voice, to hide a tear, "go and call the gentlemen."

François, equally affected, skipped out of the room and ran quickly up stairs, followed by Jules. The two returned in an instant, followed by the young Count.

"Murder! murder! robbery! oh! oh!" shouted the little tailor, who, pale as a sheet, and eyeing with horror a bloody knife, which Jules, scarcely less pale and trembling than himself, held in his hand, "The gentleman up stairs has been murdered! Oh, Monsieur Le Comte, how could you kill him, though he was your rival!"

"Villain, what mean you," said De Longueville, his eyes flashing fire, and his whole mien terrible with anger. Cecile stood petrified; her hand was raised to her forehead, as if she only just understood some fatal truth. Leonard, on a whisper from Dame Leroux, slipped away for the police.

"Oh! oh!" cried the tailor, whose mental faculties appeared to have received a fatal blow, "I heard him say last night, *he must be got out of the way!* Oh! oh!"

"I did indeed," exclaimed the young Count, biting his lips, "and the words, as it has turned out, were unfortunate. But, my dear cousin, you cannot think me so base—"

"Not a word! not a word to me!" she said, waving him off, "murder has been done."

"And with Monsieur La Comte's *couteau de chasse*" said Jules sneeringly, holding up the Count's hunting-knife.

"Which, scoundrel, I left last night lying on this table," said De Longueville, bewildered.

"True! true!" exclaimed François: "but here are the police."

Four gendarmes with a commissary of police entered; the soldiers stood, two at each door.

"There stands the murderer," cried Leonard, advancing.

"Sir, you are my prisoner," said the commissary of police, laying his hand roughly on the young man's arm.

"Take that," exclaimed he, striking the officer on the hand with which he had seized him, "and learn to treat a peer of France with more respect. I am Charles Count de Longueville. Lead on!"

The man, who now recognised the young nobleman, was about, in a crest-fallen manner, to hand over his prisoner to the soldiers, when Cecile spoke.

"Stay," she exclaimed. "Now I can speak. The Count is innocent. There stand the murderers," pointing to Jules and Leonard.

"And pray, my pretty girl, why is your word to be taken before that of an honest mechanic?"

"Speak with more respect," said she mildly; "I am Cecile,

Countess of Liancourt. But if my word be doubted, look in the villains' faces, and read the truth of what I assert."

Jules and Leonard had made a desperate attempt to escape, but captured, they made no defence. The Countess then gave her evidence, which the puzzled officer took down, with many demonstrations of regret for his mistake. It appeared, that sitting up in her room late, she had seen Leonard and Jules, towards morning, clamber out of a window, which she supposed, being that which they usually occupied, they were then leaving on one of their many wild expeditions she had often known them in the habit of indulging in. This caused her to take no particular notice at the time, her thoughts being otherwise engaged. In the morning the murder brought the scene vividly to her recollection, and excited her suspicion of the truth.

We have little more to tell. Charles and Cecile were very soon *one*, and as Countess of Longueville, the latter shewed herself every way worthy of her rank. The Leroux were handsomely provided for by the young couple, while the murderers were equally carefully taken care of by the state. They expiated their crime—a crime instigated as much by Amadis St. Barbe's sneering manner, as by his gold—at the galleys, where they were sent for life.

This is a true narrative, and related to me by the Count de Longueville, at Chantilly.

MARCO BRANDI,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PASCAL BRUNO."

CHAPTER I.

THE SPEAKING MADONNA.

IN Calabria men count by earthquakes; and yet there are few more attached to their soil than the Calabrians. But thanks to the consequences of these everyday convulsions of nature, not only have they no history, but there are many men who know not their own name. Some child escapes, like Moses, from a destroyed village; and if the barber who assisted at his birth, or the priest who baptized him, have not also escaped, there are no means of ascertaining anything about him. He collects perhaps some idea, here and there, on the point of his birth and family; but his true age is that of the earthquake, his name that of the family which adopts him. Maitre Adam, one of our heroes, was a living example of this somewhat strange fact. If our readers would make acquaintance with this estimable person, to

whom we would direct particular attention, let them cast their eyes upon the steep road leading from Nicotera to Monteleone. They will perceive, walking beneath the burning sun of August, a man of about five-and-fifty, clothed in a vest and breeches so plastered with paint, their colour was quite apocryphal. From his pockets, instead of the usual knife, more peaceful instruments peeped out, in the form of a bundle of brushes and pencils of every kind; his belt, in lieu of pistols, contained a choice selection of those lively colours which all primitive people prefer to more deep tones; the gourd which hung from his shoulders contained no nectar of Lipari or Catanzavi, but gummed water, which served the double purpose of fixing his colours and quenching his thirst; while the cane on his shoulder, and which he carried in so formidable a manner like a carbine, was but that innocent implement in use among painters, and denominated a rest. Now this man, of athletic form, of such light and lively mind, of such joyous and careless look, was found on the 21st July, 1764, naked and sprawling, a quarter of a league from the village of Maida, which had disappeared during the night, houses and inhabitants, like an accursed city struck by the anger of God. Picked up by peasants from Nicotera, who discovered him on the road-side, without being able to guess how he came there, he received from them, in consequence of the obscurity of his origin, the name of The First Man.

Young Adam, whose age dated consequently from the catastrophe of 1764, which made him a year or eighteen months younger than he really was, had been destined by his adopted parents as the guardian of their sheep-flock—a most important post; wool, with wine and oil, furnishing the only riches of Calabria. He soon, however, made manifest how little he relished the pleasures of a pastoral life, so poetically sung by Theocritus. In lieu of this, however, he had, like the Giotto, a great propensity to draw figures of men, trees, and animals, on the sand and had he found open to him the atelier of a Cimabue, would have doubtless become a great painter. Unfortunately the master was wanting to the scholar; study did not improve his natural talent, and young Adam remained a dauber. Circumstances, however, raised him to some reputation. Adam had already won the title of *maestro*, by a multitude of sign-boards more or less picturesque, when the counter-revolution of 1798 occurred. Ferdinand and Caroline, driven out by French occupation, retired to Sicily on board Nelson's vessel; and fixing the seat of government at Palermo, abandoned Naples to Championnet, who had proclaimed the Parthenopian Republic. *Unfortunately* for the newly freed, the dethroned king and queen had to advise them a resolute minister, the Cardinal Ruffo, who undertook to restore his legitimate monarch to the throne. He

accordingly landed in Calabria, and in the name of the Holy Faith rallied round him all those who had remained faithful to the old royalist principles. Five or six hundred men answered the first call; the audacious partisan considered the number quite sufficient, and as there was only wanting a banner round which to rally his soldiers, he summoned an artist to paint on his standard Our Lady of Mount Carmel, beneath whose protection he had undertaken his enterprize. Adam was now in the flower of his age and the full vigour of his talent; he presented himself with confidence before Ruffo, had the programme explained to him, and executed the required Madonna with so much promptitude and sentiment, that he satisfied at the same time the churchman and the warrior. The prelate-general in both capacities, promised him every thing spiritual and temporal which he could require. Adam demanded in the former instance his blessing, in the latter, the monopoly of painting, for ten leagues round, the Madonna, and souls in purgatory. This double request, however ambitious it might appear to the bystanders, was instantly acceded to, and Ruffo, having reconquered the kingdom and recalled Ferdinand and Caroline to their throne, Adam, who had done his best towards this great event, enjoyed without contest the privilege granted him in reward of his patriotism and fidelity. Those of our readers who have travelled in Italy, and witnessed the devotion of the Neapolitan and Calabrian peasants to these kind of paintings, will easily understand of what importance it was to Maitre Adam. In effect, every convent which wanted to mend an old Madonna, or have a new one, was forced to call in aid his services. And as he was alone, Adam made conditions.

Adam had carried on this trade about ten years, when Fra Barcelona, sacristan of Nicotera, came to him on the part of the prior, requiring him to restore a Madonna on the surface of an immense wall stretching out in front of the church; which had once been a worker of miracles, but which, in consequence of the neglect with which it had been treated, had been silent for ten years. The motive which had induced the prior to think of this wise figure was the fright inspired in all Lower Calabria, by a certain bandit, Marco Brandi, who was moreover suspected of being in the neighbourhood. The wise men of Nicotera had therefore decided that something should be done for the Madonna, in order that the grateful Madonna might in return do something for the village. At the same time, for further security, an express had been sent to the judge of Monteleone, informing him of the state of things, and requesting an escort of gendarmes.

Adam set to work with thorough Christian ardour. By the aid of his pencil, the face of the Madonna regained all its

freshness, its forehead its glory, and its clothes their colour. During the whole time he was at work, Adam had had round him a host of curious persons, whose sustained attention showed the great importance the village attached to the national work which was being accomplished before their eyes; and the painting finished, every one had felicitated the painter, who replied to these compliments with quite artistic modesty, that he really did believe with his fellow citizens, that he had just completed his *chef d'œuvre*. On his part, the judge of Monteleone had replied to the distressful cry of his people, so that Nicotera could not only count upon a temporal protection, but upon a spiritual one. In fact, no sooner arrived, but the gendarmes set to work, drove Marco Brandi from an excellent position, where he had already made all his arrangements to take up his winter quarters, dispersed his troops, and pursued the chief with such activity, that Marco Brandi, cut off between the town and the *sbirri*, had only time to rush into a little forest of chestnuts which reached to the walls of the abbey garden. Immediately, by a movement as clever as it was rapid, the wood was surrounded, searched every where "*soulè en long, puis soulè en large*," but all in vain. Marco Brandi had disappeared. The wood was visited tree by tree and bush by bush, but all researches were without result, though not a tuft of grass was passed without the end of a bayonet being poked into it. It was enough to raise a notion of there being magic in all this.

Eight days passed without Marco Brandi being heard of. Nevertheless, as the danger was known to be imminent, the gendarmes redoubled their vigilance, and the inhabitants their devotion. Never had any Madonna been prayed to and flattered like the Madonna of Maitre Adam. The richest female peasants of the neighbourhood had come and brought their earrings and their collars, which they fully intended to retake as soon as Marco Brandi was captured, but which they lent to it in the meantime. A lamp burnt night and day at her holy feet, and the care of this lamp was confided to a worthy woman, called Sister Martha, who every day went from door to door begging oil, and at eventide poured the result of her labour into the recipient lamp. This Sister Martha was a holy woman, who, like St. Theresa, had visions. For a day or two at a time, she would lie without moving on her bed. The doctor called it epilepsy; Fra Barcelona called it ecstasy.

Now it happened, while matters were at this juncture, that Sister Martha had one of her habitual attacks, and was forty-eight hours without appearing in order to fulfil her functions. Such in Italy is the respect paid to the industrial rights of another, that no woman, however pious, dared to replace Sister Martha; and that during three fourths of the time,

the oil being exhausted, the holy image remained without a light. It was towards the end of the second day—the night was coming on rapidly and gloomily—the Ave Maria, the last crepuscular song, had just risen to heaven—the streets were all deserted, and with the exception of a group of children playing in front of the Madonna, everybody was hurrying home—when suddenly a voice from out the niche of the Virgin was heard distinctly and sonorously speaking, and calling by name one of the little vagabonds who was nearest to her. The astonished children turned round.

"Paschariello!" said the voice again.

"What seek you, Madonna?" said the child.

"Go tell Sister Martha," continued the sound, "that for two days she has forgotten to fill my lamp with oil."

Paschariello needed not twice asking. *Il prit ses jambes à son cou*, as the French have it, followed by all the children, crying Miracle! Miracle! He arrived covered with perspiration, pale and trembling, at Sister Martha's, at the moment when, after a lethargy of forty-eight hours, the holy woman had just regained her senses. Sister Martha listened to the child with every degree of attention, and gradually coming to her senses, declared that the Virgin had also appeared to her, and spoken in the same words heard by the children. The whole village now, in turn, cried Miracle! and Sister Martha, rising amid a torrent of acclamations, cries and chants, moved towards the holy image; Paschariello, become the object of general veneration, being carried in triumph on the shoulders of two vigorous Calabrians. Arrived near the image, the procession, acting on the advice of Sister Martha, stopped, singing the litanies of the Virgin; and while, in order to take advantage of the circumstance, Fra Barcelona on the one side, and Adam on the other, made collections, the one for his convent, the other for himself, the elect woman approached the image alone, and held a dialogue with it. At the termination of this conversation, of which every one impatiently awaited the result, Sister Martha turned towards the auditors, and declared, in the name of the Madonna, that this latter had acknowledged she was somewhat vexed with the faith of the inhabitants of Nicotera, who had thought proper, to protect themselves against Marco Brandi, to call in the assistance of a power so terrestrial as that of the gendarmerie. She refused altogether to have anything to do with such an alliance, declaring that the inhabitants must choose between spiritual and temporal means; that they could not be at the same time for the gendarmerie and for the Virgin; *ergo*, those present were to declare themselves. If they were for the gendarmerie, there was an end of the matter,—she had nothing more to say, not wishing to force any one's conscience;

but, nevertheless, she would leave the gendarmes to do all themselves, and would be answerable for nothing. If, on the contrary, they were for her, she undertook everything, and begged to state that, from that day, Marco Brandi should not be heard of for three years. The decision was unanimous. All cried "Viva la Madonna! Down with the Sbirri!" and the unhappy gendarmes, recalled from the various posts they had occupied for eight days, that night left for Monteleone, followed by the groans of the populace, who even proposed to stone them. The Madonna of Adam remained master of the field, and Marco Brandi was no more heard of.

CHAPTER II.

THE POST OFFICE.

THE consequences of this miracle were most favourable to Adam, Sister Martha, and Paschariello, who acquired a great amount of popularity, while hundreds crowded from every part to gaze upon the wonderful picture. Fra Barcelona, jealous of the popularity of Adam, predicted this would not last, and his prediction was correct. Government began to suspect that devotion was not the only motive which induced so large a number of persons to obtain passports for Monteleone: and upon examination it was discovered that out of 12,000 passports, 3000 had been taken out by Carbonari. It was in 1817. Europe had got used to revolutions; Ferdinand, who had not long returned from exile, had no inclination to go back. He, therefore, sent three thousand men to Monteleone, and three thousand to Tropeia; put Paschariello in prison, forced Sister Martha to enter a convent, and gave notice to the Madonna to perform no miracles without express permission. It was further whispered about by the gendarmerie, that Marco Brandi, in league with Sister Martha, had got up the whole comedy to deliver himself from the gendarmerie. Nobody believed this calumny; but the Madonna suffered, and with the Madonna, Adam. A sentinel was placed before the image, prohibiting any congregation of more than three men. Adieu, therefore, to all collections. The convents, too, fearful of compromising themselves, stopped all orders. Adam in vain lowered his prices. It was useless; and very soon, to the great triumph of Fra Barcelona, Adam was without work. Had he been alone, he would have taken this change most philosophically. But he had a wife, a son, and a daughter. As for his wife—who, good, easy woman, was but an echo of his own thoughts—Adam feared little. Adam owed to Babalina to share

with her his good and evil fortunes, and he religiously acquitted himself of his duties. As for his son, at a very early age he had taken a fancy to serve the king. At the end of eight years, during which he had served in the artillery, his intelligence and enthusiasm being considerable, he had reached the rank of corporal, and had added to his too-peaceful family name the more formidable and expressive one of Bombarda. From this quarter, therefore, Adam had no cause to trouble himself; his son grew tremendously beneath the shelter of a barracks, and under the gunpowder *regimen*, fed and clothed by the government, which kept him in garrison at Messina; requiring nothing in return for its three sous a-day but to appear decent at the morning and evening *appel*, and on more active occasions to cut away at the bandits round the town, with strong recommendations to give as much as possible, and receive as little,—not in pity for their bodies, but in care of the uniforms.

But Gelsomina, his dear daughter, the model of his Madonnas! for whom in his visions he dreamed all the riches of earth and all the joys of heaven—Gelsomina, who had enjoyed that exciting life so much loved when possessed, and so regretted when not—Gelsomina, the fantastic, the wilful, the capricious child,—what could she do without her golden needles, without her pearl earrings and coral necklaces, which were the food of her pride! It was from her therefore that Adam concealed his misery. He was afraid, poor fellow! she would consider his poverty a crime. He dreaded the day when his child should ask him for bread. Fanciful and wilful Gelsomina!

One day the girl suddenly intimated to her father that she desired to know some news of her brother Bombarda. The post-office was twenty miles off, but Adam now gave his wife what few pence he had to procure breakfast, and started. After a long and weary journey, he reached the town of Mentelone, and began to climb the steep street which leads to the post-office. Having reached it within a few steps, he halted, took off with one hand his Greek cap, while with the other he scratched his bald head. He was in deep contemplation. At the end of a few moments, however, a ray of genius illumined the forehead of the artist, a joyous twinkle shone in his eyes, while a smile of conscious superiority contracted his lips. He raised his head like one who feels that this world is the property of the strong and the cunning; and, advancing rapidly, twisting his red cap in his fingers, caught hold of the bars of the post-office in his two hands.

"What do you want?" said an official, poking his spectacles above his nose.

"Have you not a letter," replied the other in a honied voice,

"from Messina, addressed to M. Adam, painter, of Nicotera."

"Yes."

"Would you be kind enough to read it to me? for one must be a scholar to make out such pot-hooks."

"With pleasure, my good man," replied the clerk, who recognized the Michael Angelo of Calabria. "It is doubtless from your son, Corporal Bombarda."

"Ah, the dear child!"

"Not such bad writing, though," said the clerk, "and I'll read it like print. Listen."

Adam nodded.

"My dear father—"

"Excellent boy!"

"My dear father,—We have enjoyed here such an earthquake, that had it lasted but five minutes longer, we should all have been in paradise—from which Heaven preserve us! I have fought like a lion against the robbers of Messina—no better than those of Calabria. I cut two in pieces only yesterday. I have obtained leave of absence for six weeks: I am coming to spend the time with you. Expect me therefore, even if you do not receive this letter, and put by for me your blessing, and some of those Parma figs which you know I love so much.

"Your affectionate son,

"BOMBARDA."

"Thank you, sir," said Adam, "that is all I wanted to know. When I have any money I will call for the letter."

CHAPTER III.

FRA BARCELONA.

ADAM was far away before the postmaster could recover his surprise. A happy old man was Adam. On seeing him go by, singing an old song and swinging his rest, many a rich man might have envied his joyousness. "Dio!" said he, "I am predestinated to be lucky. I have talents disputed by none. I have a son as brave as Judas Maccabæus. I have a daughter lovely and pure. All I love will be in my arms to-morrow. How glad Gelsomina will be, and with what an appetite will we sup to-night!"

These last words brought a recollection to the mind of Adam. He remembered that his last penny had been given to procure his wife and child a breakfast. Sadly and slowly the old man now pursued his way, until he came almost in sight of his home, when he sat down by a wall, which in earlier days would have

served him for a picture. It was large enough for the Last Judgment. He remained in this state some time, absorbed in thought, when suddenly he heard his name called out in a familiar voice. He raised his head and discerned Fra Barcelona and his donkey, advancing on a begging expedition to a neighbouring village.

"Well, Master Adam," said he, "what are we about? Are we dreaming of some subject for a picture,—eh, my good man?"

"Alas, no!" replied the poor painter, "I am warm, I am tired, and I seated myself in order to rest awhile."

"But what a splendid wall you have here!" said the sacristan, "how well it would suit a Madonna!"

The artist sighed.

"Yes, I understand," continued Fra Barcelona, "the time is passed, is it not so? and the Madonna no longer performs miracles. Ah, if you had lived like me in the midst of them, you would understand what Madonnas are. *Cava; ca vient!* It requires a little philosophy, that is all."

"All very fine," muttered the old man, "you breakfasted this morning, and will sup this evening."

"Adam," replied Fra Barcelona in a protecting style, "I am not a great painter. I seek not glory. I confide in Divine Providence. I am only a poor sacristan; and here is my ass, a poor ass only! But neither I nor my ass have ever wanted any thing, thanks to St. Francis."

With these words Fra Barcelona started his donkey, and proceeded on his journey in search of the good provender, which, he rightly said, never failed him, through the influence of St. Francis on the popular mind. Again Adam reflected deeply, but this time to some purpose. His eyes were fixed on the wall. At length he rose: the hint of Fra Barcelona was not given in vain. He had composed a painting; it now remained to be executed. Now Adam opened his gourd—drew from his pocket pencils and brushes—stepped backwards to measure the necessary space—then again advancing, dashed off the sketch, which in ten minutes was complete.

It was a soul in purgatory, clothed in the garments of a Franciscan; and while flames reached up to its knees, its back was bent by the weight of a huge load, laid on by the devil—standing above, with a man's body and an ass's head. It was an admirable sketch, and was just complete when Fra Barcelona, with his ass tottering under a heavy load, again appeared. Adam paid no attention, but worked away.

"What are you at?" cried the Fra, in a voice trembling with rage and astonishment.

"Ah! ah! that is you, Fra Barcelona," said the old man. "I am taking your advice."

The painter here added a few finishing touches to the face.

"I say," continued Fra Barcelona, whose rage increased, "that is my portrait."

"You think so?" said the artist, giving additional likeness by a line.

"What! do I think so? I do more than that. I am sure of it."

"You are wrong."

"I say I am not: if my ass could speak, he would say so too."

The ass brayed.

"Listen!" said the sacristan, "you hear."

"So much the better. You are now convinced *I can* paint likenesses. You doubted it before. See how genius has its revenge."

"But," continued the sacristan, more and more uncomfortable, "what is your object?"

"The fact is, I find burning the dead of no use; I shall in future place living men in purgatory. It may perhaps pay better. But do not complain, as I might very easily have placed you in a warmer place, whence no masses would have removed you."

"Very true," said the miserable sacristan, "very true! But cannot we settle this business?"

"Certainly," said the artist, "I have no doubt in the course of fifteen days the peasants will release you, you who are so popular."

A dash here so contorted the mouth of the sufferer, that Fra Barcelona shuddered from head to foot.

"Very true, again," said the poor sacristan, "but after doing so, will they entertain the same respect for me?"

"I don't know, but I will shorten the affair as much as possible. To-morrow I will begin my collection."

"But," said Fra Barcelona, in a timid voice, "cannot we arrange this affair ourselves?"

"I fancy it rather difficult," said the old man, shaking his head. "A soul can only be taken out of purgatory by masses and alms."

"As to the masses, that is my affair," said the sacristan.

"But the alms are mine," replied Adam, "and as you can neither buy nor sell, nor possess silver or gold, I think it will be difficult for us to come to a settlement."

"Why so?" exclaimed the sacristan, "there are things as precious as silver and gold."

"Well, let us see what they are," said Adam, for the first time pausing in his work.

"You have a daughter?"

"I have."

"She is old enough to be married?"

"She will be sixteen next St. Marie."

"We will marry her gratis."

"Very good—but not enough."

"You have a son a soldier?"

"A corporal!"

"Never mind that. In his profession there are constant temptations, and his soul may suffer."

"Alas! very true; that often troubles me."

"Well, we will give him indulgence, which will always preserve him in grace."

"That is tempting. After?"

"You are not young, Adam,"

"I am fifty-five, or thereabout."

"It is an age at which one cannot expect a long life before us."

"Our days are the Lord's."

"Agreed! Now you may die at any moment."

"Well."

"I will bury you in a holy frock, I will light six candles round your bier, and I will watch over you myself—a thing I do for no one."

"That last offer overwhelms me, and I will consent. But as my wife had sent me to lay in provisions, and I have wasted the time in painting, you will not object to give me half the load of your donkey."

"Don't mention it," said the sacristan, glad to get out of purgatory at so cheap a rate: "take it, and choose the very best."

"Then it is settled," said Adam, giving his hand to the Franciscan.

"Take it all," cried Fra Barcelona in his enthusiasm.

"Come," said Adam, rubbing his fresco out with a sigh, "a *chef d'œuvre* is lost, but my daughter will sup."

CHAPTER IV.

MARCO BRANDI.

"HALLOO! old woman," said Adam, on regaining home, "I forgot to leave you money when I went out; but here are provisions on which we will sup, in honour of the arrival of our son."

"He is coming, the dear boy?" exclaimed the mother.

"You have, then, had a letter from my brother?" said a young girl, leaping upon the old man's neck.

"Yes, my Nina! my child."

"Where is it?"

Adam searched his pockets.

"There, you have lost it!" said the wilful child, stamping her foot. "That is the way you always do!"

"Don't scold me," said the old man. "It is not my fault."

"But when does he come?"

"I can't say exactly. I don't recollect the date."

"You don't recollect the date! oh, for shame, father! I won't kiss you."

"Then I am to have no thanks for so long a journey of ten miles to please you?"

"Forgive me, father!" said the young girl, again putting her arms round his neck. "I am a wicked child, but I love you well, believe me."

The old man took the head of his Nina between his two hands, and began to cry with joy, gazing at her all the while.

"And I, then, I then don't love you, I suppose. Go! you will never know what you cost to me. I had to day painted my best picture; bah! don't say a word about it."

"Well, and then?"

"Nothing! I am hungry: go help your mother prepare supper."

The old man's hunger was nowise surprising; he had not eaten since the previous day.

The young girl hastened to join her mother, and before long it was announced that supper was ready. Meanwhile a terrific storm had burst over the valley—one of those grand and magnificent thunder storms which are the sublimities of Calabrian scenery. The grand sight presented by nature, had made Adam at first forget that he had not eaten for twenty-four hours; but when the door was shut, and he found himself in presence of his supper, his imagination descended to more terrestrial matters. The old Babilana had done her best; and it is very likely the prior's table that evening was less comfortable than that of his painter in ordinary, so that Adam, who was a happy mixture of mind and matter, forgot what was going on without, to think wholly of what was passing within. Beneath his sensations of gastronomical satisfaction were certain lingering regrets for his destroyed fresco, and a fear that Bombarda was out in the storm; but at the first glass of wine that passed his lips, at the first mouthful he tasted, he gave his whole attention to the business before him.

Still the thunder approached nearer and nearer, and gave warning of one of those southern squalls which must be felt to be understood. The wind had lowered, and now again scoured the earth as if about to tear every thing up by the roots. Every now and then the poor hut, shaken by the gusts, trembled from the roof to the foundation; and Gilsomina, putting down her glass

and knife, trembled with alarm. Suddenly a bright flash, followed by a report so near as to seem above their heads, was heard.

"Thunder!" cried Adam.

"Thunder!" said Babalina.

"It is not thunder," said the girl.

At the same time a fitful gust of wind shook the hut; the roof groaned, the shutters cracked, Adam himself began to be afraid, and Gelsomina gave forth a shriek which seemed answered. At this moment the door flew open; and a man pale, without hat, covered with blood, rushed in.

"I am Marco Brandi. Save me."

At this appeal, at this cry of distress from Marco Brandi, Adam forgot the tempest, and believing the robber pursued closely, stretched out his hand and drew him towards the chamber prepared for his son. The bandit leaped forward with that rapid instinct of preservation, which seizes at a *coup d'œil* what there is to fear and what there is to hope. He saw that there was little to fear, and all to hope. This vision passed so rapidly before the eyes of the spectators, that they could scarcely believe it true, had not the open door very clearly manifested the entrance of the robber. By the light given by a flash, a troop of horsemen were discovered galloping along the road leading to Nicotera from the hills. Gelsomina immediately shut the door; for rapid as had been the bandit's entrance and concealment, she had had quite time enough to notice that he was a handsome young man of five-and-twenty, who by his proud glance shewed that he gave way to numbers and not to fear. But to do this, the poor girl had used her whole strength, and she nearly fainted. A new incident revived the attention of the whole family.

Another troop, composed of footmen, now approached the house. Gelsomina and Adam listened to the sound of their steps with anxiety, as they were approaching. Presently they halted at the door, against which one struck with his gun.

"Who knocks?" said Maitre Adam.

"Open," replied a voice.

"Who asks?"

"A poor devil who will be dead before he reaches Nicotera, if you have not pity on him."

"What is the matter?"

"He has been assassinated by that villanous bandit, Marco Brandi."

Gelsomina shuddered; Adam looked at her, and both hesitated.

"Open, my father, it is I."

"Bombarda!" cried in one voice the old man and the young girl.

"My child!" murmured Babalina.

Adam opened the door.

The gendarmes brought in the bleeding youth.

"Have you seen a young man," said one of the sbirri, "about five and twenty, with long black hair and whiskers, and who was wounded? He is the assassin of your son."

A smile of vengeance rose in the father's lips, but an imploring glance from Gilsomina restrained him.

"I have seen no one," he said.

And taking his son in his arms, he placed him in a room opposite that containing Marco Brandi.

(To be concluded next month.)

THE ELEMENTS.—AN ODE.

HARK! from their peaceful rest
The avenging Four arise!
In the superstitious breast
Horror heaves prophetic sighs.
The palm that fain would spread
To the clouds her crested head,
Like the willow, shall bow her haughty plume;
The proud monarch with his train,
Like the lowliest shepherd swain,
Shall tremble at the ministers of doom!

They come, arrayed in might,
The arm'd thunder-bolts of Heaven!
While they mingle in the fight,
Massive rocks apart are riven!
Earth's quaking billowy graves
Rival Ocean's swelling waves,
To her highlands the mountain-surges tower;
And Air's hurricane is drown'd,
As the flames with crackling sound
Laugh like fiends o'er the victims they devour.

With their terrible career
Who intrepidly can cope?
Virtue that knows not fear,
And Despair that knows not hope!
Oh! triumph of the good!
They thro' whirlwind, fire and flood
New courage and constancy acquire;
Ay! and they will smile serene
With a firm unblenching mien,
When the elements with nature shall expire!

ELEANOR DARBY.

MOONLIGHT ON THE WATERS.

By the Author of "Rural Sonnets," "The Cathedral Bell," &c.

IF, from the gorgeous Sun, more genial rays,
To warm and cheer humanity, unite ;
His Sister-regent of the skies displays
A more suggestive, soul-communing light—
In this, the mystical and vast we trace ;
In that, a festal joy for all our race.
Forth on the fancy's musings ! o'er the sea,
The Moon creates a causeway with her beams,
Capacious in its shining pageantry,
And broad, and firm, tho' undulous, it seems ;
Awe creeps upon us as the distance blends,
So glassy cold, with space that never ends ;
And our thoughts reach it chasten'd and subdued.
The flesh is weak to grasp the spherul solitude.

Lo ! moonlight on the waters—where, congeal'd,
The Frost-king piles them for his crystal halls,
And dwells on peaks whose whiteness is reveal'd
In light that daunts the gazer, yet enthralles.
Up, giddy mortal ! up the dazzling steeps,
And shiver, like the sprites whom Dante shrin'd
In Ice ; an avalanche beneath thee sweeps !—
The valleys shriek—look upward, not behind ;
The fascination of the headlong mass
Might snatch thee after.—Onward, upward pass ;
A shadow grows colossal, midst the range
Over against thee on thy slipp'ry height ;
And, when thou mov'st, it moves—how ghastly strange
This spectre on the Snows, trac'd darkly to the sight !

Exchange the scene, and wandering hill and dale,
In milder regions, mark the lunar rays
Splash in the waterfall ; or, silv'ry pale,
Dance on the stream wherewith the Zephyr plays ;
Or, flick'ring thro' some Vall' Ambrosia's boughs,
Smile on yon pair, soul-deep in lovers' vows.
Now, waft thee to the ocean-maze, wherein
Venice admires herself—like Eve beside
The fountain—and thy pilgrimage begin,
When the Moon's full upon her palac'd tide—
Or, at high summer, in the native clime,
To music, echoing from some woody shore,
Hail, 'neath the starry heavens, the light sublime
Which night, and night's chaste Queen, upon the waters pour.

Inner Temple, Jan. 1846.

THE BRIDE'S RESCUE.

A TALE OF THE PAWNEE PICTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "ENCHANTED ROCK," 'TRAPPER'S BRIDE,' ETC

ON the banks of the Great Red River, separating Texas from the United States, is situated, some considerable distance above the Washita, a village of the Pawnee Picts. A more picturesque and striking scene was, perhaps, never presented upon that wilderness of sublimity. The wigwams were situated on a narrow plain, its dimensions being circumscribed by the huge mountains of rock that rose in the rear. In shape they slightly differed from the ordinary Indian lodge, having at the summit of the usual dome roof, a chimney giving them much the appearance of lime-kilns. They were, moreover, fashioned of prairie grass, thatched over long poles, causing some affinity in look to straw beehives. The village was approached from the river by a road between the well-cultivated corn-fields of the tribe—fields fenced as carefully as any more civilized appurtenances. Behind the wigwams, which were profusely scattered over the plain, rose the rugged hills above alluded to, naked, barren, and gloomy, even in their somewhat imposing grandeur. The Pawnee Picts are a powerful and numerous tribe, possessing many arts, and habits which raise them high above their immediate neighbours. Agriculture is by far the most important, and this they carry to so high a state, as to possess vast fields of maize, pumpkins, melons, beans, and squashes.

About twelve years ago this great tribe was ruled by Watarasharo, and under his guidance the Tow-ee-aghe—for so they call themselves—became the most dreaded of nearly every race bordering on the Red River, their power being much enhanced by an alliance with the Kioways and Wicos, as well as with the great and warlike race of the Comanches. Shyseroka was the chief second in command, as great in the battle-field as was his superior in the council hall. The two braves were, as is not always the case between rival great men, bosom friends; and having from boyhood entertained this feeling, were desirous of cementing their long-tryed feelings by an alliance. From childhood, therefore, She-de-a, or Wild Sage, had been the intended wife of the Swift Cloud, the former being the daughter of Shyseroka, the latter of Watarasharo. It is, in general, the rule when such designs are entertained by two elderly persons,

with a view to their own mutual satisfaction, that the young people should take a corresponding dislike one to the other. So it is almost ever in romance, the writers of which, requiring difficult positions to be overcome, find this a very useful event. We, however, who are recording a legend of the wild prairie, have not the satisfaction of having so useful a circumstance to extend our simple story. On the contrary, from their youngest days, the intended husband and wife learned to love one another, and, strange to say, in contradiction to received Indian customs, joined together in the dance, the ball play, and the race. Wild Sage looked upon the Swift Cloud ever as her husband, and fondly, devotedly gave up to him the full richness of a woman's love.

At length the lovers came of an age when, according to Indian received notions, it was fitting for them to marry, and due preparations were made for the eventful occasion. Wild Sage had become a pretty woman, both in form and feature, and though very dark, had a pleasing and agreeable expression. Clothed in her plain costume, with long black hair floating over her bare shoulders, she would have been admired even amongst the fair maidens of Europe. The Swift Cloud was a handsome warrior, though, as usual with his tribe, of somewhat heavy figure. It was, however, now the season when the buffaloes were expected to appear, and their arrival being delayed, much scarcity reigned in the tribe. Their stores of dry meat were exhausted. In vain the young men, headed by the Swift Cloud, scoured the whole country round; not one of the much-wished-for animals was to be seen.

A scout was stationed on the very summit of the Mountain of Rocks to herald the glad tidings, and his keen eye wandered from hour to hour over the vast plains. One morning, soon after dawn, he gave the welcome signal, the importance of which can only be understood, when we reflect that the buffalo is to the Indian, all that sheep and cattle are to us, with the additional circumstance of being wild and uncertain in their movements. Hastily did the young men prepare—mounting their horses, stringing their bows, filling their quivers, and casting off every unnecessary garment. Their bright spears received new polish, too, from being run into the ground; and then away went the young warriors, with Swift Cloud at their head, flying over the bluffs, crossing the stream, and darting across the gracefully swelling prairie. Gladness and rejoicing now reigned in the Pawnee Piet village; for famine had been, and now abundance lay upon the plain within their reach. Dancing and feasting on what yet remained, testified their delight, in which old and young, men and women, equally joined. Wild Sage had watched her lover with an anxious eye leave the village, and

wishing to be the first to herald his return, had climbed to the summit of a pile of straw, stacked at the entrance of the camp. For hours nothing caught her eye, but at length a wild shriek from her agonized lips stayed the round of rejoicing, and all arose. A single mounted warrior had just passed the edge of the bluff bank, on the opposite side of the river, flying for his life; and then another and another came hastening on, urging their steeds to the utmost, and goading them mercilessly, in their downward flight towards the river. As they gained the village, their bleeding wounds, their consternation, and the absence of some dozen of their company, told the tale of their disaster. Their hereditary foes, the Sioux, had assumed the disguise of buffaloes grazing on a distant plain, which, when reached by the hunters, they found deserted. From a neighbouring ravine, however, came riding, on fresh and unbreathed horses, a band of more than a hundred Sioux. Taken unawares, the Pawnee Picts fought for a moment, but being overpowered by numbers, soon fled, leaving some dozen dead or wounded on the field. Among these was the Swift Cloud.

Dire was the consternation of the tribe; women and children screamed, and ran to hide themselves, while the grim and excited warriors congregated together, and soon issued on the plain a very cloud of cavalry, still leaving enough to defend the village. Deep and silent was the grief of Wild Sage. A few days before, her marriage; and her husband was either dead, or a prisoner amid the lodges of the ruthless Sioux, reserved for tortures and torments, which were worse to think of even than the most sure evidence of his death. But Wild Sage as yet gave not way to overwhelming sorrow. There was still hope, and she clung to this darling feeling with a tenacity which gave life and animation where else would have been utter despondency. Towards evening the warriors returned, bearing with them two prisoners, one an aged, the other a youthful warrior; the father having been taken in a vain attempt to save his son, who was wounded. Wild Sage rushed to meet the returning group, and her whole bearing asked the question that was bursting from her lips, and yet she spoke it not. Her father gazed tenderly on her for a moment, and then the stern feelings of a warrior assumed the mastery.

A council was summoned, before which the prisoners were carried to learn the fate which awaited them. Before, however, any decision had been promulgated, emboldened by love, Wild Sage stepped forward, and addressing her father, asked for the Swift Cloud. Neither he nor the young warriors present had learned any thing of his fate. Wild Sage fell back amid a murmur of commiseration even from that stern assembly of warriors; as she did so, her eye lighted on the countenance of

the younger Sioux prisoner, where lurked a smile of derision. Wild Sage sprang towards him, and exclaimed, "Dog of a Sioux, where is the bravest of the brave, the Swift Cloud of the Pawnee Picts?" "Swift Cloud is a squaw; his lance was as a reed; he fell not, he is a prisoner with my people. But would my sister save him?" "At the expense of my life, thou lying Sioux;" "Give me freedom, and it shall be done. Wagh!" said the Sioux warrior coldly. The Wild Sage, no sound of disapproval being heard, continued her colloquy: "And if the Pawnee warriors give a horse and bow to thee, what proof have they that thou art not a skulking wolf?" "An aged hemlock dwells with them; its life will answer for the truth of the young sapling." "And does the Sioux wolf ask nothing but his own life to render back that of the Swift Cloud?" asked the girl, with something of tremour in her tones, "or has the wolf the cunning of a fox, and does he seek more than life for life?" "The Fox of the Sioux will mate with the Wild Sage of the Pawnees." A murmur of fury at this audacious proposition ran through the assembly, but instantly subsided. The Wild Sage, her bosom heaving and her eye flashing fire, continued: "Will the Fox not be content with his own life and that of the aged Hemlock?" "I have said," replied the Sioux, falling back and folding his arms.

"Brothers," said the Wild Sage, turning towards her people, "the Swift Cloud is gone. The Manitou has veiled his face from him, and he has fallen into the pit of the hunter. He is not a chief, but he is the son of a great chief; his life is dear to his tribe; he is very brave, his arrow stands on the summit of the leaping rock, the rock of mountains; his foot has been there, all can see it. A girl speaks, and speaks strong; but her heart is strong, and speaks fast. What is a girl's life to a warrior's. Swift Cloud is the lord of Wild Sage; she will save him!" With these words the excited girl relapsed into silence, when, after a moment's pause, her father spoke. "Will a Pawnee girl mate with the Fox of the Sioux?" "I have said," replied Wild Sage, "the life of a girl is nothing to a warrior." A solemn silence ensued, when the chief of the tribe, the aged father of Swift Cloud, rose: "Daughter," said he, "a Pawnee girl is dear to her tribe, but she has spoken, and her voice has sounded sweet. The Sioux dog is hers, to live or die." Wild Sage said no more, but beckoning the released victim to follow her, left the council chamber. In an hour the girl and her Sioux companion left the camp. They had agreed, that on the Fox obtaining the life and liberty of the Swift Cloud, the young Pawnee girl was to give herself freely to be the wife of the Sioux, whose father was also then to be released. This decided, no further conversation took place between them until, on the evening of the fourth day, they came within sight of the Sioux village, which lay on the plain

at their feet. The warrior then proudly dashed forward, and entered the circle of wigwams amid the plaudits and rejoicings of his companions, who little expected even to see him return alive, much less with so fair a prisoner. After receiving many friendly congratulations, the Fox turned towards his own lodge, and there placed the silent maiden under the charge of his favorite wife. This done, he stalked from the wigwam.

The Sioux squaw was young and fair, and knowing at once the fate of the Pawnee prisoner, viewed her intrusion with dread. With womanly tenderness, however, she endeavoured to sooth her sadness, and to learn its cause. But on this subject Wild Sage was silent, simply expressing her dislike to a union with the Fox, her heart being given to another. It is very doubtful, if the latter proviso had not been mentioned as a reason for disliking an union with the Fox, but that the Sioux wife would have felt hurt at any woman not being proud to become the squaw of so great a warrior; as it was, however, it increased her desire to console one who was no willing rival, and long ere the husband returned, a good understanding had been established between these two young and attractive girls. It was late ere the Fox entered the wigwam, and the Wild Sage at once questioned him. "The Swift Cloud lives, but at break of day my people will see how a Pawnee warrior can weep." Disregarding the sneer at her tribe, She-de-a replied: "Does a Fox betray his word, or will his cunning set the young hope of his tribe free?" "I have said," continued the Sioux, "the fair rose of the Pawnees will follow, and see that the word of the Fox is sure as his arrow."

Wild Sage, an anxious fire gleaming in her eye, rose and followed the warrior out into the silent camp. All was still; the turbulent spirits of the Dahcotahs were hushed to rest; the watch-dogs slumbered near the fires, taught to disregard all sounds save those emanating from without, or from persons entering the confines of the wigwams. With a beating heart, and with thoughts which were of a mingled and anxious character, the wild Sage followed her guide. She was about to save the life of her affianced husband by a sacrifice to which death had been preferable; but the heart of the Pawnee Pict maiden knew no hesitation, it fluttered not in doubt of herself, but from fear that their attempt would fail. At length they approached the wigwam which contained the prisoner. Two drowsy sentinels stood at the entrance. Within sight of this, the Fox concealed the girl where she could see without being seen. This done, the ruthless Dahcotah approached and sheathed his dagger, quick as lightning, in the bosoms of his two countrymen. The Wild Sage could scarce believe her eyes, and a low exclamation of horror and surprise burst from her lips. A

groan of anguish at her side made her turn. A young Sioux girl was by her, sent by the wife of the Fox to watch her husband's movements. Before, however, a word could pass, Swift Cloud came forth, and after a few words of gratitude to his preserver, hurried from the camp, eager to rejoin his bride. Little did the joyful warrior think, as he caught and bestrode one of the horses of his enemies, and galloped furiously over the plain, that every step took him further and further from his beloved.

The Fox and Wild Sage, the latter silent and wrapped in deep thought, turned towards the former's wigwam, not however before the ruthless Daheotah had intimated his intention of wedding his prize on the morrow at early dawn. The girl replied not, following her captor without a word, while the Sioux girl had disappeared ere the Fox was aware of her presence. But little rest did She-de-a have that night. Toward morning, however, slumber overcame her for an instant, and then she was rudely awoke by yells and cries from all parts of the tribe. Waking She-de-a, and bidding her follow him, the Fox hurried to the centre of the village, whither the bodies of the murdered Sioux youths had been borne. To the horror of Wild Sage, and the unfeigned surprise of the Fox, the Swift Cloud was in the midst, tied to a stake, with some dozen furious hags dancing round him the frightful dance of death, while he stood without moving a muscle, a slight smile of contempt curling upon his lips. Order being at length restored, the chiefs assembled in a half circle, and sat down with their faces toward the prisoner. Then rose the principal warrior of the tribe, and addressing his people in stern and terrible terms, recapitulated the facts as they seemed clearly presented to them, and asked if any torments could be too great for him who had thus treacherously slain two of the most promising warriors of the tribe—one his own son. Silently and solemnly—all, including the Fox, (who still promised Wild Sage to deliver him) gave their verdict, which was death, after awful torments, to the Pawnee warrior, who, equally stern with his foes, spoke not a word. An explanation would have argued fear of death, and Indian stoicism forbade its being given.

At this moment a young Dahcotah girl burst through the throng. It was the sister of one of the youths, the daughter of the great chief of the tribe. Approaching the bodies, she uncovered the face of her dead brother, and then turned toward the Pawnee. To revile and taunt one who had so deeply injured her, would have been an Indian custom honoured by all around. But the girl did nothing of the kind. Suddenly darting back amid the girls, she seized Wild Sage by the hand, and drew her, ere she could say a word, beside her lover. Even he could not restrain one glance of surprise. The Sioux girl

however now spoke, and said; "My brother is gone to the happy hunting grounds of his people. It is good, but not sent by a Pawnee Pict. My brother was too brave, too great a warrior to be killed by bound foe. No! A snake, a crawling snake, a black-foot dog, who has painted his face, and called himself a Daheotah, slew my brother!" Deep silence reigned, and in few words the Sioux girl related all that we have already given. Admiration at the devotion of Wild Sage was soon the predominant feeling, until the girl, in withering and bitter accent, described the murder of his people by the Fox. She then added, that having witnessed the ruthless deed, and the escape of Swift Cloud, she had awoke several young men, who pursued and overtook the flying prisoner. This she had done that nothing might be wanting to prove her tale, and that her tribe might shew their admiration of the heroism even of a Pawnee girl.

The Fox was seized. His bloody knife was another witness against him, and the chief of his tribe rose: "My daughter wears the form of a girl, but her heart is that of a warrior. She has done well. The Daheotahs are great braves; they can see good even in an enemy. The child of the Pawnees has come to the camp of her enemies; she trusted a cowardly snake, but she shall find that she is among men. The child of the Pawnees came empty handed; she shall go back full. All is before her, let her choose." Wild Sage thanked her foes in graceful and earnest tones, and claimed at once her admiring and grateful lover, who himself addressed the Daheotahs, and advised that the tribes should hence forth hunt together, and war no more. His proffer was accepted, and an escort forthwith departed to take him and his rejoicing bride back to their astonished people. Great were the festivities that ensued, and in a week further, the Pawnees and Sioux met to celebrate, by dances and other ceremonies, the marriage of Wild Sage and Swift Cloud. The Fox was not present, having been thrust with ignominy from the tribe, his wife alone following and comforting him in his well merited adversity.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GERMAN OF HERDER.

THE CHILD OF MERCY.

WHEN the Almighty was about to create Man, he assembled together the archangels in council around him.

"Create him not," said the Angel of Righteousness; "he will be unjust towards his brethren, and will deal hardly and cruelly towards those that are weaker than he."

"Create him not," said the Angel of Peace; "he will fatten the earth with the blood of his fellow-men, and the first-born of his race will slay his brother."

"He will profane thy sanctuary with falsehood," said the Angel of Truth; "even though thou shouldest stamp thine own likeness—the seal of loyalty—upon his countenance."

And as they spake, Mercy, the youngest, dearest child of the Eternal Father, came near to his throne, and embraced his knees, and said,—

"Create him, Father, in thine own image, a favorite child of thy goodness. Should all thy servants forsake him, yet will not I forsake him; but I will be with him in love, and turn even his errors to good. I will make the heart of the weak-one compassionate, and turn him in pity towards those that are weaker. If he wanders from the path of Peace and Truth—if he sins against Righteousness and Justice—the fruits of his error shall lead him back again, and thus in love improve him."

The Father of Men created man, a weak and erring creature; but even in his errors, a pupil of his Father's goodness—a son of Mercy—son of a love, that never forsakes him, but ever chastens and improves.

Remember, then, thine origin, O man, if thou art merciless and unjust. Of all God's attributes, it was Mercy alone that called thee into being, and Pity and Love nursed thee on their paternal bosoms.

THE HEAVENLY SHEPHERD.

Deep in the midnight that preceded the festival of Spring, at which the first two sons of the human race were to bring a thank-offering to the Creator, their mother saw in sleep a wondrous dream. The white roses, which her younger son had planted around his altar, were changed to blood-stained roses, and more fully blown, such as she had never before seen. She tried to pluck them, but they withered beneath her touch. Upon the altar, whereon milk alone was the principal offering, now lay a bleeding lamb. Voices of lamentation were heard around, and amid them *one* voice of despair, till at last all died away into tones of melody, such as she had never heard before.

And a beautiful plain lay before her—more beautiful even than the Paradise of her youth, and upon it wandered, in the likeness of her son, a shepherd clad in white. The red roses were in his hair, and in his hand he held a harp, from which

those tones of melody came forth. He turned affectionately towards her—began to approach—and vanished. With him vanished the dream.

And as the mother awoke, she saw the day-dawn red and blood-like; and she went forth with a heavy heart to the festival of the thank-offering.

The brothers brought their offerings;—and their parents returned homeward. But at evening their younger son came not back. Full of anxiety, the mother sought for him, and found only his scattered and mournful herd. He himself lay all bloody by the altar; the roses were stained with his blood, and the agonizing voice of Cain rang loud from a neighbouring cavern.

Senseless she sank upon the corpse of her son, and a second time the vision appeared to her. The shepherd, whom she saw in that new paradise, was her son. The red roses were in his hair; sweet tones resounded from his harp; and he sweetly sang to her, “Look upward to the stars in heaven; my weeping mother, look upward. Behold yon glittering chariot there; it bears us to other plains, to a more beauteous Paradise, than thou in Eden sawest; where the blood-stained rose of innocence more fully blooms, and sighs are changed to sounds of melody.”

The vision disappeared; and Eve arose with new strength from the pallid corpse of her son. And on the morrow, when she had bedewed him with her tears, and crowned him with the roses of the altar, his father and mother buried him by the altar of his God, in the light of a beauteous day-dawn. And oft at midnight sat they by his grave, and gazed toward heaven, upwards to the high-moving chariot of stars, and sought their shepherd there.

ON FRESCO PAINTING.

FRESCO (so called from its being painted on a prepared stucco while fresh plastered and wet) is undoubtedly the most masterly of all modes for mural adornment. The Greeks introduced it among the Romans, and most of the ancient frescoes and encaustics were the work of the former—as those of Pompeii and Herculaneum. In various parts of Italy, ancient frescoes have been brought to light; and Vasari says, that such was the beauty and freshness of the baths of Titus when first opened, that Raffaele and Giovanni da Udine, who had come to see them, remained for some time transfixed with amazement.

The sight of these frescoes led at once to the execution of

the Loggie, and the magnificent arabesques and ornamental stuccoes, which have been so justly admired. It was from Giovanni's observing the ornaments in stucco and rilievo in the Thermæ, that he invented the mode of casting from moulds in the manner of the antique, with calcined marble and marble dust. Until this, castings were made of chalk, lime, and bitumen, boiled together, and poured into the moulds while hot.

Giovanni also adopted the method that Bramante had discovered, of casting architectural mouldings in lime and pozzolana. The reliefs and ornaments came out satisfactorily in this manner as to impression, but not sufficiently white. He afterwards succeeded in imitating the antique, by the substitution of marble dust for pozzolana.

Among the advantages of fresco for mural decoration are, the absence of glare, with exceeding purity and freshness of colour. Fresco, reflecting instead of absorbing light, renders it particularly beautiful by candle-light, though its bland mellowness of tone is at all times very charming.

By the practice of this admirable mode of painting, the artist will soon lay aside the lesser excellences required in oil, as they would not be called for, and indeed cannot be exercised in it; the firmness of touch and celerity necessary for completing the part prepared for the day, with a constant reference to the effect of the whole, will prove to the painter that more beauty is caused by simple colour, more grandeur by preserving the flow of outline, the vigour and general character of the subject, than by attending to tints, glazings, and all the intricacies of oil. Local colour should remain unbroken by various hues; and the chiaro-scuro in fresco seems amply to supply the want of variety of tints. To manage fresco well, requires a practice in large subjects, after which the painter may successfully treat small ones; but the material is so adapted for an ample area, that its beauty and facility of manipulation are much lost in very circumscribed limits.

In oil there are certain allurements—as transparency, depth, and richness, which, though totally without the grand essentials of art, may please, and form the principal excellence of pictures worthy of commendation. Not so in fresco; knowledge or ignorance here will be obvious; there is no evading anatomy, drawing, and expression; these are indispensable, and on this account fresco is eminently calculated to form great designers.

The principal works of the renowned Italian masters are in fresco, and they, as Reynolds observes, “are justly considered as the greatest efforts of art which the world can boast.”

Michael Angelo, Raffaele, Giulio Romano, Corregio, the three Caracci, Guido, Domenichino, and Guercino, were all

eminent in fresco, and far surpass, in this material, their pictures in oil, simply because the former developed the higher principles. The Germans, in our own times, have advanced through the same practice, and have acquired, within a very few years, fame throughout Europe. They excel in drawing and design, but, which is quite enigmatical, have selected Francia and Perugino for their models, instead of the unaffected grandeur of the Roman school. Still the adoption of fresco cannot fail to enlarge the taste of the Germans. There are, even now, proofs of extraordinary excellence to be seen among them by rising artists, whose genius is overlooked in the present unsound gusto founded upon early art.

For large mural works, the palm must be awarded to fresco by unprejudiced and intelligent minds. The beauty of this medium is so chaste, its tones so purely historic, and so void of any meretricious admixture, that, though its pretensions are not as numerous as oil, its qualities for the grand style are infinitely superior.

ENCAUSTIC is one of the most ancient methods of painting recorded by the Greeks; but, from the fact of their disagreement as to its origin (for they impute to different painters its discovery), it would be vain in our time even to assign the period of its introduction, though it might probably have been suggested by the mordant painting of the Egyptians. It derived its name (*ενκαυστε*) from the materials being prepared by fire. It was used for tabular and mural works, and combined the lucid properties of fresco with much of the richness of oil, and, like the former, reflected light.

From the speculations on encaustic painting, a variety of modes have been discovered, and partially adopted; but, among conflicting opinions, the real process of the ancients has probably been overlooked, and no other of equal value substituted. Count Caylus was one of the most active movers of the research. On a premium being offered by the Royal Academy of Inscriptions at Paris for an encaustic that should meet with the approbation of that body, several modes were proposed by three candidates, Count Caylus, Cochin, and Bachiliere. Two of the discoveries were approved, but resolved into one, as it was thought that the conjunction would render the medium more perfect.

Pliny says, that "there were anciently two ways of painting in the encaustic style—on tablets of wax, and on ivory, with the cestrum or engraver's burin. When vessels began to be painted, a third method was adopted—that of melting wax by fire, and laying it on with a pencil; a kind of painting that will bear exposure to the sun, and stand the action of salt water and the wind without injury."

Of encaustic varnish, as applied to walls painted in fresco, with the colour of minium (or vermilion) Pliny says, "When the wall is well dried, let the best punic wax, liquefied with oil and in a heated state, be laid on with a hog's-hair brush; then let it be heated a second time, by applying blackened or charred gall-nuts till the wax begins to melt; afterwards let it be reduced to the proper consistency by means of candles."

From these rather vague directions, it is probable that the medium for painting was the same as Pliny so minutely describes for the varnish; and, though he only mentions wax, it may be in the way we speak of painting in oil, which is not oil alone, though any one ignorant of the process might easily suppose this to be the case, from no other ingredient being named. Wax, alone, suddenly chills, and offers no facility whatever for the pencil. It is true, Lanzi gives an account of a Florentine painter who used colours mixed with wax heated over a fire, the canvas also being heated by another fire at the back: but this could not have been the system of the Greeks, whose encaustics were on walls as well as tablets. Wax tempered with oil, is, no doubt, the medium; this works easily in an impasto, and produces an exact imitation of the ancient encaustic. The colours were ground with the wax, on a heated stone, as represented in a picture at Pompeii, where the attendant of an artist in the studio is grinding colours on a slab with a fire under it.

Almost every colour was employed in encaustic; and the durability of the Greek encaustic must have been great, as it resisted the sun's rays, the wind, and the salt of the sea.

TEMPERA is the most ancient of all the modes of painting, and was common among the Egyptians, as may be seen in their antiquities preserved at the British Museum. From them, it was doubtless brought into use among the Greeks, to whom the tempera paintings at Pompeii are imputed. The scenery for the Greek drama may have been painted in the aquazzo, or common size, which Vitruvius mentions as in ordinary use for dry stuccoes.

From occasional remarks by the ancient writers, there is little doubt that pictures were sometimes painted in a description of tempera, and varnished. The story of the sponge thrown against a picture by Protogenes, and producing the effect of foam on the horse's mouth, appears to favour the supposition: and the brown harmonizing varnish of Apelles may have been the encaustic varnish used over an exquisite kind of tempera, in the same manner as over fresco, for the preservation of minium.

In the first ages of Christianity, tempera was much practised by Greek painters, whose medium was very powerful and

brilliant, as is obvious from many of their works still extant in various parts of Italy. During the dark ages, tempera, afterwards varnished, seems to have been almost the only mode of painting. The gallery at Florence contains some early Greek pictures of this description, which are of interest from their being in the style that was first imitated by the Italians on the revival of art by Cimabue and Giotto. Considerable excellence was acquired in this medium by the early masters, but it attained its great elevation in the Cartoons of Raffaele.

The Greek medium, and manner of applying it, as afterwards learnt by the Italians, is detailed by Vasari, and is as follows:—"Rosso di uovo (yolk of egg) is beaten up with some of the milky juice that issues from the tender twigs of the fig-tree. The colours having been ground in water, are used with this mixture. Gum water is necessary for occasional glazings. In painting blue draperies, size is better than yolk of egg, as the latter is apt to tinge the blue." Juice from the fig-tree could not, however, easily be obtained in England, neither is it essential: yolk of egg, beaten up with water, answers admirably, provided parchment size and a little drying oil are mixed with the white. This tempera possesses the valuable property of retaining its colour the same as when first laid on; which is the case with no other. The usual kind of tempera looks very meagre when dry, and becomes considerably lighter; besides which, it does not admit of repeated touchings. The uovo medium will receive high finish, and may be either employed opaquely, or semi-transparently.

In the Colonna Palace at Rome, there are several fine landscapes by Gaspar Poussin, à uovo; and in the different collections throughout Europe, tempera pictures may be found, which have been painted as designs for fresco.

OIL is the most beautiful and powerful medium ever discovered for tabular pictures of moderate dimensions, the solidity of colour, combined with transparency, rendering it a charming mode of painting; and for small subjects, animals, landscapes, domestic scenes, and portraits, it is unequalled. To the colourist it is justly valuable, as by it he can indulge in all the magic of tint; hence the preference of it to fresco by the Venetians, who, in the latter, not only show feebleness of drawing, but even want of colour.

With the "decadenza" of art, when national dignity faded before splendour of private individuals, fresco was little used, oil painting prevailed, and easel and cabinet pictures were treasured up, to the exclusion of high art, and almost to its extinction: there has been little, consequently, in the palaces and public buildings of Europe during the last two centuries worthy the appellation of the grand style. The richness of oil, as

seen on a small scale, becomes black, ponderous, and unintelligible on an extensive area. The ceiling, by Rubens, at Whitehall, is an example of this; the effect originally was, no doubt, clear and discernible, but it is so no longer. Age, which gives richness to moderate-sized works, causes ultimate obscurity in those that are very large. In the course of a few years, the decorations of the Louvre, though painted in light, will inevitably become heavy. The glare of varnish is another great and insuperable obstruction to the beauty of mural oil painting. Portions only can be seen at one time, and these at certain angles of vision, and thus the sublimity of a subject is destroyed. Oil colour is also subversive of architectural grandeur, and by artificial light it is dark and gloomy. The best works on a large scale, not in fresco or encaustic, are those of Paul Veronese, but he painted often in a fine description of tempera, glazed in oil. "The Marriage Feast at Cana in Galilee," at Paris, and a compartment of the ceiling at Versailles, are examples of this kind; they have all the clearness of tempera, and the richness of oil, without its blackness. This master's works, therefore, possess a superiority over oleaginous pictures generally.

In conclusion, oil painting is no more calculated for mural decoration, than fresco is for tabular or easel pictures. Each mode possesses intrinsic excellence, and is admirable in its respective and legitimate sphere.

Literature.

THE NEW TIMON.*

THIS is truly a magnificent poem, and can be treated with no cold voice of criticism. In sentiment it is noble and lofty, pure and elevating; its accents fall like manna on the heart. We have already spoken of the earlier portions, but the Third and Fourth Parts now before us fill our minds with surprise and gratification. There is then a living poet—one who may with pride and glory sign his name to his production, ay, with as much pride and glory as Byron. "The New Timon" will bear comparison with any one of the poetic tales of that great poet; and we say advisedly, justice will not be done to this noble work

* "The New Timon," Parts III. and IV. London. Colburn.

of genius, if lasting fame be not granted to its author. Its periods fall with a thrill on the soul; they rouse the inactive mind; they teach it; they ennoble it; and this done, genius must be at work. Yes: a great poet is at length before the world. Jealousy, mean and contemptible, may pass it over in silence; other poets may, from pure vexation, crush the voice of praise; but the world will read and feel, and "The New Timon" will become a standard study beside Byron, and above Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, Tenyson, and the host of rhymers of the age. With rare exceptions, this is not a poetic age. We have few poets. Milnes is graceful; Reade is classical, elegant and agreeable; J. Jones writes perhaps the best sonnets of any man living; Frances Brown is graceful; but we want one who, like the author of "The New Timon," grapples nobly with great and sublime theories, and speaks out. *He* has done so. Let him have his reward. The Third Part opens with an interview between Morvale, Lucy, and Calantha. Lucy sings a sweet song. Its influence is great. [page 108].

"So gaze met gaze,
And heart saw heart, translucid through the rays.
In that electric link we do but prove
The power by which the wheels of glory move;
One same, harmonious, universal law,
Atom to atom, star to star, can draw,
And heart to heart! swift, darts, as from the sun
The strong attraction, and the charm is done!
Whoe'er thou art, look back, when on thy tame
Expanse of life first flashed love's heavenly flame,
And own the date the holy kaleed took
Rose from the worship kindled in a look."

They love, and

"Coy as the violet shrinking from the sun,
The blush of virgin youth first woo'd and won,
And scarce less holy from the vulgar ear
The tone thus trembles, but with noble fear."

The consequences of this love are told. The change in the feelings of both is admirably sketched.

"Charmed from his lonely woods and brooding mind,
And bound by one to union with his kind,
No more the wild man thirsted for the waste,
No more mid joy, a joyless one misplaced;
His very form assumed unwonted grace,
And bliss gave more than beauty to his face.
Let but delighted thought from all things cull
Sweet food and fair—hiving the beautiful,
And lo! the form shall brighten with the soul!
The gods bloom only by joy's nectar bowl;

Bright as Apollo, when his toils were done,
 Shone in Heaven's court Alcmena's rugged son,
 But not till Hebe, the ambrosial bride,
 Poured to the parched lips the immortal golden tide!
 Nor deem it strange that Lucy failed to trace
 In that dark grandeur, but the birth's disgrace,
 And Europe's ban on Earth's primeval race.
 Were she less pure, less harmless, less the child,
 Not on the savage had the soft one smiled.
 Even as the young Venetian loved the Moor,
 Pity refines to reverence in the pure.
 Touched with a finer sense, its eye surveys
 The mine where wastes appal the common gaze;
 Love in such hearts, like some sweet poet, where
 Round it the Homely dwells, invents the Fair:
 To rudest forms its own bright splendour given,
 It shapes the seraph and creates the heaven.
 And both were children of this world of ours,
 Maiden and savage! the same mountain flowers,
 Not trimmed in gardens, not exchanged their hues
 Fresh from the natural sun, and hardy dews,
 For the sick fragrance, and the delicate dyes
 Which art calls forth by walling out the skies!
 So children both, each seemed to have forgot
 How poor the maid's, how rich the lover's lot;
 Ne'er did the ignorant Indian pause in fear
 Lest friends should pity, and lest foes should sneer.
 "What will the world say?" question safe and sage!
 The parrot's world should be his gilded cage;
 But fly, frank wilding, with free wings unfurled:
 Where thy mate carols—there behold thy world."

The description of their happiness, their communion, is admirable. They are all joy, all delight; but the waking is terrible. All mystery is cleared up—Arden is Lucy's father, and the lover who has caused all Calantha's misery. After the latter's death, the following passage occurs. [p. 139]:—

"Yes"—hissed the Indian—"from that mimic strife
 That cowards die, which leaves to chance the life—
 That mockery of all justice, framed to cheat—
 Right of its due—that vengeance thou wouldst meet!
 Be Europe's justice blind and insecure,
 Stern Ind asks more—her sons' revenge is sure!
 Repair the wrong—aye, in the grave be wed—
 Hark, the Ghost calls thee to the bridal bed;
 Come (nay, this once, thy hand), come from the shrine,
 I draw the veil: Calantha, he is thine!
 Man, see thy victim—dust! Joy, Peace, and Fame,
 These murdered first; the blow that smote the frame
 Was the most merciful: at length it came.

Here, by the corpse to which thy steps are led,
Beside thee, murderer, stands the brother of the dead!

And then the following. [p. 141]:—

Up from the dead, with one convulsive throe.
He turned his gaze, and voiceless, faced his foe :
A horrid glamour fixed his shape to stone,
He felt those eyes glare doom upon his own ;
He saw that clenched and quivering hand glide slow
To the bright steel, the robe half hid below :
Near, and more near, he felt the fiery breath
Breathe on his cheek—the air was hot with death !
And yet he sought not flight, nor strove for prayer,
As one strayed, chance-led, in a lion's lair,
Who sees his fate, nor deems submission shame—
Unarmed to wrestle, and unskilled to tame.
Nerved for each strife that social life recalls,
But here the strangeness crushes and appals,
And the brave worldling dwarfed into a child
Beside the roused Nemean of the wild !
A lifted arm, a gleaming steel, a cry
Of savage vengeance ! swiftly—suddenly,
As through two clouds a star—on the dread time
Shone forth an angel face, and checked the startled crime !
She stood, the maiden guest, the plighted bride—
The victim's daughter, by the madman's side ;
Her airy clasp upon the murderer's arm,
Her pure eyes chaining with a solemn charm,
Like some blest thought of mercy on a soul,
Brooding on blood—the holy image stole !
The lifted steel fell guiltless on the floor,
The gulf that yawned as down to hell before
Abruptly closed—the demon spell was o'er,
And as a maniac in his fellest hour,
Lulled by a look, whose calmness is its power—
Backward the Indian quailed ! yet even less
Him moved that vision's sudden holiness
Than Arden ! Startled from his trance of death,
A newer awe, with wonder strove for breath ;
Kneeling, he clasped the robe—

“ Com'st thou to save

Thine own ?—O God ! comes Mary from the grave ?”
Then, with a bound he reached the Indian.

“ Lo !

I tempt thy fury, and I court thy blow.”

We shall not quote from Part IV., which contains the gems of the poem. There is exquisite melody—there is noble sentiment—there is high and ennobling passion and feeling—all, in a word, that makes the true poet. Let all our readers purchase this admirable work.

THE QUEEN OF DENMARK. BY MRS. GORE.*

TIME, pursuing his steady course, has already ushered upon the stage of existence, and swept from it, two generations since the melancholy catastrophe of the unfortunate Caroline Matilda excited some attention in most of the countries of Europe. The political insignificance into which the kingdom of Denmark has sunk, the very slight notice consequently bestowed by foreigners either upon the country or upon its people, their language and literature, together with the lapse of time, lead us to believe that the generality of English readers at this day may be almost uninformed respecting the events which snatched the princess, who forms the principal subject of this work, from the throne of Denmark, and involved her in the downfall of Struensee, the prime minister.

Caroline Matilda, the youngest sister of George III., was sacrificed, from those considerations of state which govern the matrimonial alliances of royalty, at the age of fifteen years, to Christian VII. of Denmark, who in early life was little better than an idiot, and for the greater part of it a confirmed lunatic. Soon after their union, Struensee, the king's physician, obtained such an ascendancy over the mind of the king, and such favour with the queen for having successfully inoculated her infant son, that he was created a count and appointed minister.

A man of superior understanding and extensive information, Struensee set on foot various reforms in a spirit too liberal for the age in which he lived, and thus excited the enmity of the nobles and of the queen-dowager, the stepmother of Christian, and even the discontent of the people, whose liberties his measures were designed to extend. Unfortunately, Struensee possessed neither the discretion nor the moral courage requisite for a reformer. The queen-dowager, an ambitious, artful, and revengeful woman, excited popular discontents and disturbances by her emissaries; she hated the queen, by whom her own importance had been eclipsed, as heartily as she did the minister, who had subjected her to ill-judged slights; and, conspiring with a party of the nobles, she caused troops to be introduced into the palace at night—forced the imbecile king, roused from his sleep for the purpose, to sign an order for the apprehension of Struensee and his friend Count Brandt, upon pretext of a plot against his life, and for the seizure of the queen on the charge of criminal intercourse with the minister. The two former were brought to the block, and the latter, after a con-

* The Queen of Denmark, an Historical Novel. Edited by Mrs. Gore. In 3 vols., post 8vo.

finement of some months in the castle of Kronberg, was separated for ever from her two infant children, and, on the interference of her royal brother, his Majesty was allowed to remove her to Celle, in his Hanoverian dominions, where, after a residence of three years, she died at the early age of twenty-five.

The Danish author of the work before us, to the English version of which Mrs. Gore stands sponsor, gives it to the public as founded on the oral communications of an old chamberlain who had belonged to the household of the unfortunate queen, and been an eye-witness and an actor in the scenes described. We freely confess our conviction, that from such a source only could so vivid and truthful a picture of the manners of the court of Christian VII., and so faithful a delineation of the characters of the historical personages introduced, have been derived. Justly, indeed, may the editor remark, that "so simple are both the style and sentiments of the author, that, instead of feeling ourselves to be perusing a novel, or even a romantic series of historical memoirs, we could fancy 'The Queen of Denmark' to be the mere journal of some observant courtier, circumstantial as Dangeau, and artless as Pepys."

We subjoin the author's description of the portrait of the young, lovely, high-spirited Caroline Matilda, preserved by his friend, the old Chamberlain :—

"A portrait in a narrow gilt frame represented a lady in a dress of bluish satin, embroidered with gold and edged with lace; the sleeves and puffs over the full bosom being of brownish brocade. Round her neck was a closely strung necklace of white pearls, and corresponding rings were in the ears. The hair was turned up and powdered; it occupied a height and breadth which, agreeably to the fashion of the time, exceeded that of the whole face, and was decorated with a gold chain, enamels, and jewels, entwined with a border of blonde, which hung down over one ear. The face was oval and very plump, the forehead high and arched, the nose delicately curved, the mouth pretty large, but the lips red and swelling, the eyes large and light blue, mild, and at the same time serious, deep, and confiding. I could describe the entire dress piece by piece, and the features trait by trait; but in vain should I endeavour to convey an idea of the peculiar expression, the lofty amiableness, which beamed from that youthful face, the freshness of whose colour I have never seen surpassed. It needed not to cast your eye upon the purple mantle bordered with ermine, which hung carelessly over one shoulder, to discover in her a queen. She could be nothing of inferior rank. This the painter too had felt, for the border of the mantle was so narrow as to be almost overlooked. It was as though he meant to say, 'This woman would be a queen even without a throne.'

"'It is an admirable picture' [the old Chamberlain is speaking]; 'perhaps, among the few yet extant, the best likeness of the original. It was painted a very short time after the coronation, by an English artist,

when she was little more than sixteen years of age. I had daily opportunities of seeing her. She was completely what that portrait expresses—young, handsome, noble, amiable, joyous, full of confidence—she was more than any portrait or any description is capable of expressing. One could feel it, not render it in words. *Here, here* was it enshrined, and *here* it still remains!" The old gentleman clapped his hand several times with vehemence to his heart."

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.*

THE publication of a Work, now attracting very general attention, furnishes us with an opportunity, of which we gladly avail ourselves, for making a few observations on the department of literature to which it belongs. In at least nine instances out of ten—in what are styled by their authors historical novels—the introduction of a few well-known names in a narrative of some equally well-known incident, appears to be all that they seem to think requisite for furnishing some very incredible story with its claim to be considered historical. We regard the historical novel as one of the most difficult, as it certainly is one of the most interesting forms of literary composition. The writer who sits down to create a picture of a past century, must possess a combination of qualities, rarely found existing in one individual. He must not only be familiar with the character of the period he seeks to represent, but must be equally well acquainted with the character of the individuals belonging to it that are made to figure in his story. Though these form the more mechanical details of the subject, they are as important to its proper execution, as the employment of proper colours is essential to the composition of a well-designed painting. The demands of the subject on the imagination, is the next point to be considered. This relates entirely to the construction of the story, which, however strongly it may appeal to the feelings of the reader, ought to have the same reliance as its historical machinery upon the characteristics of time, person, and place.

The publication last year of "*Maids of Honour*," disclosed what might be done with the historical novel by skilful hands. In that production, all the necessary accessories have evidently been carefully introduced, with the object of producing a perfect representation of a formal yet singularly picturesque period in English History. What the author did so well for the hooped belles and cocked-hatted beaux of the stiff and stately court of

* "*Sir Roger de Coverley*," a Tale of the Court of Charles the Second. By the author of "*Maids of Honour*." 3 vols. Colburn.

George I., he has now done, with considerable more effect and a vast accession of amusement, for the gay beauties and witty cavaliers of the luxurious court of Charles II. This, for the novelist the most attractive period in our annals, is at the same time the most difficult to delineate. Here once more we make the acquaintance of those courtly wits and vivacious beauties who surrounded the Merry Monarch—including Buckingham, Rochester, Dorset, Etheridge, Sedley, Dryden, Killigrew, and Wycherley; with Prince Rupert, the Dukes of York and Monmouth, Shaftesbury, Arlington, Ashley, and Lauderdale, and the equally celebrated Pepys, Evelyn, Dick Talbot, Chiffinch, Beau Sydney, and the other male celebrities of Whitehall in the seventeenth century; with such of their fair contemporaries whose beauty has been immortalised by the graceful pencil of Lely, beginning with the regal Catherine of Braganza, going through the list of court favourites, from the haughty Cleveland or glowing Portsmouth, to the somewhat too audacious yet simple-minded Nell Gwynne—to make no mention of a vast number of other “Beauties” connected as closely with the theatre as with the court, all of whom find their appropriate places among the *dramatis personæ* of this charming fiction.

We have left till the last—perhaps believing it to be the choicest part of the entertainment—all reference to him who is the hero of the story, and gives a title to the work. We should imagine that there are few of our readers unacquainted with Sir Roger de Coverley. His name is productive of so many pleasant associations, that we are not at all surprised at the very extensive popularity he has enjoyed; but singularly enough, although almost every one is acquainted with his name, not one in a thousand knows anything about him! there is no sufficient record of his personal history. The author of this very entertaining work has taken care to supply this deficiency; and has done this in so agreeable a manner, making him the hero of a story as extraordinary as it is effective, and the principal character in the very brilliant era in which he flourished—that however great a favourite he may hitherto have been, it is impossible for any one to rise from the perusal of these volumes without being still more strongly prepossessed in his favour.

We anticipate for a work possessing such sterling excellencies a vast increase to the reputation acquired by the writer, by the publication of his “Maids of Honour.” “Sir Roger de Coverley” is a work of a much more elevated character than its predecessor—clever as it has been pronounced—and possesses much higher claims on the consideration of the reader. We cannot doubt for a moment that it will be attended with a success equal to its merit.

THE NELSON DISPATCHES AND LETTERS.

THIS great and truly-national work is fast drawing to a completion. The fifth volume, which brings down Nelson's history to the middle of the year 1804, has recently been published, and there is now little more than one year of the hero's eventful life to be recorded.

On glancing through the work, our first impression is one of surprise, that such an immense mass of correspondence, scattered among so many individuals, and covering a period of so many years, could possibly be collected, and brought into the focus of one publication. In this respect, it stands alone; and, perhaps, no similar instance can be adduced, in the whole range of literature, in which the epistolary remains of a great public character have been so carefully preserved, and so ably and successfully collected.

The leading events of the life of Nelson, being associated with the proudest memorials of the national glory, are familiar to every one; and, therefore, it is unnecessary to introduce his autobiography with a review of his career. We call the work an autobiography; for the notes of the Editor, which connect the various letters, and illustrate and explain every thing which they refer to, even to the identification of obscure individuals, render it such; and it is not the less valuable, that it is written without art, or any idea that, after an interval of a whole generation, the letters thrown off in the hurry of multifarious avocations—amidst the perils of war, and the toils and duties of command, would be made to form the criteria of their writer's character, and, when his great spirit had passed away, constitute the fabric of his personal history.

To do justice to Nelson's name, and the services he has rendered his country, in the compass of a review, would indeed be impracticable; for, "though," as the Editor, in the opening volume of the Dispatches, justly and eloquently remarks, "no language can adequately describe the effect of his transcendent services upon his country, upon Europe, and indeed upon the whole civilized world, England is still more largely indebted to Nelson than even for his exploits. She owes to him a name synonymous with victory, which, with almost talismanic power, inspires her sons in the day of battle with a confidence that insures success; and she is indebted to him for an example to ages yet unborn, of the most ardent loyalty, the most genuine patriotism, the most conscientious sense of duty to his sovereign and his country, and of the highest professional skill, combined

with the most generous disposition, the kindest heart, and the noblest aspirations, that ever graced a public man."

This is high praise; but we may truly say, after a careful perusal of every page of this work, that the letters here given to the public bear it fully out. Those in the first volume, which commence with one to his brother, the Rev. William Nelson, announcing the fact of his having just obtained his *first commission*, extend from the year 1777 to the end of the year 1794. Besides numerous private letters, addressed to various members of his family, to his personal friends Locker, Ross, and Collingwood, and to the Duke of Clarence, they embrace many public ones, chiefly addressed to the Admiralty, to the Secretary of State, and (towards the end of the volume) to his commanding Admiral, Lord Flood. The public letters refer principally, in the first instance, to the details of a small command he held in the West Indies; and in the discharge of which, after encountering much opposition and hostility from the various local governors, he finally brought to light an extensive system of official peculation and fraud, which had long been carried on with impunity;—and, latterly, to his action with a squadron of French frigates, to the operations at Toulon, and to the sieges of Bastia and Calvi, in Corsica.

But his great character, both as a warrior and a leader, which these transactions afforded him an opportunity of exhibiting, had not yet attracted notice; and, consequently, though he is continually acquiring distinction, we still see him moving in only a subordinate capacity. The second volume of the "Dispatches," which extends from the year 1795 to 1798, ultimately presents him to us in a new light. It relates principally (we quote the words of the editor) "to Admiral Hotham's actions with the French fleet, on the 13th and 14th of March, and 13th of July, 1795; to his proceedings when in command of a small squadron on the coast of Genoa, acting in co-operation with the Austrian general, De Vins; to the blockade of Leghorn; to the capture of Porta Ferraja, and of the island of Capraia; to the evacuation of Corsica; to the action with, and capture of, a Spanish frigate; to the battle of St. Vincent, the bombardment of Cadiz, the engagement of the Spanish gun-boats, and the unsuccessful attack on Teneriffe"—forming, perhaps, without exception, a more brilliant catalogue of services than, in a similar space of time, was ever performed by a public officer.

We resist the temptation to pause, as we well might, on the many attractions of these two volumes of the work—as displaying the immortal Nelson in every possible situation, and struggling with every variety of difficulty—in order that we may dwell more fully on the spirit and events of the succeeding volumes. The reputation that Nelson acquired on the 14th of February, 1797,

at the victory of St. Vincent's, which was entirely owing to his intrepidity, and the skill and judgment he displayed in leading the van of the English fleet into action, now pushed him more prominently forward; and, in June 1798, the third volume of the "Dispatches" exhibits him in command of an important detached squadron, dispatched in search of the French fleet. In discharge of this duty he first sailed to Naples, thence to Alexandria, and, not finding the French, returned to Syracuse, from which place he again sailed for Egypt. Meanwhile, his uneasiness of mind and his fears of failure, which his unsuccessful pursuit of the French occasioned, were indescribable, and can be conceived only from his own words. Writing to Sir William Hamilton, British Ambassador at Naples, on the 18th of June, he says,

"My dear Sir,—I would not lose one moment of the breeze, in answering your Letter. The best sight (as an Irishman would say) was to see me out of sight; especially, as I had not time to examine the Marquis de Gallo's note to you. As for what depends on me, I beg, if you think it proper, to tell their Sicilian Majesties, and General Acton, that they may rest assured that I shall not withdraw the King's Fleet, but by positive orders, or the impossibility of *procuring supplies*. I wish them to depend upon me, and they shall not be disappointed. God forbid it should so happen, that the Enemy escape me, and get into any Port. You may rely if I am properly supplied, that there they shall remain, a useless body, for this summer. But, if I have Gun and Mortar Boats, with Fire-Ships, it is most probable they may be got at: for, although I hope the best, yet it is proper to be prepared for the worst, (which, I am sure, all this Fleet would feel,) the escape of the Enemy into Port. My distress for Frigates is extreme; but I cannot help myself, and no one will help me. But, thank God, I am not apt to feel difficulties. Pray, present my best respects to Lady Hamilton. Tell her, I hope to be presented to her, crowned with laurel or cypress. But God is good, and to Him do I commit myself and our Cause. My dear Sir, your obliged and faithful, ever believe me

"HORATIO NELSON."

Another month elapsed, and, on the 20th of July, being still without any intelligence of the French fleet, he again wrote to Sir William Hamilton:—

"My dear Sir,—It is an old saying, 'The Devil's children have the Devil's luck.' I cannot find, or to this moment learn, beyond vague conjecture, where the French fleet are gone to. All my ill fortune, hitherto, has proceeded from want of frigates. Off Cape Passaro, on the 22nd of June, at daylight, I saw two frigates, which were supposed to be French, and it has been said since that a line-of-battle ship was to leeward of them with the riches of Malta on board, but it was the destruction of the enemy, not riches for myself, that I was seeking. These would have fallen to me if I had had frigates, but, except the ship

of the line, I regard not all the riches in this world. From every information off Malta I believed they were gone to Egypt; therefore, on the 28th, I was communicating with Alexandria in Egypt, where I found the Turks preparing to resist them, but know nothing beyond report. From thence I stretched over to the coast of Caramania, where, not meeting a vessel that could give me information, I became distressed for the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, and, having gone a round of 600 leagues at this season of the year (with a single ship) with an expedition incredible, here I am as ignorant of the situation of the enemy as I was twenty-seven days ago. I sincerely hope that the dispatches, which I understand are at Cape Passaro, will give me full information. I shall be able for nine or ten weeks longer to keep the fleet on active service, when we shall want provisions and stores. I send a paper on that subject herewith."—p. 42.

On the same day he wrote the following letter to his wife:—

"*Syracuse, July 20, 1798.*

I have not been able to find the French fleet, to my great mortification, or the event I can scarcely doubt. We have been off Malta, to Alexandria in Egypt, Syria, into Asia, and am returned here without success; however, no person will say that it has been for want of activity. I yet live in hopes of meeting these fellows; but it would have been my delight to have tried Buonaparte on a wind, for he commands the fleet as well as the army. Glory is my object, and that alone. God Almighty bless you.

"HORATIO NELSON."

The supposed escape of the French fleet, and the uncertainty that prevailed respecting its destination, now began to excite alarm; and, in England, all parties united to censure the Ministry, and Lord St. Vincent, the commanding admiral in the Mediterranean, for entrusting the command of the detached squadron to so young an admiral as Nelson. The panic was at its height, when, on the 2nd of October, 1798, intelligence was received in London that, on the evening of the 1st of August, Admiral Nelson had discovered and come up with the French fleet off the mouth of the Nile, and had there achieved that glorious victory, which stands alone in naval history. Its effect was instantly felt throughout Europe. For a time the triumphant march of the French armies, which had swept every thing before them, was arrested, and the subjugation of Europe deferred. The pause, however, was of very short duration. Towards the spring of the year 1799, the French overran the kingdom of Naples, and hence, in the end, those events arose, which unfortunately implicated Nelson in the execution of Carracioli.

As Englishmen, who take a pride in every thing connected with Nelson, we must here express our obligations to the editor of the "*Dispatches*," Sir Harris Nicolas, for the able manner in

which he has investigated this transaction, and for his complete vindication of Nelson's memory. We wish that we could make room for a synopsis of the article, which, besides its valuable historical character, is a masterpiece of argument and diction. Our limits, however, will not admit of such a purpose, and therefore we must recommend our readers to peruse the whole. The succeeding volumes of the work shall be made the subject of a second notice.

THE STUDENT'S HELP.*

To those of our compatriots who seek to acquire a knowledge of the French and Italian languages, or to foreigners desiring to be versed in English, this little work will be found invaluable. It is the composition of Guido Sorelli, who, though a native of Italy, has long associated his name with the literature of England. The work is designed as a help for the young, and in this Part comprises a translation of the whole Book of Genesis; but it is so effectively written, and so admirably arranged, that it may be advantageously used by all ages. In the four brief lyrics, at the end of the work, which appear to be Guido Sorelli's own productions, three are scintillations of a true poetic feeling. We cordially recommend the work to our readers.

THE WILD HUNTSMAN.†

THE plot of this drama, though extending through five acts, is not unskillfully constructed, and there is a sufficient stock of incident to keep it in motion. The scenes are laid in Saxony and Brunswick; and the story is founded on a rising of the peasantry of those countries—similar to that of the *Jacquerries* in France, and of *Wat Tyler* in England. A wicked German Baron, named Rodenstein, is the hero of the piece; and, as if he were not sufficiently villanous himself, he is led into renewed excesses by one Elkanah, an infernal, who when living, five hundred years previous, had been a Jew. The character of Herz, though not original, is well sustained. Altogether, indeed, the drama possesses considerable merit.

* The Student's Help, for the attainment of the English, French, and Italian languages, by Guido Sorelli. Hatchard.

† The Wild Huntsman: a Drama. J. Gilbert.

HOOD'S MAGAZINE.

SONNETS FOR THE TIMES.

A PLEA FOR THE TEN-HOURS' FACTORY BILL.

By the Author of "Rural Sonnets," "Sunlight and Moonlight on the Waters," &c.

O BRITAIN ! O my Country ! stay the pest,
The Epidemic canker-lust of gain,
Which threatens all things, sacred and profane,
And eats man's heart away within his breast.
It stalks thy soil, with leprous front and mien,
And, its worst omen, shrinks not to be seen.
It is this spotted plague which—grasping all
For Mammon and his wealth-besotted crew—
Would hasten, Britain ! thy decline and fall,
And slay thee as Rome's empire erst it slew.
"Live and let live," in characters of light,
Stamp on thy laws, to check the slaves of gold,
By whom their fellow-men are bought and sold,
Unless the weaker find in thee their arm of might.

Now, hear me, for the weakest of the weak,
Their Masters' and their Parents' double thrall !
For Parents *brutaliz'd by want* will seek
Toil's meagrest fruits, whatever else befall,
And, in their offspring's premature decay,
Reckless will share, because, alas ! 'TWILL PAY.
But theirs the fault who, *brutaliz'd by gain*,
Clutch it, unmov'd, thro' suffering and disease ;
These are the hard Taskmasters to restrain,
Whole populations' dead'ners,—stunters,—these !
Who, by "all work," would make "no play" a fact,
And to one half the age of man contract,
As from the young they banish youth away,
By tasks, each day, too long for labour of a day.

O gentlemen of England ! test the right—
 By your hearths' fires you may, and prove the wrong—
 Call your own bright-eyed children to your sight,
 They are well-limb'd, well-nurtur'd, fresh, and strong;
 Let your fair girls their brothers' summons share,
 (Both sexes of the poor, now, claim your care.)
 Say, would you, for your lives, your sturdier young
 Should toil like yonder striplings, stiv'd, immur'd,
 But the two hours, from want and weakness wrung,
 Beyond "the * day" to other crafts secur'd ?
 If not, then, doubt no more—no longer pause—
 Treat the false Theorists with stern contempt,
 And, by *humanely wise*, adjustive laws,
 From labour in excess, the Factory-young exempt.

Inner Temple, January, 1846.

I LOVE TO SCAN THY ARTLESS FACE.

By the late J. H. J., Son of the Author of "Rural Sonnets," "Sunlight and Moonlight on the Waters," &c.

I LOVE to scan thy artless face,
 And watch those signs thou canst not smother;
 And fondly strive thy thoughts to trace
 As tears and smiles o'ertake each other.
 That look, so strange yet sweet to see,
 That look, on which I'm ever dwelling,
 Imparts far deeper bliss to me
 Than lips possess the gift of telling.

I love thee more—yes, more and more,
 Each time I view those bright eyes beaming;
 And muse, in gentle rapture, o'er
 The tresses down thy fair neck streaming.

'Tis sweeter still to hear thy voice
 Make music to that look of pleasure,
 Which bids my throbbing heart rejoice,
 And stamps thee mine—thou priceless treasure !

* Of twelve hours, meal-times included.

NELL GWYNNE, OR THE COURT OF THE STUARTS.

CHAPTER V.

DISCOURSE OF THE CONSTITUTION OF ALSATIA, WITH A GLANCE AT THE WASHERWOMAN AND BARKER DYNASTIES, AND THE FURTHER FORTUNES OF NELL GWYNNE.

THE district of Alsatia, as we have already denominated Whitesfriars, had formerly been under the government of a republic, which, though often visited with revolutionary movements, had existed through the whole of the Commonwealth. But about the same time that Cromwell, with the aid of the army, usurped the government of the nation, that of Alsatia also underwent a change, and the chief authority was seized by an adventurous washerwoman. This lady, being of an unscrupulous disposition, not soon or easily intimidated, maintained her position till the Restoration, when, like the mother realm, Alsatia became the seat of a monarchy. Its post of honour had since been successively filled by several eminent criminals; but, among other things, the visitation of the Plague, in the year 1664, had brought about an interregnum, which lasted nearly a year. The realm was still in a state of anarchy, when it was invaded, with every other part of the metropolis, by the Great Fire. The deeds of violence, rapine, and bloodshed, unrestrained by any law, fear, or scruple which then took place, amidst the general confusion and helplessness, made an impression even on the Alsatians. When a knot of ruffians, herded for the nonce, were revelling among them in every kind of outrage, they were suddenly called upon by a stranger, whom none of them seemed to be acquainted with, to put them down. That done, the stranger subsequently engaged them in other arrangements—formed them, with the general concurrence, into several distinct companies—directed some to transport the maimed and helpless over the river—some to guard and remove whatever could be saved from the fire; and finally, when flight could no longer be deferred, brought the majority of them safe to an encampment, in St. George's fields.

On the return of the Alsatians to the sanctuary, the stranger, who was now known by the name of Barker, bore them company, and was unanimously elected their chief. He had filled this station for about a year, when he was joined, one day, without any previous intimation, by a woman and child; but, however the former might be allied to him, he claimed no consanguinity with the latter. Indeed, the little girl—for such she

was—did not even possess his name; and it was soon generally known that she bore the appellation of Nell Gwynne.

He was well adapted for the post he had attained—possessing, among other qualifications, a strong and ready hand, and a dauntless spirit, with all the worst characteristics of the old Royalist soldiers, softened by a dash of their chivalry. Thus qualified, and supported, whenever occasion arose, by many of his former companions in arms and quondam adversaries, he held his ground amain, and met every attempt to depose him with the most severe retribution.

After a lapse of years, the woman died, and the girl, now verging on womanhood, removed from the lodgings of the Rum-dumber and began to reside alone. But, protected by the influence of her guardian, she still lived securely; and though her calling of a fruit-vender, which she pursued at the theatre of the Duke of York, at Dorset Gardens, frequently kept her abroad at night, her connection with the Rum-dumber surrounded her with a constant safeguard, which the vilest bravo in Alsatia durst not infringe.

It will, therefore, appear only reasonable, on consideration, that the circumstances attending her re-appearance in her hovel on the eve of a deadly affray, as described in the conclusion of our last chapter, excited the attention of every spectator. After one glance in her face, the Rum-dumber, twining his arm round her waist, sought to re-assure her; and an opportunity seemed to arise for the renewal of the parley.

Captain Fortinbrass was the first to speak.

"Well, Master Rum-dumber," he said, "the girl's not lost, you see."

"We wanted not her," cried Blood, "and we'll have the right one. Any way, we won't be balked of the setter."

"Silence!" cried the Rum-dumber.

But Blood, too, was attended by a party, among whom was the elderly female; and, as he was thus directed to be silent, a murmur arose in the rear, which sounded like a prelude to outrage. The Rum-dumber, but too familiar with the Alsatian character, thought it prudent to temporize.

"Hold that hang-dog noise!" he exclaimed, "and you shall have fair dealing. Speak up, Nell, and set thyself clear of this outcry!"

But Nell, before silent from exhaustion, was now speechless from terror, and, for a brief space, was really unable to exonerate herself. Nevertheless, a low whisper from her protector, and a glance at the young Cavalier, who was looking calmly on, seemed to re-assure her; and reflecting that the fugitive lady was now beyond danger, and could not be overtaken, she shortly acquired sufficient nerve to render an explanation.

"What am I charged withal, your worship?" she inquired.

"I have done no wrong, that I wot of—except it be wrong to help off a poor maiden."

"'Tis ill stirring a muddy pool, my bleak damsel," observed a long-visaged bravo, who, in his younger days, had been a Cromwellian, and was now an adherent of Blood's.

"She was a poor Puritan, chased by the Papists," rejoined Nell. "Wast thou one of the crew, Master Blood?"

"Thou mongrel whelp, no!" returned Blood.

"An' she were one of the flock, 'twas a good deed," observed the quondam Cromwellian, in a nasal tone.

Several individuals of the crowd, who had also figured in the Parliamentary army, applauded this sentiment; and, to render it more emphatic, the speaker moved away from Blood, and posted himself by the side of the Rum-dumber. Before his example could have any effect, however, the attention of the spectators was attracted elsewhere. All at once, the sound of voices and of numerous footsteps, with the glare of flambeaux, and the clink of arms, was distinguished without, and there was a general rush to the door. The crowd, however, soon hurried back again, and, at the same time, a body of musketeers appeared before the door and blocked up the passage. They were headed by a civilian, attired in grave habits and a black cap, who was instantly recognised as one Master Graves, an emissary of the Lord Chief Justice.

"Who's the Trap nosing?" inquired several voices.

"Hold your peace, Alsations!" cried the Rum-dumber. And, as his injunction was obeyed, he stepped forward a pace and confronted the officer.

"Whom seek you, Master Graves?" he demanded.

"Ho! ho! my devotions to your worship!" answered Graves, "I want a word with one of the King's friends—Ralph Mowbray, commonly called Colonel Mowbray, who is charged with high treason."

"Take him, *Topham!*" cried the elderly female.

A loud laugh, which (so lax was their discipline) even the King's musketeers did not discourage, followed this hit at the Popish plot; but it soon subsided, and, in a moment or two, all was again silent.

"Ay, take him, if you can find him," observed the Rum-dumber, "I know him not."

"Mayhap," interposed Blood, "the setter, here, and his mate Fortinbrass, know more of him. Why, they're gone!"

"Gone?" cried the officer of the law. "Who?"

"Mowbray's accomplices!" roared Blood. "'Sdeath! But the girl here!" he added, turning his eyes on Nell.

"Have a care, Blood!" muttered the Rum-dumber.

Blood shrank back. "They're gone!" he added—"The cursed Papists!"

"Ha! ha! they can't go far!" grinned the officer of the law. "The gates of Alsatia are all guarded, and now, as we are baffled here, we'll scour the houses. All true lieges aid and assist!—Mowbray's body, living or dead, will bring its captors fifty pounds!"

Something like a cheer, mingled with a low hoarse hum, such as had once prevailed among the Puritan party, broke from the crowd, and, without further ado, they all made for the street. The soldiers, also, at a signal from the officer, joined in the enterprise; and, no longer affording a scene of action, the hovel of Nell Gwynne was almost deserted. It still, however, had two inmates—Nell and the Rum-dumber.

They were silent for a few minutes, when, satisfied that no one was within hearing, the Rum-dumber spoke.

"This is what I feared," he said: "Art thou so weary of dwelling safely that thou must needs turn brawler?"

"The adventure was forced upon me," answered Nell, "but if it be a crime, as it too often seems, to shelter the oppressed, I am not loth to bear its punishment."

"Ah, Nell! those plays and players will be thy downfall!" observed Barker—for such was the Rum-dumber's name. "Who can live on fine speeches? They may pass bravely enough, indeed, at Dorset Gardens, but they will buy only scorn in Alsatia."

"I may soon leave Alsatia," murmured Nell.

"Ah?" cried Barker.

Nell was silent.

"Have a care, girl!" said Barker sternly. "I have told thee enough, methinks, of these court gallants, and what knaves they are; and if thou fallest, thou fallest wilfully."

Nell's face, which had just before been quite colourless, became suffused with crimson.

"This is not well of thee, Master Barker," she said: "I seek advancement, it is true—seek to be released from this wretched sinful den; but, though I am poor, I am not dishonest. Master Otway, the playwright, whom you may wot of—"

"Master Otway?" interrupted Barker. "Ay, ay, I know him well. A high-mettled, gamesome reysterer he is, who, if his purse be well provided, will ruffle it with the best to-day and starve at home to-morrow."

"In truth, an honest gentleman," remarked Nell. "He hath lately shewn himself to me in a most friendly sort, and about a week past, as we held some talk together, he—"

But, to her utter consternation, the blast of a horn here broke on her ear, and she suddenly became silent.

"'Tis the call for rescue!" cried Barker. "I must away!"

"Shall I be safe?" faltered Nell.

"We'll not make too sure of it," replied Barker. "How's the door?"

The lock was broken; but the bolts, though loosened, were not much injured, and a few nails made them secure again.

"Be wary, now, that thou open not the door again," Barker then said. "If the rabble come here, I will not be far off."

"My thanks are in my heart," said Nell. "But, prithee, good father, if thou canst readily do it, bear off the two Cavaliers."

"I whispered Fortinbrass to make for the river," answered Barker. "But quick! shut the door!"

He darted off with these words; and Nell, now left to herself, lost no time in securing the door. She was, as may be supposed, haunted by a thousand fears, and by various anxieties; but, in her heart, she yet retained a degree of her native resolution. Nevertheless, the noises which now arose around, and which one moment seemed at a distance, and then at hand, might well intimidate even a bold heart. They excited her fears, not only for others, but for herself; and while she felt a lively concern for the fugitive lady, and for the young Cavalier, with whose fortunes she had suddenly become associated, she was filled with dread and anxiety at her own situation. Reflection, however, somewhat re-assured her, and while she was still pondering on the subject, she finally fell asleep.

CHAPTER VI.

REVERTS TO COLONEL MOWBRAY, AND THE FAIR AGATHA, AND TO CERTAIN STRANGER ADVENTURES THEY ENCOUNTERED.

WHEN the Dutch skipper, who, to mark his identity, bore the designation of Mynheer Schuyp, found that the old galliot was within reach of gun-shot, he turned leisurely round, and ordered the ship to be hove-to. The boat of a man-of-war was in his wake, pulling directly for the ship; and a stripling in its stern, who evidently stood in the situation of its commander, was heard hailing him, and, at the same time, urging forward the willing boatmen, in a very authoritative and excited manner.

"Now, then, you lubberly Dutch swab!" he cried to Schuyp, "will you bring your pickled herring-tub to an anchor?"

"Donder and blitzen!" muttered Schuyp, "you vas von narse jong blexun! Ah! you vas!"

As he spoke, he turned to look for Colonel Mowbray; but that person, sensible that the boat had come in quest of him, had retired from the deck, and descended to the cabin. Agatha, trembling with terror, yet, from a filial apprehension, endeavouring to conceal her feelings, accompanied him thither. As they entered the cabin the Colonel caught her in his arms.

"Must I leave thee, my dearest!" he exclaimed, in a broken voice, "and leave thee, too, a lamb, at the mercy of the wolf?"

"No, dear!" answered Agatha, in a tolerably firm tone, "thou must leave me to the mercy of God."

"Let me kiss thee!" rejoined her grandfather; "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, saith the Lord, shall man be taught wisdom. Of a verity I am old; and my child's child, by her example, lends my eyes new light. The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord!"

Here he became silent, and Agatha, though expecting every moment that they would be separated—perhaps for ever, could not sufficiently compose herself to speak further. The short time they could pass together was thus running to waste; but the strong mind of the Colonel, though shaken, was not subdued; he was not unmindful of their situation; and, after a brief yet dreadful interval, he became more resolute.

"My child, we must part!" he said, pressing Agatha more closely to his bosom. "But be not downcast; and may the Lord, in his mercy and goodness, make thy horn exalted. Next to Him, Sir Patience, I know, will approve himself thy true friend. Thou must hie to him straight."

"May not I go with thee?" faltered Agatha.

The Colonel paused, but it was, it would seem, not to regulate his decision, but to check his emotion.

"Dost think they would suffer thee?" he said. "No! no! Go, then, straight to Sir Patience! He hath my will, and charge of all my effects. This Dutch navigator, I fear, is a false knave and a traitor, but have thou no fear of him: I will say that in his ear, that will make him serve thee faithfully."

"He is here!" said Agatha.

The Dutch skipper, indeed, unconscious that he had been the subject of observation, here entered the cabin.

"Der blexun, he vas come!" he observed.

With this announcement, he turned his dull heavy eyes, which were almost buried in fat, on the face of Agatha; and they revealed such a sinister expression, that they made her shrink. As he turned to her grandfather, however, his face seemed, whether truly or not, to be marked with a touch of sympathy.

"Yaw, he vas come!" he observed.

"Hark-ye!" returned Colonel Mowbray.

And, stepping a pace forward, he dropped his voice to a whisper, and spoke in the Dutchman's ear. His communication, whatever it might refer to, was clearly a momentous one; for, though he was of a phlegmatic disposition, his auditor heard it with dismay.

"Der Teuvil!" he exclaimed.

But, before he could make any further observation, a noise

overhead, on the deck, attracted his attention, and brought their conference to a close.

"Come," cried a voice, "tumble up here, you prick-eared rascal! Where is he? Bear a hand, you lubbers, and hoist him up!"

These peremptory commands, which were delivered in a very puny voice, proceeded from the mouth of the man-of-war's midshipman, who, having mounted to the ship's deck, was now making his way to the cabin. He was accompanied by a gentleman in black, who was, indeed, no other than Master Graves, the emissary of the Chief Justice.

Colonel Mowbray, aroused by their approach, again turned to Agatha, and prepared to bid her farewell. While he was yet addressing her, Master Graves entered the cabin.

"Ah, Colonel, we have met at last," he cried, with a grin. "Fair mistress, my service to you!"—he dropped a familiar nod to Agatha. "'Tis against my will, as you will credit, to part such worshipful company; but, on my conscience, 'tis no more than mine office, and I must comply."

"I attend thee," answered the Colonel. He paused, but the indecision which, from his silence, he seemed to betray, was but momentary, and, before any one could interpose, he again spoke.

"My child!" he said, fixing his eyes on Agatha, "be of good cheer! Are not two sparrows sold for one farthing, and, behold, not one of them shall fall to the ground, except by His will. Fare thee well!"

Agatha, overwhelmed with grief, and, in her utter anguish, forgetting even her fears—forgetting even the helplessness and danger of her situation, though alone, unfriended, and defenceless, and left in the power of a suspected foe—Agatha bowed her head in silence. At first she felt inclined, in her inexpressible misery, to throw herself on his bosom, and give utterance to her feelings in tears: then she thought only how she could best assure *him*, and assuage his anxiety about *her*. But she durst not speak. She felt that, at that moment, a single word from her would prostrate them both. She waved her hand, therefore, in silence, and, seeming to understand her feelings, the Colonel broke away.

The boat of the man-of-war, which had brought up his two captors, was towing alongside the ship; and, by the direction of Master Graves, he bestowed himself in its stern. His captors pulled themselves beside him; and the boatman, by their orders, pulled directly for the shore.

On their arrival at the shore, at a point where, neglected as our navy then was, there was already collected a large magazine of naval *materiel*, indicating it to be the site of an important maritime station, the Colonel was lodged in the dock-yard

guard-house, and there left to himself. Almost within sight of his helpless grandchild, he here gave way, in his solitude, to the anxious thoughts which she inspired. In his paternal fears for her, he quite forgot himself. A dungeon, a mock trial, and a gibbet, blackened and deformed by a thousand ignominious associations, was the prospect he was approaching, and, as far as they affected only himself, he looked on them composedly. But to think on the dangers that surrounded his child—his dear, precious child—the last mark and memorial of his race, did indeed bow and daunt his spirit.

Could he no longer afford her the shadow of a safeguard? Must she, who was so good, and true, and pure—so innocent and beautiful, stand in the world alone?—her very excellence her destruction, and her loveliness her greatest peril? Gracious Heaven! was he, a living man, with a strong arm and a daring sword, to be close at hand, and she to be defenceless? He recurred to the demeanour of the Dutch captain; he thought of Agatha's silent and passive agony; and a presentiment fell upon him, in connexion with these reflections, that he should never see her again.

He threw himself on the prison floor. With his spirit bowed in the dust, his head sunk on his breast, and his brawny hands, which had so long buffeted with adversity, clasped desperately together, he felt that he should at least see her in heaven!

The hours passed slowly on; the day wore away; those twin sisters, evening and night, (whose embrace is so fond, that they seem, in reality, to be but *one*, and to melt into each other) gradually drew nigh; and there he lay still. But he was aroused at last. The door of his cell was opened, and the officer of the guard, with Master Graves, and several other persons, made their appearance in the passage.

"Come, Colonel," said Master Graves, "the coach has come, and we are all ready!"

Mowbray, without making a reply, rose slowly to his feet, and signified his readiness to proceed. A coach—or one of those clumsy leather vehicles, called coaches, which had recently come into pretty general use—was waiting without, and, led forward by Graves, he took a seat in the interior. Graves bore him company; and two armed constables, who had been loitering at the guard-house door, having perched themselves behind, the coach drove out of the dock-yard, and set forward for London.

The Colonel's keeper, Graves, now broke silence, and partly because he was of a loquacious disposition, and partly because, after the practice of his profession, he desired to draw forth some admission of guilt, sought to lead him into conversation. But he talked to the winds. Mowbray, whether he heard him

or not, made no reply, and, finding it ineffective, he finally relinquished his design, and became quite sullen.

Meantime, regardless of what passed—heedless of the slow progress of the coach, or the ruggedness of the road (which repeated jolts rendered continually apparent) Mowbray still dwelt on the friendless and perilous situation of his darling child.

But, thank Heaven! his suspense would soon be at an end—The vehicle he travelled in, the top and vane of so many terrors, might be looked on as his hearse, and its real destination was his *grave*!

Almost as the thought occurred to him, voices were heard without, from the rear and front of the coach in angry altercation. The report of a pistol succeeded; and the tramp of several horses, blended with a sharp, clinking noise, like the jingle of military harness, was heard approaching. The next moment the coach stopped, and its two side-doors, though well secured within, were wrenched violently open.

All this had transpired so suddenly, and had been effected so instantaneously, that before the guardians of the coach, including Master Graves, had been well alarmed, they found themselves in the position of prisoners. As the doors of the coach were severally forced open, a mounted cavalier, disguised in a vizard, presented himself at each, and looked earnestly in. No one could distinguish their features; but, to prevent confusion, it is expedient to state, for the information of those concerned, that they have figured in a former chapter of this history, and were then respectively known as the young Cavalier, and Captain Fortinbrass. It was the latter who spoke.

"Soh, Master Graves!" he cried, in a feigned voice, "who have we here?"

"Who the devil are you?" returned Graves, sullenly, at the same time privately cocking a pistol.

"Nay, nay, my errand is with thy prisoner, if thou have one," answered Fortinbrass. "Come forth, sir captive!"

"I'll have thee down first," cried Graves.

He levelled his pistol; but, as he drew the trigger, Mowbray, who was watching him, jerked it upward, and the ball passed through the coach-roof. At the same moment Mowbray knocked him down.

"Here is a cord, sir prisoner," said Fortinbrass, quite unaffected by his narrow escape. "Tie the villain securely, now, hand and foot!"

Mowbray, eager for action, caught the proffered cord, and though not without considerable difficulty, carried the speaker's injunction into effect. This done, he threw the officer, now disarmed and powerless, on the carriage floor, and, with something like the agility of youth, sprang to the ground.

The moon was high in the heavens, and a glance around—for he was familiar with the locality—showed him that they were in St. George's Fields. The horses had been unharnessed from the coach; and its driver and attendants, like Graves, deprived of their arms, and well secured with cords. Five cavaliers, who, like Fortinbrass, were disguised in vizards, and all very efficiently armed, stood by, with their horses ready for service; and, in the rear, a mounted groom, who was also vizarded, held the rein of a led horse.

As Mowbray observed these particulars, Fortinbrass, who appeared to be the leader of the party, beckoned the groom forward.

"Mount!" he whispered to Mowbray. "We have no time to spare!"

With a promptitude foreign to his years, Mowbray seized the rein of the led horse, and vaulted into the saddle. Riding to the front, he was joined, a few paces further on, by the young Cavalier and Fortinbrass; and, leaving the coach and its guardians in the road, the whole party galloped forward.

They proceeded a short distance without speaking, but, when they had got fairly on their way, Captain Fortinbrass, resuming his own proper voice, began to discourse.

"Well, Colonel Mowbray, thou seest I have not forgotten thee!" he said.

"Noble prince!" answered Mowbray, "thou art the first of thy race who ever remembered a friend."

The Prince—for such he was—averted his head.

"I were a knave to forget mine," he observed. "And yet, in sober verity, I had been powerless to help thee, only for the aid of our gallant comrade."—And here, raising his hand, he pointed at the young Cavalier. "This most excellent stratagem was devised by him."

"I thank your noble Grace, first," answered Mowbray, "and, secondly, I own myself bounden to this gentleman."

"No more of it," returned the Prince. "Yonder is St. George's Cross; and there, if we would proceed safely, we must part. My brave friend here (you may name him Captain Gresham) will escort you to a secure refuge."

"I thank your Grace," replied Mowbray, anxious, now he was free, to ascertain the safety of his grand-daughter, "but I purpose repairing to Sir Patience Ward's."

"Sir Patience is an honest citizen," rejoined the Prince, "but he is, I fear me, a timid one. Well, well, take Captain Gresham with you, and if the knight, as is not unlikely, be uncourteous, he will bestow you more suitably. Now farewell!"

Here he reined up, and, while he drew home his bride, extended his right hand, which he had at liberty, to Mowbray.

The latter hesitated a moment ; then, uncovering, he raised his proffered hand to his lips, and said, in a low whisper,—“ God save your MAJESTY ! ”

The Prince, no longer fearful of being recognised, had taken off his vizard, but, in the prevailing obscurity, the deep flush that mounted to his face could not be distinguished. It was immediately superseded by a ghastly paleness.

“ No, no ! ” he murmured, “ not while *he* lives ! ”

With these words he turned his horse's head, and, waving back his followers, suffered Mowbray and the young Cavalier, who, for the present, must bear the name of Harold Gresham, to proceed by themselves.

These two persons, riding forward, were each too much engaged by their own thoughts, and were both of too reserved a disposition to enter into a regular discourse, and, as they passed on their way, they spoke but little. It was nearly midnight by the time they reached Stangate ; but, by dint of an increased fee, they secured the services of the ferry, and were, with their horses, shortly transported to Westminster. Thence they repaired, without further delay, to the residence of Sir Patience Ward, in Bishopsgate.

But a few minutes previous to their arrival thither, a lower apartment of the Knight's mansion, facing the street, was occupied by a young lady, whom it is advisable to bring under immediate notice. The moment, perhaps, was favourable to such a proceeding, for she sat at a table, writing ; and, in her unguarded posture, her features and person could be viewed effectively.

She was a mere girl, and had, in all probability, hardly reached her seventeenth summer. Yet there was a depth, if one may so speak, in her exquisitely fair complexion—a sort of reflection on the mirror—that belonged rather to maturity than girlhood, and partook more of Autumn than Spring. It was, however, lightened, if not overruled, by her bright hazel eyes, and by her glowing lips, which, viewed apart, reminded the beholder of the image of Suckling—

“ Her lips were red, and one was thin
Compared to that was next her chin—
Some bee had stung it newly.”

Her person, of course, was yet scarcely developed ; but, considering her years, it already displayed the most charming proportion. She wore her dress high, which was not the prevailing mode ; but, in her stooping position, it left uncovered, every now and then, the upper region of her bosom, which was formed and coloured with bewitching accuracy. It rose imperceptibly, and with unerring gradation, to her small and graceful throat,

and this, in its perfectness of form and colour, was equally fascinating. But it was in her face that one recognised her greatest charm. Her forehead especially, from its surpassing brightness, won the highest admiration, yet was hardly so lovely in its simple self, as in the contrast it offered to her raven hair. This, parted in the middle, was turned in winning ringlets over her temples; and, though with no show of exuberance, fell almost to her bosom. Nor did it, in its progress downward, invade the turning of her sunny cheek, which, if it wore no dimple, was yet most perfectly rounded, and was as bright as morning. Her complexion, indeed, was thus clear throughout, and, withal, was so admirably mingled, that the eye had barely fixed and ascertained one tint, when it fell, by a sudden and agreeable surprise, on the delicate colouring of another.

She appeared to be intent on her writing; but suddenly, —and not without a slight start—she came to a pause. The tramp of horses' feet saluted her ear—she heard a sound like the opening of a door—a hasty footstep approached; and, trembling with agitation, she sprang to her feet.

She had but just risen, when the door, which was right opposite to where she stood, was thrown open, and Colonel Mowbray entered the room. The young lady, uttering an exclamation of joy, advanced to meet him, and, as she drew nigh, sank into his arms.

"Nay, nay, sweet Agatha," said Mowbray, in a thick voice, "this is not done bravely, child!"

"The surprise, I fear me, may work her mischief," observed another voice.

Agatha, though overcome with emotion, here looked up, and, in the second speaker, recognised the person of the young Cavalier.

CHAPTER VII.

NELL BECOMES ACQUAINTED WITH CERTAIN PONTS, AND OTHER BAD COMPANY; AND MAKES HER APPEARANCE IN A NEW CHARACTER.

ON the morning of the day which closed the last chapter, about the hour of ten, the stage of the new theatre in Lincoln's Inn Square, for which a patent had just been assigned to the celebrated Betterton, was occupied by two groups of persons, whom it is necessary to marshal also on the stage of this history.

The rearward group consisted only of players—the most prominent of whom (yet how long forgotten!) were Smith, Harris, Underhill and Leigh, and, not to omit their gentler

contemporaries, Mesdames Gibbs, Price and Spencer. But the front group was composed of more distinguished persons, including some of the master spirits of the age; and it is to this one especially, for more reasons than need be mentioned, that we have to direct attention.

The foremost of the party—a tall intellectual-looking man, dressed in grave habits, laced with black—was Betterton himself, in speaking of whom it was said, by a celebrated critic, that “Shakespeare conceived, and Betterton realized. There had never been two Shakespeares, and there could only be one Betterton.”

A cavalier of middle age, dressed in a frock of tissue, whose noble features and engaging manner, free from the least affectation, at once denoted him a gentleman and courtier, stood next to him. It was Lord Buckhurst.

He smiled at Betterton’s observation, and, wheeling round, turned the conversation to a person in his rear—a man of middle age, dressed, like Betterton, in grave habits, and having a slight inclination to stoop, but whose countenance, notwithstanding a look of gloom about the eyes, fairly beamed with expression.

“Think’st thou this is true, Master Dryden?” he said. “Is this some hoax of our playful Otway?”

“Nay, nay, my lord,” smiled the illustrious Dryden. “He would not mar his play, methinks, with a jest.”

Before the nobleman could utter a rejoinder, a fourth person interposed—a dashing, martial-looking cavalier, who was, indeed, no other than Sir George Etherege. As he stepped forward to speak, he involuntarily displayed, in his handsome and winning countenance, that look of innate kindness and immovable good temper, which had procured him universal esteem, and, in an age which dwelt more in scandal than eulogy, earned him the name of “easy George and gentle Etherege.”

“’Tis most honestly said, brother John!” he remarked, “I will wager my Hanover mare, which is the best blood in town, on Otway’s earnestness.”

“That mare of thine will certainly fail thee one day,” cried Lord Buckhurst. “It hath, to my knowledge, been thy constant stake and wager for two whole months. But here is our fair cousin Davenant, who only lives in vivacity, as silent as a ghost. What mystery art thou fraught withal, good Charley? An’ thou love us, unfold!—unfold, man, and shame the devil!”

The person addressed was a slight young man, attired in habiliments of some pretensions. But his chief attraction, as far as appearances were concerned, lay in his face, which presented so marked a resemblance to that of Shakespeare, that, had they lived in the same age, he might have passed for the poet himself.

"Nay, nay, I seek not to shame the devil," answered Davenant, "but to amaze your lordship! 'Tis a piece of woman's wit."

"How wondrous deep!" cried Betterton. "Of a verity I may say to thee, Charley, as Sir John Suckling said to thy father—

"Thou hast redeemed us, Will, and future times
Shall not account unto the age's crimes
Dearth of pure wit."

"Or, to go further," observed the nobleman, "as dear Will Shakespeare *may* have said to thy grandmother,* 'Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and 't will out at the keyhole: stop that, 't will fly with the smoke out of the chimney.'"

"Truly, 'tis marvellous dark!" remarked Dryden.

"Nay, nay, not if it be *woman's* wit," suggested Sir George Etherege.

"Gentle George, methinks, is driving after Barry,"† said the nobleman.

There was a general laugh.

"*Parblue*, my lord!" said Etherege, with a slight smile, "this is unfair of thee. But *vive la bagatelle!* Did not I see thee last night, at Dorset Gardens, coquetting with the pretty orange girl?"

"Oh! oh!" cried Betterton and Davenant.

"My lord, my lord, this is not well," smiled Dryden. "Fair Nelly will beat thee off!"

"And so will Master Hart," observed Davenant.

"And Lacy!" said Betterton. "But talk of the devil—"

"And he appears!" cried a new comer.

It was the dramatic Adonis—Lacy, who, like Sir George Etherege, had won a good name in an evil age, and, both in person and conversation, was considered "the prettiest fellow about town." He was followed by a military-looking man, apparently about thirty, whose fine person, though set off with every advantage of taste and dress (approaching almost to dandyism) revealed marked traces of dissipated habits: it was Otway the poet. By his side walked his double, Duke, whose poetry, as far as respects the world at large, has long since been sunk in Lethe, but whose friendship for Otway has rendered him immortal. He was leaning on the arm of a player named Hart, who, like Davenant, bore a remarkable resemblance to Shakespeare, and was, indeed, the grandson of the Poet's sister.

* Sir William, father of Charles Davenant, was reported to be the natural son of Shakespeare, by the beautiful hostess of the Crown, at Oxford.

† Alluding, perhaps, to Sir George's *liaison* for Mrs. Barry the actress.

Finally, two ladies, if one may so call them, brought up the rear, and immediately secured universal attention.

One of the ladies, who was the taller of the two, wore a mask; the other was a pleasing-looking creature, though drawing fast on thirty, and might, if she had been less affected, have been considered pretty. She was instantly recognised as Mrs. Barry; and Sir George Etherege, whose passion for her was as earnest as it was unlawful, sprang forward to meet her.

"Fair Mistress Barry! how goes the day with you?" he whispered. "'Tis now high noon with *me*."

"Now, Sir George, I protest, by my troth, and by every pretty oath I can swear," answered Mrs. Barry, "you frighten me out of my wits. Oh! Sir George! 'tis vastly cruel of you."

While Sir George, in an under tone, sought to reassure the alarmed lady, Lord Buckhurst addressed himself to the company generally.

"Fair Mistress Barry, accept my entire devotion," he said. "Master Lacy, you are fresh from the opera; how fares it, sir, with our cousin Purcell, and the dames of Charter-house Square? Master Duke, give you good morrow; I owe you a rundlet of canary. Fair Master Hart, I hope all is well at the Cockpit. Killegrew, methinks, is not doing amiss. Master Otway, I avow myself, as ever, your most true admirer. And, beauteous unknown," he concluded, as he presented himself before the mask, "who hast taken me captive with thy half-hidden glance, let me remove thy cruel vizard, and look on all thy charms."

He raised his hand, but, while it was yet only half-lifted, he was drawn back by Otway.

"Gramercy, my lord, the mask will scratch you!" cried the poet. "But let her have her will. The play is mine, and, if it fail, 'twill be my loss."

"'Tis well spoken," observed Master Duke.

"Then suffer it to stand so," interposed Betterton; "but, for the sake of order, let us waste no more time. Ho, prompter, ring thy bell! Now, lords and gallants, leave us a fair stage. Dames and gentlemen, think of your parts, and let us, for Master Otway's sake, do our best for 'Friendship's in Favour.'"

Such was the title of the play which, after a long interval of preparation, was now to be rehearsed, and, as the manager ceased speaking, the necessary arrangements for the exhibition were speedily effected. But, interesting as the piece was, it was by the character of Lady Squeamish, which was sustained by the fair mask, that admiration was especially excited; and the conception of the part seemed to be strengthened and enlarged by the performance of the actress. Plaudit after plaudit burst

from the admiring spectators; and Lord Buckhurst, in particular, seemed unable to give expression to his feelings. At the conclusion of the play, he broke away from his friends, and, pushing through the leading players, who were breaking off into groups, and past his favourite Betterton, made his way directly to the fair *debutante*.

"Mysterious divinity, whose very lisp is wit," he said, "wilt thou still repel thy poor admirer?"

The mask, who was pushing past him, drew up—perhaps gratified that so noble a gentleman, the mirror and Mæcenas of his age, who was less distinguished by his rank than his wealth—less by his wealth than his generosity—should offer her a tribute of applause. But, if such were her feeling, it soon subsided, and she answered his salutation with a light laugh.

"Laugh on, cruel scorner!" said the nobleman, "I would that, for the future, I might provoke thy scorn for ever, so that I could hear that sweet laugh!"

"Hold! hold! an' thou would'st not have me die!" answered the mask. "Bethink thee! how many times, and how vainly, hast thou uttered and repeated those false words?"

"False words!" echoed the nobleman. "By my hand, they are most veritably true!"

"Thou art an absolute Lothario!" returned the mask. "Didst thou not, now, no longer since than yester-even, urge a lady with this same protest?"

"On my faith, no!" replied the peer, musingly. "And yet, I cry you mercy! I did, out of pure jest, say some sort of words to an orange wench. No more, I promise you."

"An orange wench!" laughed the mask, "Ho! ho!"

"A good jest, I promise you!" said the peer, also laughing; "and it pleased her mightily. To speak the truth, she is a marvellous fair wench."

"Still a wench?" answered the mask.

"No more of her, I prithee!" returned the nobleman. "She is, I doubt not, a mere drab. But thou, sweet goddess?—"

"Nay, nay, nay?" laughed the mask.

"Those eyes!—"

"But the orange wench?" cried the mask.

"That fair face!—"

"Tell me of the drab!" said the mask.

"Hang her!" cried the Peer.

"Nay, false lord!" returned the lady, "thou wouldst not surely hang me?"

With these words, she drew off her vizard, and the nobleman, looking up, recognised the fair orange-girl, Nell Gwynne.

He dropped his glance directly; and with one hand raised to his face, and the other, which was ungloved, pressed on his

heart, fell on one knee at her feet. The part of the stage they occupied, owing to the interposition of a side-scene, was screened from observation; and, in the bustle attending the general dispersion, they had hitherto escaped remark. At this moment, however, two persons came in sight of them, who evidently beheld their situation with anything but indifference. They were the two players, Hart and Lacy.

"False lord!" said Nell, "what should be thy punishment?"

"Eternal disdain!" answered the Peer. "Death!"

"What if I forgive thee?" asked Nell.

The nobleman, seemingly electrified by the mere thought, sprung to his feet, and pressed her hand to his lips. As he did so, Nell, looking round, discovered her two former admirers, and, prompt in her perceptions, quickly perceived their discomposure.

"Soh, gallants!" she cried, laughing, "who is dead? Fair Master Hart, give me thy hand! Master Lacy, pull forth thy kerchief, and wipe that cloud from thy brow. For thee, my lord, thou must bear my vizard for me!"

And, seeing that all were pleased, Nell checked her laugh, and smiled on each alike.

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW NELL FOUND THAT THE ROAD TO PREFERMENT, IF TRAVERSED RASHLY, MAY LEAD TO DISHONOUR: WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF A MYSTERIOUS APPARATION.

MASTER OTWAY'S play, so carefully and effectively put forward, with every advantage of scene, decoration, and *casts*, was received by the public with unmingled approbation. Yet it was by the representative of the baffled *intriguante*, Lady Squeamish, that the applause of the spectators was most frequently elicited. Her singular beauty, her winning manner, and her admirable art, which was continually throwing forward some new and unexpected attraction, were the theme of universal applause; and, as the play was again and again repeated, her personal loveliness and professional merit became one of the topics of the day.

It will readily be imagined, that in so vicious and licentious an age, this necessarily laid her open, in the course of time, to many temptations—to the snares of the envious, and the solicitations of the corrupt. Apparently unfriended and defenceless, she received more than one offer of distinguished protection; but, cautiously threading the quicksands around her, she held straight to her course, and was deaf alike to the jeers of her rivals and the seductions of her admirers.

But, though undaunted, the poor girl, thus mocked and

harassed, was not indifferent to the peril of her situation. In her solitary moments, she felt it severely, and the epithets she had won in public, and which are still applied to her, of "merry-hearted Nell," "gay, laughing Nell," and "jocund Nelly," fell on her ears like a bitter mockery, as false and hollow as the world itself.

Often, in the depth of night, when no eye could observe her, did she bend thought after thought on her melancholy condition; often did it call the tears to her sleepless eyes; and, think as she might, she could still start only the one reflection—"I MUST FALL!"

Thus, sad and anxious, but, over all, wearing an air of uniform gaiety, she passed nearly a month; and, as each day increased her popularity, so every hour, in her progress onward, aggravated her embarrassment. At last she began to falter. One evening, after an unusually brilliant performance, which drew from every part of the theatre the most rapturous applause, she hurried from the stage alone. Anxious to avoid observation, she stole away from the company, and proceeded, with a quick step and a heavy and drooping heart, to what, according to Pepys, was called "the Woman's Shift." Here, as the room was devoted exclusively to the female portion of the company (and, indeed, was appropriated by them to the purposes of the toilet), she hoped to enjoy a short period of seclusion; but she had been its occupant only a few minutes when she was startled by the approach of a footstep.

Indignant at this invasion of her privacy, she hastily arose, determined that the intruder, however elevated his rank, should not triumph in his effrontery. Hardly had the resolution occurred to her when the chamber-door, which she had neglected to fasten, was thrown open, and, to her great surprise, she found herself confronted by a stranger.

He was a man of good stature and commanding figure, although, on a close inspection, he appeared to have turned his fiftieth year. But from his wearing a trim peruke, which fell in long curls to his shoulders, there was still a look of youth about his dark features that rendered his exact age open to speculation. He was dressed in a suit of black velvet, made very plain, but on his breast, otherwise free from decoration, he wore the lesser George, or star of the Garter, which, of its simple self, at once denoted him to be a nobleman.

"Fair Mistress Gwynne," he said, stepping forward, "I fear me I am not welcome."

"Know you where you are, Sir?" answered Nell.

"I'faith, yes!" smiled the Cavalier. "The room bears a good name!"

"So do I, Sir!" returned Nell.

"St. George!" exclaimed the Cavalier, "thou hast a right ready wit, Nelly! Let us be friends!"

"Your friendship," replied Nell, "would become me as ill, my lord, as that star on thy breast becomes you."

"Smart, by St. Louis!" returned the Cavalier. "But if I can only win thee, Nell, I shall have a star in my heart, as well as on my breast."

"And, as thou wilt never have the one in thy heart," said Nell, "thou hadst better put the other in thy pocket. But prithee, if thou wouldst escape scathless, take thyself hence; for we waste words."

"Ha! ha! ha!" cried the Cavalier. "Let me first taste thy fair lips, Nelly."

"Hast thou not had enough of them?" asked Nell.

"Ay, ay, in a rough way," answered her suitor, with a smile, "and, just to please thee, I will now taste them at leisure. Thou hast shown me the flower, and I must now, if only in compliment, regale myself with its odour."

Here he sprang forward; and before Nell, who was unprepared for his approach, could effect a retreat, caught her gently round the waist. Glowing with indignation, yet, in the surprise, unable to throw his hold aside, she reeled back into her chair, and called for help. She hardly expected that her cries would be heard, but, while she was yet speaking, the door flew open, and two cavaliers rushed in.

One of them, who was foremost, and who was very richly attired, was the person spoken of as Captain Fortinbrass, and afterwards by the designation of the Prince, in our preceding chapters. The other was a slight young man, of noble aspect, and, like the Prince, very superbly and gallantly appareled.

Nell, re-assured by their presence, now broke away from her assailant, and sought the two noblemen's protection. To her surprise, however, they no sooner glanced forward than they both fell back, and manifested no inclination to interfere. Meanwhile, her assailant, if we may still call him so, recovered himself, and, in a somewhat angry tone, proceeded to accost them.

"Soh, sirs! what brings you here?" he demanded.

"We take our leave of your Majesty," answered the Prince, with a bow.

Charles the Second—for he it was—waved his hand; and, turning round, found Nell Gwynne at his feet.

The two Cavaliers passed from the room in silence. Descending a staircase without, they quitted the theatre, and bent their steps to the outer Square.

Though the hour was comparatively early there were but few persons abroad, and, in order that they might escape recognition, the Prince, who was still a pace ahead, walked on the inner side

of the Square, adjoining the enclosure. After they had proceeded a short distance, he suddenly drew up.

"Judge him not harshly, Russell," he said to his companion, referring, perhaps, to the recent behaviour of the King, and aware that he was himself infected with the licence of the age; "for, though thou may'st not think it, he is good at heart."

Lord William Russell—for his companion was no other—replied with a bow.

"You are over-strict in these matters," pursued the Duke of Monmouth.

"We will talk of it anon, your Grace," answered Russell. "Let me now simply entreat you, in few, to be thyself, and think only of thy bleeding country."

"We will meet at midnight, at Shepherd's," replied Monmouth. "Till then, farewell!"

They parted. Monmouth, turning hastily away, directed his steps towards the city, but Russell seemed no way inclined to leave the spot. Thus he was still standing, when the figure of a man, apparently about his own stature, passed close before him. Whether from the surprise, or a more latent instinct, an involuntary sense of awe arose within him; and unaccountable as it might be, it soon derived strength from the singularity of the event. While, with his hand on his sword, he was meditating what would ensue, the figure looked up, and, in his pale and deathful features, presented to his view his own countenance.

He gave a slight start, and the illusion, as it no doubt was, vanished. Looking round, he found that, in following the steps of Monmouth, he had unconsciously strayed from the road and passed towards the centre of the Square. It was the place of execution for state criminals.

NIGHT.

THE earth and air are silent, the pure sky
Relieved alone by pale clouds floating by:
The summer moon, in her soft majesty,
Is pouring silver on the sleeping sea.
This is the hour when love, deceitful sprite,
Steals with his magic through the shades of night.
Giving, in lovers' eyes, a holier smile
Unto the beams which kiss each leafy isle;
Unto the firmament a softer mood;
Unto the sea a deeper solitude.

A. A. M.

THE WHITE CLOUD.

A TALE OF FLORIDA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "ENCHANTED ROCK," "TRAPPER'S BRIDE," ETC

CHAPTER I.

THE CAMP IN THE EVER-GLADE.

A SPECTATOR standing upon the summit of a bluff overlooking the Lake du Cygne, as it was called—in reality one of the Ever-glades of Florida—would have looked down upon a most picturesque and lovely scene, containing most of those varied shades, which combined make the charm of an American landscape. To the right lay deep and frowning woods, where the cypress and myrtle were thickly entwined, and where the all, and always green live oak and lofty magnolia clothe the forest in an ever during mantle of delicate verdure. At their feet, amid the mossed root peeping through the rotten sod, were the sweetest of all flowers enamelling the shores and spotting the dark native tapestry that rose proud of its age beside the pellucid waters. The fragrant and intoxicating perfume of the tropics—rich with honied sweets, and myrtle, and jessamine, and all aromatic herbs, was wafted to the passer by ;

*Talis beatis incubit insulis
Auræ felicitis perpetuus teper
Et nesciis campis senectæ
Difficilis quærulique morbi.*

To the left was a congregation of islands, separated rather by a swamp than by waters, though at some distance a small river hastened to supply the wants of the lake, rushing over a stony channel its broken and interrupted waves. In front were two islands, separated only by a very narrow channel, while in no part was the navigation free from the incumbrance of the tall grass which rose from its bottom. Behind, the sight was abruptly terminated by a chain of elevated hills.

Above the forest to the right, on an eminence at some considerable distance, so far indeed as to be but faintly outlined against the sky, was a house ; but to the spectator it would have formed the least attractive portion of the scene, as the waters of the lake were not still, and events were occurring on its bosom which might well have bound the attention. It was early in the

morning of a spring day, the swamps and Ever-glade were teeming with life, the alligator was sporting near his solitary den, the echoing notes of the sand-hill crane were heard amid the pine woods, the howling wolf sought the deep recesses of the forest, while in the open savannah, bedizened with Flora's varied gifts—hence Florida—the song birds tuned their matinal peal. It was then that a canoe might have been seen, paddled from the shores where the forest lies, towards the island in the centre of the lake. Its occupant was solitary, and his approach to the green eminence, crowned with palmettoes, that formed the nearest islet, was slow and cautious. Young, of graceful and Apollo-like make, his skin betrayed his relationship to the lurking savages, with whom at this time the United States government waged a war, at once bloody, expensive, and for a long time futile. His garb was that of the Seminoles, that tribe so famous in the annals of that ill-fated people, the North American Indians. On his head was a rich fur cap, ornamented with plumes of ostrich feathers; a tunic bound at the waist by a handsome bead sash covered his person, which was also profusely covered with trinkets. Leggings of deerskin, with a handsome shot pouch and powder horn, completed, with porcupine mocassins, the Seminole's rich attire. On his knee lay a rifle, or rather carbine, on the lock of which he kept his eye fixed attentively, while still peering with keen and subtle eye into every sign of danger.

Near the island, and where the water attained about the height of a man's knee, the coarse water grass rose in thick tufts. Behind one of these, in the lake, his eyes fixed with restless activity, now on one shore, now on another, sat a man. Crouching like a tiger in his lair, this strange and seemingly half amphibious sentinel had long since caught sight of the Indian, and examined him as he approached with a half satisfied, half doubtful air.

This man was a negro. Black as ebony, his white rolling eye twinkled with emotions it was difficult to characterize. In his hand was an old musket, the barrel of which was pointed in a direction most menacing for the intruder.

"Hugh!" said the Indian suddenly, dropping his paddle, and letting his hand fall on his rifle, which imperceptibly took the sentinel within its range.

"What um want?" exclaimed the negro, rising from his crouching posture with a precipitancy which denoted a most salutary dread of the Seminole's carbine, "him a enemy?"

"Friend!"

"Well him come in den," said the black, "but him got a tam queer vay ob shew him friend."

A sweep of the Indian's paddle brought the two quasi-belligerents into close proximity.

"Golly! massa White Cloud," put in the negro, "but you made my heart go like him Dutch clock."

"Where is your general," replied White Cloud, in pure and almost unfigurative English, such as many of the Seminoles spoke, "let him know a chief is here."

"Oh, general Nero hab him break'ast," said the sentinel, taking the part of guide, and leading the Indian chief in the direction of the island, "yer feller Zick, him werry soon find general yah!"

White Cloud sent his boat, by one vigorous push, spinning against the sandy beech, that, white as driven snow, and here and there variegated by the stunted palmetto and rough evergreen heather, formed the basis of the island. Zick, too, whose garb was composed of a ragged pair of breeches and a calico shirt, shouldered his rifle and began to climb the bank. A walk of a moment brought the pair into the presence of General Nero. In a hollow, where a short and velvety grass afforded an agreeable resting place, concealed from every prying eye, were pitched about twenty rude huts, used only to protect their owners from the night dew. Around these, eating, drinking, smoking, and gambling, were some fifty negroes, all armed, but in such strange fashion as would have astonished even the invading army of Texas, whom Captain Levinge politely calls ruffians. Some had muskets, some rifles, some pistols, all indeed had fire-arms, but some of the guns unfortunately were stocks, others were burst, others were mere barrels. But pikes, swords, and Indian tomahawks, made up, to the full, the deficiency. Perhaps a more ragged regiment of soldiers was never collected, save in Mexico, where many a recruit goes to drill in his shirt, another with a suit of uniform minus only the pantaloons. Some of these sable gentlemen, however, were, while reposing, in about the same state of dishabille as the Guatimala lad, who, sprawling naked beneath a tree, was desired to dress himself and guide a traveller. The lad put on his hat, and obeyed.

Near the skirts of the camp sat one who, in stature and costume, outshone the whole of his compeers. More than six feet high, this ebony giant seemed, by his atrocious ugliness and the scowl on his execrable countenance, the fit leader of such a gang. Woolly headed, thick lipped, and without any sign in his face of any other intellectuality than the low cunning which played round his mouth, he at once prejudiced the observer against him. Nor did his apparel at all add to his attractiveness. A cocked hat, from which stains of blood had in vain been endeavoured to be effaced, a dragoon coat, split in all quarters from excessive smallness, trousers of buckskin, with cavalry boots, a heavy sword, and half a dozen pistols stuck in his belt, was this worthy beau ideal of a soldier's uniform. Such was General Nero, the doughty and important personage before whom White Cloud

presented himself with the utmost coolness, under which was concealed not a little scorn. It is enough to say, in explanation of this interview between two men who played a most conspicuous part in the great Florida war, that they were united by their abhorrence of the Whites. White Cloud was a great chief, and hated the pale-faces as a nation, while he respected and even loved many individuals; Nero was the leader of a gang of runaway slaves, and hated all Americans, but more particularly many particular personages.

"White Cloud, him welcome," said Nero, motioning the Seminole to a seat, with a ludicrous *à-la-Napoleon* gesture. The seat being a portion of the earth on which they both trod.

"White Cloud is glad to see his black brother well," replied the Indian warrior, somewhat coldly, as he reclined in an easy and graceful attitude beside the little charcoal fire by which the negro general sat, no wood being burnt during the day, for fear the columns of smoke should betray the presence of the gang.

"What news ob him enemy, massa White Cloud?" continued the general.

"The soldiers are out in great force—the white men are killed, but ten rise for every one that is scalped. The Seminoles and their black brothers must fight a great fight, and drive back the pale faces to the waters of the great salt lake."

"Hum!" said Nero, with somewhat of a doubtful shudder, while at the same time he glanced uneasily towards his followers, "him Indian and colour gen'lman no chance in de field."

"Well, what does my brother then advise?" inquired the young chief calmly.

"Why, him White Cloud know berry well, dat de white man only lub him land in Florider."

"Good!"

"Well, let him see," said the negro, eyeing his coadjutor keenly, while his peepers rolled uneasily in their sockets, "dat him air of Florider no good for him health: well, him white man run away, leave de country to Seminole warrior and black man."

"Good!"

"Good!" repeated the general, somewhat sharply, "him say good rader cold, like him ice pine-apple. Him know berry well what a colour man mean."

"When his brother speaks, a great chief listens," said the Seminole quietly.

"Then if him no understand, him berry soon will," exclaimed General Nero, in an unusually excited manner, "him burn house, kill man, woman, piccaninny, all—do ebery ting dat frighten white man; den white man run away."

"Well, and where does my brother say he will begin to sting?"

"White Cloud see him smoke rise ober de forest?" inquired Nero.

"Hugh."

"Begin dere."

White Cloud started as if a snake had stung him, while his hand involuntary sought the lock of his rifle. This exhibition of feeling was so rapid and so slight, as to have rendered it very likely to have been unobserved. But General Nero had seen it, and acted accordingly.

"White Cloud him lub Captain Williams?" said the negro rebel. "Good. Nero no ask him hab hand in dat affair; him do dat himself dis morning. But," he added, fixing his great white eyes fiercely on the Seminole chief, "my Indian brother must stop till a nigger come back."

The Seminole looked round, and as if acquiescing in the impossibility of escape from his half friendly captor, made no effort to obtain his liberty. Nero now explained that all had been arranged for some days for the projected attack on the house of Captain Williams, which was seated on an eminence, as we have before observed, and loomed conspicuously above the forest. White Cloud heard the details without appearing to take the slightest interest in what he was hearing, as seemed the case when Nero ordered four negroes to remain in charge of the prisoner. These commands being issued, the black representative of the ancient Roman Emperor marshalled his ragged and motley forces, who, placing their guns on their heads, proceeded to wade across the space which intervened between the island and the forest.

As soon as the last black warrior had disappeared, White Cloud, who had been deprived of his rifle, asked one of the negroes for some tobacco. The sable watchman complied with the Seminole's request.

No sooner did the Indian receive the tobacco in his hand, than he cast a portion of it, with a handful of dry grass, upon the burning embers before him, and then, having thus propitiated the great spirit, began to smoke.

A small cloud of vapour rose and was wafted on high from the smouldering fire, but quite enough to be recognised by a keen eye on the look out, at a considerable distance.

CHAPTER II.

CAPTAIN DEFENCE WILLIAMS.

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS was an old officer who, having served with much credit to himself in the navy of his country, had, while still in the full vigour of his years and intellect, retired upon an estate which he had purchased in Florida. Apart from the

bustle of towns, and even of villages, the veteran pitched his tent in the centre of the wild forest, on the borders of the Everglades. Here, with a beloved wife and daughter, the sailor became a farmer, and lived happily and proudly in the midst of his possessions.

The house he inhabited was of the usual character exhibited in the dwellings of the American foresters. Built of substantial logs, and surrounded by a stockade, a small stream ran through the enclosure, furnishing an inexhaustible supply of water to the inhabitants. The wood was about three hundred yards distant, with every sign of retreating gradually still further, as the clearings for culture proceeded. All the ordinary marks of rich vegetation were visible, while cattle, horses, and the everlasting droves of pigs, completed the picture.

It was before the house, on a kind of natural lawn, that the family were collected at breakfast, on the same morning on which the negro gang were preparing to attack them. At the head of the table sat the worthy sailor, while his beloved partner, who had for twenty years weathered the storm of life with him, sat at the other end. Their child, the only one which had blessed their happy union—and which had been spared them most graciously—occupied the middle. A lovely summer flower was Etty Williams. Frank, merry, blithesome as the lark, and gentle and fond to all around. The negroes and hired assistants adored Etty, for to them she was peculiarly gentle, mild, and unassuming. There was not one of the slaves but would have died for her, who procured them always whatever indulgence they ever enjoyed, and was the ministering hand that guided all their pleasures and amusements. Now it was a ball, now a holiday, that Etty would coax out of her adoring parents, whose greatest riches was their one child. "Love ye one another" was never more rigorously obeyed than in this family. Each of the three vied with the other in affection; and to tell who excelled of the trio in love, was hard indeed. Between them there was but one topic of disagreement.

"I am for a drive along the great road to day, Papa," said Etty.

"My dear," replied the old captain, "you know that gig does so jolt one."

"Now I don't think it is the gig, Father, so much as the very bad state of the roads, which makes a drive so unpleasant. But putting that aside, what say you, Captain, to a day's fishing—anything, indeed, which may take us into the green woods?"

"But, my dear Etty, you forget that that unhangd rogue Nero is said to be still lurking in the neighbourhood. I fear the rascal will do some mischief."

The young lady shuddered, and her lovely face became suffused with a cloud. She had good reason to fear and dread Nero

"Well then," she exclaimed, recovering herself after a brief pause, "while you superintend what you have been speaking of, Father, we will stroll on the skirts of the wood, and ere the sun droop them, cull flowers for my little parlour."

"Willingly, my child," said the mother, who was now appealed to.

"Oh Golly! Golly!" shrieked a negro, who, bursting from the edge of the wood, had rushed unnoticed to within the stockade, "him devil in de wood come kill Massa."

"What is it, Scipio?" said the captain, rising.

"Nero, and hundred more," replied the panting slave, "come against de Grove."

"To the palisadoes! to the palisadoes!" cried the clear manly voice of the old sailor, "stand by your guns! to arms! stop the gangway, and be d——d to you."

A dozen labourers engaged in repairs and other in-door work, while the out-door men were luckily breakfasting, hastily obeyed the summons, and five minutes later a discharge, irregular, but well directed, of rifles and musketry, sent the aggressors yelling to cover.

"Bravely done!" said the Captain, warmly, "the boarders get their own. Below there, woman-kind!" continued the excited veteran, pacing the green sward as if it had been the quarter-deck of his ship.

"Be careful, Defence," said his wife, in the anxious tones of a wife.

"Oh, Father," cried the weeping girl, "I could leave you with more ease were Harry by your side."

"I wish he were—that is, hang him, I hope I may never see his face again. Don't talk to me of Harry."

"Harry would have fought nobly by your side, Father, and your unkindness drove him away."

"Belay there, Etty," replied the irritated sailor, for this was a subject on which he was sore, "and go in, while I provide for your safety."

Miss Williams sighed deeply, and then covering her eyes, so as to veil from her view the conflict which had recommenced, entered the house.

The gang of savage blacks, more savage than any in their original wilds, having lost one of the horrid crew, had retreated beyond the extreme range of fire arms, and were seen conferring on their future course of proceedings. Captain Defence Williams eyed them for a moment with a grim and angry look.

"That rascal Nero is there at the top with a head like a flying royal," he muttered, "I wonder where he stole that sky scraper from."

"I reckon," observed a down easter, who stood leaning on his

rifle near at hand, "that's the hat of Major Hartsop, who was killed by some varmint down in Water Close? That's a real dragoon coat, I'll be bound."

"May I never reeve a block, nor haul down a British ensign," exclaimed the captain much excited, "if he is not the murderer."

"And no mistake," said the down easter.

"They are dividing into two parties," continued the Captain. "You Pikeson climb on yonder pigeon-house and keep a look-out from aloft. If any strange sail heave in sight, pass the word below."

"Aye, aye, sir," said the old sailor, who, like his master, was apt, when excited, to recur to all his old marine recollections.

"On deck there!" he exclaimed, after a short pause.

"Aye, aye!" replied the captain, who was handling a rifle with all the knowing manner of one who was as much at home as any landsman in this part of the business.

"Nero is leading one band of black boarders down behind the corn-fence."

"Aye, aye!"

"The others have brought to on their hams, like Dutchmen in a gale of wind."

"Away to the east postern, Caleb!" exclaimed the captain, "and give those skulking rascals another broadside."

This was addressed to the down easter, who, leading a small band of which he was constituted chief, hurried to execute this diversion.

"I wish these horse marines would come within range of our guns, I'd soon—"

"On deck there!"

"Aye, aye!"

"A fire-ship is a-drift," exclaimed the look-out in somewhat alarmed tones.

The Captain leaped upon a barrel which stood close to the stockade, and clearly discerned a negro boy bearing in his mouth a blazing pine-knot, crawling on his hands and knees towards the shed which contained the straw and grain, and which, once fired, would, from their proximity to the main building, have involved all in one common ruin. The officer had learned presence of mind by many a rude encounter with savages in the South Seas.

The lad crawled along a fence, keeping so low as to hide his body in the grass. The gate of the stockade had not as yet been closed; the band of negroes were intently watching the event of Nero's assault when they were to make a rush. Captain Williams debated not a minute, but clutching a pistol,

darted forth from the palisades, and ere the young fire-raiser could raise himself and escape, had got him firmly by the nape of his neck.

"Oh massa! massa!" cried the boy, "hab mussy on a poor nigger."

"What, Cato, you rascal!" said the indignant captain, dragging him most uncereemoniously within the works.

The negro lad rose to his feet when within the stockade, with a look of such abject terror as, on his dark visage, to be irresistibly comic. Even the irritated sailor would have smiled, had not the rattling of musketry again drawn off all attention. The attendant Blacks seized their recreant fellow-servant, while the Whites sprung to their defence with all the energy of men who were well aware of the desperate nature of the conflict which was waged. Nero and his band had been repulsed ere the general had attained any position sufficiently favourable to warrant its being preserved, but a furious charge in three different quarters testified how well the Blacks had arranged their places of attack.

"Stand by the bulwarks," cried the ringing voice of the captain, "all hands repel boarders; stand by for another broadside. My God! men, falter not, beat back the bloodthirsty scoundrels. Well aimed, Pikeson! Pepper them from the cross-trees."

Nor was the sailor idle. Two negroes were hurriedly loading a perfect armoury of muskets which surrounded him; these he fired with a rapidity that made him do the service of half a dozen men. But the struggle seemed futile, for the gallant little garrison was already diminished by two, and there was not one but what was wounded. On pressed their dogged assailants headed by the furious Nero, who, waving his cutlass in the air, urged his gang to renewed exertions. The defenders gradually retreated to the fresh-cut wood piles that lay in front of the house, preparatory to being stowed away in their proper place. While this manœuvre was being executed, the black besiegers contrived to burst the gates of the stockade asunder, and headed by their demoniacal general, came whooping, yah-yahing, at the Whites, with whom they were about to join in hand-and-hand combat, when an interruption took place, that made both parties pause in their progress of mutual devastation.

From the forest, and from the house sent back in thrilling echoes, came the tremendous and awful war-whoop of the Seminoles, while high above all was the peculiar cry of White-Cloud. Both parties hesitated, for neither knew to which this sound boded good. One word put an end to all doubt.

"On, my gallant Seminoles! on, my Green Foresters! no mercy to the black devils, but take Nero alive."

In an instant every one of the sable gentry, who were about to slaughter the Captain and his family, made a desperate rush towards the rear of the house, climbed the palisadoes, and were in the wood ere their new assailants could reach one of them.

Captain Williams, his left hand employed in staunching a wound in his head, advanced to meet his new friends not without some surprise, for his countrymen were at that very moment waging a fierce war upon the Indians who had evidently saved him from death. The first person he confronted was Harry Malcolm, the very nephew who had so hotly excited his bile upon the occasion of his name being introduced during the morning conversation.

"Harry Malcolm!"

"My Uncle!"

"Do I owe this to you?"

"To me and these brave men," replied the young man, drawing the Captain's attention to those who crowded in his rear.

"Thank you! thank all!" cried the honest sailor, surveying with delight the forms of some ten Seminole Indians in their most gallant war-paint, while three foresters clothed like Harry, in green hunting coats, buckskin trowsers, and with jaunty caps set knowingly on their heads, leaned on their rifles beside their red-skin companions. White Cloud, an interested gazer upon the interview between the Captain and the young man, also rested his arms upon his long polished fusil.

"My God! what is that?" said the Captain, as a wail of anguish burst from within the house.

"In, Uncle, in?" cried the impetuous youth.

"Harry!" was all the agonized man could say, as with tremendous strides the husband and father hastened to learn the meaning of this loud wail of woman that rose with dismal distinctness upon the morning air.

"Oh massa! massa!" was all the negro women, who stood wringing their hands at the common parlour door, could say.

Henry Malcolm and the old sailor entered. At first the apartment seemed empty, but a glance at something white that lay near the window proved this to be an error. Both rushed forward. In that instant, they lived the agonies of hours. It was an awful sight met their view; Mrs. Williams, her head almost severed from her body, had fallen in the very act of raising her hands, to implore, it was but too clear, mercy for her child. Father and nephew saw it at a glance, while both looked involuntarily round in search, their looks plainly said, of another sight of horror.

"Etty!"

"My child!"

The blow was too much for the gallant and noble-hearted

sailor. The form of his girl met not his view, but his glazed eyes saw in her bloody shroud the form of her who as a fond and gentle mistress, as a loving and devoted partner, as all that lives and moves and has its being in the sacred name of wife and mother, had been to him the pure fount of joy, whence welled his every spring of happiness, and whence poured forth all dear and holy joys that centre, radiant and paradisaical, in the void home. She who no less loved, no less cherished, with her furrowed cheek and blenched hair, than when a comely and laughing maiden of eighteen—she who was his child's mother—who an hour since had smiled upon him with her meek and placid eye—she whose sweet though aged face was ever the one bright picture of his youth, lay cold, dead, bloody at his feet. It was too much for the old man, and he sank beside her almost as lifeless as her he loved so well.

Harry Malcolm, dashing away the rising tears, wound from his horn a piercing blast, which soon brought Foresters and Seminoles to the room. White Cloud at a glance saw the whole, and ere a word could be uttered, dispatched one of his young warriors on the track of the fugitives.

THE VISION OF IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

[From an unpublished Tragedy in 5 Acts, by the Author of "Rural Sonnets;" "The Cathedral Bell;" and other Tragedies.]

SCENE III. ACT IV.

[In the dead of night, the Queen, and the Archbishop of Braga, are ushered in to the Superior of the Convent, who is in the act of comforting Ignéz.]

ARCH.

God's blessing, and our benediction, rest
On Santa Clara's sisterhood, and, first,
On her, our pattern here, who tends the fold.
The Lady Ignéz, too, is in our prayers,
Who note her qualities, and Pedro's truth.

QUEEN.

All state and ceremony laid aside,
We crave advice, regardless of the hour;
Since that we would unravel brooks no pause,

Though new to us but some few hours ago.
We would be private: while our gentle friend,
So late at her devotions, seeks her rest.

ARCH.
It is of Ignez!

[*Aside.*

SUPR.

Ha! then ye should learn
What brings her hither—[*aside.*] with your honour'd leaves,
I read her prayer; permit our child to stay.
She hath been rous'd from sleep by some such dream—
Vision she counts it—as we all have dream'd
Who reach the years of care; and I am fain,
(To ease her mind before she doth return
To seek her pillow whence she just hath fled)
Our sufferer should collect her scatter'd thoughts,
And, strengthen'd by your presence and regard,
Show us her vision, I should say, her dream,
And, so, allay her terrors.

QUEEN.

I like not

This dreaming, with the facts which we have glean'd. [*Aside.*

SUPR.

The Lady Ignez will control her fears,
And give us their phantasmas.

IGNEZ.

If I can!—

[*After a pause.*]

O royal Dame, and you, most reverend Sir,
Forgive me, if I tremble as I tell.
I thought I stood within our Minster's porch,
How I reach'd there appear'd not, and, awhile,
I was alone, and shiv'ring 'mid the gloom.
I felt the chill, as still I feel it, here,
Creep through my being; while a horror weigh'd
Both on my brain and heart: I strove to cry
For help, but could not; instantly, it seem'd,
The vacancy took shapes—Before me, loom'd
Into the palpable, a gorgeous sweep
Of violet Canopies, pavilion'd round
Some thronal shrine they curtain'd from the sight.
Upon them were emblazon'd Lucia's arms,

Quarter'd with proud Castile's. Oh, give me breath,
 The horror is not yet! Around the walls
 Hung banners, aitchments, trophies, ne'er yet seen
 Within their sacred precincts, and the whole
 Gleam'd midst unnumber'd lights that, tier by tier,
 Like stars at latest ev'ning, broke to view.
 As the full blaze shone out, in dazzling trim,
 O'er Santa Clara, thro' the void of space,
 A pond'rous passing-bell was heard to toll;
 I heard it, as I hear my own words, now.
 Still I was lone—aghast, and thrill'd with dread,
 Mad to retreat, yet spell-bound to remain,
 When, suddenly reveal'd, a dismal train,
 Scaring the solitude, pac'd slowly by,
 Their leader muffled like the band he led.
 Oh! what a shudd'ring seiz'd me as he pass'd,
 Scarce more than when—but that is yet to come.
 They peopled all th' interior! Nave and aisles,
 Chancel, and stall, and loft; confessionals,
 And private chapelries, o'erswarm'd with life,
 Human, funereal-clad, but deadlike mute.

SUPR.

Have you ne'er conn'd, to comfort you, my child,
 Our ancient saying—"dream of dole and death;
 Wake, and reap new-found joy?"

IGNEZ.

Hush, hush, I dim

The order of the vision.

ARCH.

Pause, and try,

A draught from faith's clear fountain.

QUEEN.

By my crown,

I relish not this order of her dream,
 Its ominous precision.

ARCH.

Strangely tim'd,

With our unusual advent, and the cause
 So far disclos'd to tax these midnight hours.

IGNEZ.

Where left I off?

SUPR.

The Minster was alive,
 With mourning crowds who, hush'd in awful state,
 Tended some sov'reign obsequy.

IGNEZ.

'Tis chang'd!

To drown the night-wail of the passing-bell,
 The mighty Organ burst upon mine ear
 In coronation anthems; and, behold,
 As by enchantment, at the pealing sounds,
 High jubilant, which shook the vaulted roofs,
 Thro' the vast throng the muffling garments chang'd
 To festal robes; the lights blaz'd trebly bright;
 And—while my breath grew thicker, and my heart
 Sick'n'd with palpitations of alarm—
 The Canopies drew up! a general shout,
 Which rock'd the Minster's structure (so I deem'd)
 And, thro' my reeling senses, check'd my sight,
 Hail'd a dim Female figure on a throne;
 A Male, the leader of the mourning train,
 At her left hand, beneath her; with his head
 Averted from his Mate; a mist, or veil,
 Hung o'er her features; her tiara's gems,
 Her regal robes, the sceptre in her hand,
 Grown visible and glorious to the gaze.
 But, now, the horror comes! With one acclaim,
 When the rapt congregation rent the air,
 Symphonious with the organ's thundering roll,
 And nam'd her—"Queen of Lusitania's realm,"
 At their all-hails, the mist dissolv'd, and lo,
 (Thrice horrible to dream, no less to paint)
 I saw, as ye do see me where I stand—

[stopping short.]

QUEEN.

Whom? What?

ARCH.

Speak, speak!

SUPR.

My child, my Ignez, sweet!

Look not so wildly.

ARCH.

Is she stricken dumb?

QUEEN.

Whom saw'st thou? What?

ARCH.

If, lady, we may ask.

IGNEZ.

Myself! That thronëd Queen, your Ignez here!
 Your Ignez here, o'er sensitive with life,
 Saw, in her dream, herself, a thronëd Queen,
 Insensible, as alabaster cold,
 As rigid, meaningless, and ghastly pale,
 In doom's defiance, hymn'd, anointed, crown'd,
 Proclaim'd of all, and ne'ertheless—a corpse.
 See, see, again, my spectre, where I sit!
 Hide, hide me, save me!

SUPR.

Sister, be compos'd.

ARCH.

'Tis but illusion.

QUEEN.

Ignez, we are by,

SUPR.

To comfort and protect you.

IGNEZ.

'Twas my dream,

That was reality.

SUPR

Till lost in air.

IGNEZ.

O friends, the throng by that white Mystery pass'd,
 Statesmen, and warriors, beauties, old and young,
 And paid the dead their homage; each, in turn,
 Kissing the hem of its enthronement's shroud,
 (The costliest shroud that ever mortal wore)
 Some fervently, and some, I thought, who scowl'd.
 Not once, throughout, I saw my Pedro's face,
 His post, his form, alone proclaim'd him mine.
 And, now, the worship clos'd; the several choirs
 Still'd their responsions; and the organ ceas'd;
 The lights wax'd dimmer; and th' exultant host

Resum'd their muffled trim ; the throne-crown'd corpse,
 Myself, was curtain'd from my straining eyes ;
 And the huge bell again knell'd forth its moan.
 Now, from the pile, the slow procession wound ;
 My Catafalque invisibly propell'd
 Midst flaring ranks of torchmen, who illum'd,
 League after league, night's dark and ghostly pall.
 Tho' I saw every thing, it seem'd as tho'
 Not one, around, saw me ; nor when the line
 Pass'd in, nor when, returning, they pass'd out ;
 And this itself was hideous ! When we came
 (I follow'd in my trance where Pedro led)
 To Alcobaça—well I knew the spot,
 My pilgrimage at times—a royal tomb
 Of purest marble smote upon my eyes,
 And men were busy with its open'd jaws—
 A halt—a bustle—something creak'd and strain'd—
 I wot not how, I stood by Pedro's side,
 And he groan'd audibly within the folds
 That hid his anguish—hark, another creak,
 As he sobb'd forth—"My Ignez, dust to dust."
 I tried to check him ; then, I shriek'd for fright ;
 Struggled to fly ; the struggle shook my frame,
 And rous'd my children ; little Diniz' hands
 Patting my cheeks, amidst his sister's cries,
 Woke me—to feel I was not where I dream'd,
 But not to feel the haunting of the scene,
 Its grim impression, less—oh, send for Pedro,
 Recall him home, and Ignez, then, may rest.

MARCO BRANDI.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PASCAL BRUNO."

CHAPTER V.

LOVE.

WE must now relate how Marco Brandi and Bombarda met. The former, who hated soldiers like poison, was with his companions drinking in a tavern, when Marco Brandi accidentally perceived the young man advancing along the road. His dislike of uniforms carried him away, to which a few bottles of Muscadine contributed not a little. Gaining the road, he began to walk step by step with the corporal.

"You are a soldier?" said Marco Brandi, measuring the other from head to foot with his eye.

"A little," replied corporal Bombarda, stroking his moustache fiercely.

"In what corps?"

"In the foot artillery, my man."

"Wretched corps," said Marco Brandi, with an open air of defiance.

"You say?" inquired Bombarda, scarcely daring to credit his ears.

"I say, wretched regiment!" replied the other with perfect phlegm.

"Why, my fine fellow?"

"All talk and no words. What rank do you hold in this regiment?"

"Corporal," said Bombarda proudly.

"Wretched rank!"

"What! wretched rank?" cried the young soldier furiously.

"Certainly," said Marco Brandi, "You know *Besogna dieci otto corporali per far' un coglione.*"

"You have a knife?" said the young soldier hotly.

"Every Calabrian carries one," replied the other, drawing.

"And now let me give you a piece of information. If you kill me, you are a sergeant."

"Why?"

"I am Marco Brandi."

They fought: how they were both wounded, and how a troop of horse put a stop to their bloody combat, may be easily conceived. We take up the narrative where it concluded in the last chapter. The two wounded men were a long time ere they understood how they came to be together. Whenever Marco Brandi would have spoken, Gelsomina stopped his mouth with her hand; and as he rather liked this mode of imposing silence, he was easily persuaded into it. At length they were both allowed to speak in a low tone of voice: this Marco Brandi also approved of, as it obliged the young girl to stoop low over him. Indeed, his voice was so feeble, that to hear him Gelsomina was forced almost to press his lips with her cheek; and what is still more surprising is, that while the brother, who was most severely wounded, recovered his voice rapidly, the robber was much slower ere he regained his. At length one evening, after a long and animated conversation in a lower tone of voice than ever, Gelsomina suddenly burst from the room and fell into her father's arms.

"Father, I shall die if you do not consent," she cried.

Adam heard her confession with all the gravity which its importance required, and after some reflection, made no other objection to the match than the profession of the suitor. Marco

Brandi, whose fortune was already made, agreed at once to abdicate his position as a bandit chief, only requesting that the Adam family should agree with him to change their residence for one where his reputation was less great. In this Adam at once acquiesced, and the lovers were betrothed. Bombarda, talked over by the bandit, saw his military slavery in a new light; and six weeks after their arrival the two young men left the house arm in arm, the one to arrange his affairs with his followers, the other to obtain a discharge from his regiment.

CHAPTER VI.

THE THREE SOUS OF GOSSIP MATTEO.

It was mingled love for Gelsomina, combined with a sense of the profound misery into which he had fallen, which determined Adam to quit Nicotera. The hospitality of the painter was at the same time of sublime grandeur and sublime simplicity; in fact, the old man, in sheltering Marco Brandi, had forgotten not only his revenge but his poverty. The daily necessities required by the two wounded men had soon, it is true, recalled his misery to his recollection, but he had generously submitted to all the consequences of his good action. He sold every thing he had, even, with her consent, the jewellery of Gelsomina. For a month all went well, then a week's credit was asked and given, but the last eight days were days of mortal difficulty. Moreover, when Bombarda departed, the father, wishing to give his son something more substantial than a blessing, had, on the strength of a very long friendship, induced Gossip Matteo, after great difficulty, to lend him three-halfpence, under a strict agreement if the money were not returned in a week, that the lender was to have full value in return. As soon as the young men were departed, Adam rose and at once conveyed his daughter to Tropeia, where he handed her over to the care of a relative, under pretence of a visit of friendship. Relieved from this care, he returned on Fra Barcelona's ass, which he had borrowed, to Nicotera, and entering the house, now bare to the walls, sank into deep reflection. During his absence his landlord had seized for rent. At length he rose, and with all the air of a man who has made up his mind,

"Well," said Babilana with a half affrighted look—

"Wife," said Adam, "the time is come to show our courage."

"To show our courage!" muttered the old woman.

"They have taken my furniture; they will now take me."

"Let us go."

"They will not let us."

"What shall we do?"

"One resource remains."

"And that is?"

"To die!"

"To die?" shrieked the old woman.

"Yes, to die. It is the only way to live in peace."

"What mean you?"

"Listen!" continued the poor painter. "I will lie down on this wretched bed; you run for the doctor. Of course he won't come, and I shall be dead in the morning for want of assistance. They will then perhaps stone the doctor—so much the better."

"You don't mean to die in earnest, then?"

"No such fool. When I am dead, the creditors will be less harsh to you, a poor widow. As for me, I will arrange the matter with Fra Barcelona, who promised to watch me on my funeral, and I will escape to Rome, where you can join me."

"To Rome?"

"Yes, to Rome: it is the land of the arts. But go fetch the doctor."

Maitre Adam, left alone, proceeded to paint his face as if he had been about to play the ghost of Ninus in the Semiramide. His painting was admirable, as he soon found; for the doctor not coming, Babilana returned; and though prepared for the event, gave a most frightful shriek as she saw her husband lying without sign of life on one of his two wretched beds. At this moment some one knocked at the door: it was the landlord, who hearing of Adam's death, came to seize the furniture, lest the heir-at-law might be tempted to put in his claim.

"Well, my good man," said Babilana, when the landlord had departed, "what have we gained by this comedy?"

"Nothing particular," replied Adam, "but hush! a knock!"

"Gossip Matteo," said the old woman, peeping through the key-hole.

"Open; but recollect, I am dead."

The old woman nodded, as a sign that she perfectly understood, and let Matteo in.

"Poor fellow!" said Matteo, gazing on the supposed corpse, "but we must all come to the same."

"My God, yes!" replied Babilana.

"How did it happen?"

"A sudden trembling of the legs seized him this morning, with pains in the head."

"Just what I feel when I'm drunk," said Matteo.

"Ah! but it was quite different with him," sighed Babilana, "and then, as you see, the landlord finished him by his cruel conduct."

Matteo nodded.

"Yes, it was they killed him."

"Some creditors have no pity," observed Matteo: "you knew he owed me three-halfpence?"

"He mentioned it."

"He promised me some security if it were not repaid."

"But you see all is gone."

"Oh no, there is his Greek cap. I always admired it: I will take it for my three-halfpence."

"Impossible!" cried the old woman, "he insisted upon being buried in it."

"A funny idea, that!" said Matteo, "is he afraid of a cold in the head?"

"Alas! alas!" cried the old woman.

"Well, I see you are obstinate," continued Matteo, "nevertheless, your husband owes me three sous, and promised me the money or value for it. I shall take the cap, then, wherever I find it."

With these words he left the house, and Fra Barcelona entered, who was excessively shocked at the sudden death of his friend. Fra Barcelona remembered too his promise; and setting down a basket of provisions which he had brought, thinking there was sickness and not death in the house, he hurried away to fetch a bier. Adam saw in this two sides of the question. The provisions were the good side, but Fra Barcelona's correct appreciation of his promise was somewhat awkward, as he had counted upon the night during which he was to be alone in the church, to make his escape. Still, however, the painter put his trust in Providence, and allowed matters to take their course. His first duty was to make a hearty meal, which he had scarcely concluded, when a crowd, headed by Matteo, came to the door, following the open bier, upon which the old man was placed, and carried with becoming gravity towards the church situated a little way out of the village. On the threshold stood Fra Barcelona, who, faithful to all his promises, lit six candles round the body, to the great alarm of Adam, who now saw that the sacristan was indeed bent upon keeping his word. After the usual ceremonies the crowd all dispersed, save and except Matteo, who slipped unperceived into a confessional. Two men therefore watched over Adam, which fact, had it been known to him, would have doubtless increased his alarm. With regard to the friar, he began to speculate on the wisdom of explaining the whole affair to him. In such thoughts a great portion of the night wore away, when suddenly up started Fra Barcelona—he had forgotten one part of his promise. Away went the worthy priest in search of a consecrated garment. Adam breathed more freely, while Matteo now made sure of his red cap. At the very instant, however, that both prepared to rush

from their place of concealment, a voice was heard without, and in hurried with loud voices a body of armed men.

It was the band of Marco Brandi, which, having robbed a government convoy, had hastened to the nearest church, in order that, influenced by the sanctity of the place, no one of the robbers might attempt to cheat the other. The division of plunder commenced, when, after a careful setting apart of the different portions, there remained three-halfpence. How to divide this between fifteen, was a matter of difficulty. At this instant Adam, wearied of his position, rose suddenly on his bier, crying, "A soul in purgatory." In half a minute not a robber remained in the church. For some time Adam sat with his arms stretched out, admiring the success of his experiment, but at the end of that period he recollected his peculiar position, and prepared for flight—not however before he had collected the robbers' spoil, amounting to 7460 francs, in one of the cloths which had been wrapped round him. With these he was about to decamp, when terrible and unexpected words resounded in his ears.—"Halves!"

Adam turned round sharply, and discerned Matteo standing over him with a most comic expression of satisfaction. There was but one course to be pursued; and acting with his usual decision, the painter motioned to the gossip to be seated, and divided the money with a rapidity which soon placed at the disposal of these two ragged fellows a sum of 3730 francs each. The three sous remained.

"Exactly right," said Matteo, holding out his hand: "there are the three sous I lent you: give them me."

"The deuce! I give you 3000 francs, and you have the conscience to require payment of your three sous!"

"I say, give me my three sous."

"Your three sous!"

"Give me my three sous," exclaimed Matteo, seizing the other by the hair.

"Leave me my three sous," bawled Adam, paying him back with interest.

Meanwhile the robbers, after running about a mile as if the devil had been behind them, began to relax in their speed, while they gave time for the laggards to come up. For some time they sat looking at each other, while they regained breath. At length one of the bandits observed, that in their hurry they had left behind both their money and their arms; which sage reflection being uncontradicted, it was suggested that they should return. All the robbers, who began now to recover from their fright, agreeing, they advanced slowly to within about two hundred yards of the church, when, upon observing that it was lit up, not one of them would stir an inch further. The lieu-

tenant who acted for Marco Brandi resolved therefore to advance alone, which he did, after devoutly crossing himself. In a few minutes he returned, pale, trembling, and his hair raising his hat from his head.

"Well," cried the bandit, "is that damned soul there still?"

"I believe you!" replied the lieutenant, stopping between each word, "and many others."

"You saw them?"

"No; but I heard them."

"How knew you their number?"

"How do I know?" answered the lieutenant, "why because I heard each of them asking for his three sous; judge of their number, when out of 7460 francs there was only three sous for each of them!"

The fact was, he had arrived during the heat of Adam and Matteo's quarrel, but had started back without noticing that these two were so engaged as not to remark the entrance of a dozen gendarmes, of whom the superior officer cried—

"Silence, rascals; you are my prisoners."

CHAPTER VII.

MARCO'S AFFECTION.

IN the mean time Marco Brandi had paid a visit to his worthy father, the retired bandit, who, on hearing of his proposed marriage, had at once advanced him a considerable sum. With this Marco Brandi hurried to join Gelsomina, whom he found near broken-hearted with the news of her father's death; but while he was still engaged in condoling with her on her loss, Fra Barcelona entered, and explained that he had risen from the dead, and was in prison for robbery, while many believed him to be no other than Marco Brandi himself. On hearing all this Gelsomina fainted; and while they were reviving her, Marco Brandi made the friar go into every detail of the whole affair, of which he had heard also from one of the flying robbers, and soon saw how Adam had so unjustly been supposed to be a robber. Caught with the money and the arms of a redoubtable band around them, both he and Matteo were sure to suffer death. Marco Brandi dismissed the priest as soon as he had heard all particulars, and returned to Gelsomina, who was recovering her senses, but whom a violent fever had seized. Recognizing the robber, and recollecting the connection of his band with her father's danger, Gelsomina shuddered, and withdrew her eyes from him. For hours the fever continued, during which the unhappy girl shrieked her father's name and uttered

that of Marco Brandi with horror. The robber saw how dangerous was her position, and resolved to save her. Writing a few lines hastily, he left the house.

The next morning Adam stood a free man by his daughter's bed-side, while she, much restored, covered him with her affectionate embraces. Her next thought was of Marco, but all the sign of him which she could find was a letter, in which he announced his intention of giving himself up as the robber, while he left Adam his heir.

"Let us go to Nicotera," exclaimed the wretched girl, "I must see him ere he dies."

They went, but the government were too well aware of the importance of Marco Brandi's capture to treat him as an ordinary prisoner. He was closely confined, with strict orders to admit none to see him. In a few days he was condemned to death. Gelsomina relapsed into a dying state, when on the day before that fixed for the execution she sent for the Fra.

"Father," said she, her eyes glazed with fever, "I must see him."

"My good child, it cannot be."

"My Father, I hear he passes this night in the chapel."

"He does."

"My father," continued Gelsomina, "that church is yours. You must admit me to night."

"What is your object, my child?"

"He must die my husband," said she fiercely.

"Your father, your mother?"

"They will be there."

"And you; you are weak?"

"Be not uneasy, Father, I am strong enough for that."

That night, in the penitents' chapel, with Gelsomina actually dying, it appeared, and Marco Brandi chained to the altar, they were married in the presence of her parents, and then, the news spreading, before the whole population of Nicotera. The parting of the newly wed was dreadful. Gelsomina was carried away in a fit, while Adam remained alone weeping at the foot of the altar.

"My God! my God!" he cried, "save him! save him!"

"He will," said the deep voice behind him, of Fra Barcelona.

"How, Father?"

"By means of a holy idea he has vouchsafed to an humble servitor."

"What is that?"

"When does the execution take place?"

"At five."

"At half-past four send for the Host for your child."

"And then?"

"Leave the rest to me," said Fra Barcelona.

The next morning, Marco Brandi mounted on an ass, his hands tied behind his back, was led towards the place of execution. The sad procession had to pass by the house where lay Gelsomina. His face being turned backward, Marco Brandi knew not the moment when the house was reached. Soon, however, by glancing at objects around him, the robber guessed he was about for the last time to be near that spot. Every one felt the influence of the neighbourhood, for every voice was hushed; a silence like that of the grave took the place of the noisy buzz of a crowd. Every window of the house was closed, but on the threshold of the door knelt Adam and Babilana, praying. At this instant, from the narrow lane which led to the church, appeared first a boy carrying a cross, then Fra Barcelona tinkling from habit his little bell, and then the good prior Gaetano bearing the Host, for which Adam, in the name of his dying child, had sent. A loud shout of joy burst from the crowd, for all knew what would follow. The whole procession halted; Marco Brandi was taken from his ass, and the judge, executioner, soldiers, penitents, and people kneeled. Then the prior advanced towards the judge.

"Judge," he said, "I abjure you in the name of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, untie the hands of the criminal, for every one condemned on meeting the Host, receives God's pardon and is free."

The judge bowed his head, and Marco Brandi was free! Then the holy procession proceeded, and all, as custom wills it, returned to the bedside of the nearly dying girl, who, awakened from an agonizing dream, saw Marco Brandi kneeling beside her.

"Are we already dead," she cried, "and in heaven?"

No," replied Marco Brandi, "we are living and blessed upon earth."

"And now," exclaimed Father Gaetano, "thank the God who has saved you."

And then, after the girl had kissed the emblem of the Saviour, he returned, followed by Adam, by Babilana, by the judge, by the executioner, by the confessor, by the people, by the penitents, by the soldiers, who piously re-conducted the priest to the church.

The husband and wife were left alone, to part no more in this life.

ON THE POLITENESS OF VARIOUS NATIONS.

It is remarkable that the French, to whom, by almost common consent, the world has yielded the palm of elegance and good breeding, should, on the occasion of addressing an audience, &c., invariably pass a species of affront on the fairer portion of the creation. '*Messieurs et Mesdames*' is the set expression, thus giving an undue precedence to the men; whilst in the more northern countries, the just rights of womanhood are admitted; and '*Ladies and gentlemen*,' and '*Meine Dame and Herren*,' bespeak the true sense of politeness. It would appear, too, that even the Russians evince a proper deference to the fair sex on such occasions: an amusing instance of which, occurs in the anecdote related by Madame Campan, (the governess of the Napoleon family), where the Emperor Alexander expresses his sense of the inconsistency, in this particular, with the claims to pre-eminence in the art of politeness, pretty generally urged by the French nation. These are her words:—"A few days after the battle of Paris, the Emperor Alexander honoured me with his company to breakfast at Ecouen, and entered into friendly chat with me on general topics. * * * I conducted the Emperor to the chapel, and pointed out to him the pew in which, "*le connétable de Montmorency*, and "*le connétable*' used to sit to hear mass. 'We barbarians, now,' observed the Emperor, 'should have said, "*la connétable* and "*le connétable*."

The Germans of the present day, generally speaking, seem to have inherited the somewhat unpolished manners of their ancestors in the fourteenth century; if not their restless love of freedom. 'At a splendid entertainment,' says the learned Ditmar, Bishop of Merseborough, 'given in Saxony during the reign of Otho the Third, the sisters of that monarch were just set down to dinner when the Margrave of Meissen, the Duke of Saxony, and the Bishop of Halbertstadt entered the room with the voracious appetite of hunters, and in a few minutes devoured all the provisions which were upon the table; very gallantly leaving the Princesses without any thing to eat.' And yet the devout prelate, Ditmar, a few sentences previously, sorely laments the *over refinement* of the age; and declaims, in good set terms, against the *polished manners* of that day, and the expense of female dress. The *distinguished* personages aforesaid appear to have been worthy descendants of those noblemen, for whose benefit the Emperor Charlemagne found it

necessary, in his famous Edict, or *Capitulars*, to enact, 'that the Count is never to appear in his tribunal *unless he be sober!*'

The most striking instance of military politeness on record, is probably an occurrence at the famous battle of Fontenoy, as related by Voltaire, in his '*Siècle de Louis XV.*' They (the English) were now about 50 yards distant. A regiment of English guards, those of Campbell, and the Royal Scots were the first; Sir James Campbell was their Lieutenant-General; and Mr. Churchill, the natural grand-child of the great Duke of Marlborough, their Brigadier: the English officers saluted the French, by pulling off their hats. The Count of Chabanne and the Duke de Biron, who were advanced, and all the officers of the French guards, returned them the salute. Lord Charles Hay, Captain of the English guards, cried, '*Gentlemen of the French guards, fire!*' The Count d'Auteroche, at that time Lieutenant of the Grenadiers, and afterwards Captain, replied, in a loud voice, '*Gentlemen, we never fire first—fire, yourselves!*' The English gave them a running fire, that is to say, they fired in divisions. Nineteen officers of the guards fell by this single discharge: 58 other officers, and 775 soldiers, killed or wounded: in fact, 'the whole of the first-rank was swept off. * * * * *' The English advanced slowly, as if performing their exercise, *the majors with their canes levelling the soldiers' guns to make them fire low and straight!*'—One is at a loss which to admire most, the politeness and urbanity of the bequeued, bepowdered, belaced, and beruffled officers, on both sides, on the instant of destroying each other wholesale—the coolness of the men—or the imperturbable *sang froid* of the majors, who 'with their canes were levelling their soldiers' guns to make them fire low:'—the whole, however, presents a picture of the glories of war, —the '*ultima ratio regum*,' to which it would be difficult, in the whole range of history, to produce a parallel. It would almost compel our acquiescence with the assertion of a certain philosopher, that 'man is by nature a fighting animal.'

Napoleon is reported to have paid but small attention to the courtesies and amenities of polished society, and to have carried the rusticity of his Corsican manners into the very recesses of the imperial drawing-room. The rudeness of his remark to the beautiful Contessa L——, at Milan, touching the colour of the lady's hair, and the smart, but truly feminine *risposta* of the offended belle, are well-known:—and M. de Campan states that he once interrupted Madame de Staël, in the midst of a discussion on first-rate politics, '*une discussion de haute politique*,' by bluntly asking her, 'whether she had suckled her own children?'—an outbursting of the imperial spleen, which the learned Baroness never forgave or forgot.

THE BUSHRANGER OF VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE PASSAGE OF THE RIVER.

AT the first dawn of day the natives were on the stir, and as they had no toilet duties to perform, and no portmanteaus or carpet-bags to pack, they were ready to start as soon as they had got on their legs; an absence of ceremony which gave them a decided advantage in travelling. Before they set out, however, Helen made another attempt to leave them, and she beckoned to Mr. Silliman to accompany her; but they had no sooner made a few steps towards the entrance of the glen, than they found themselves followed by the same old woman and the same man who had watched them the night before.

Abandoning an attempt, therefore, which it was plainly useless to persevere in, Helen thought that she might be able to purchase their release by voluntarily presenting the natives with the stores and articles carried by her companion; but on their proceeding to unpack the goods, they were immediately checked by the old woman, who gave them to understand that the articles were not to be touched at that time; an intimation with which they were obliged to comply.

Sorrowfully, therefore, and, as Jerry complained, without any breakfast but dry biscuit and cold water, they accompanied the natives on their journey, which Helen conjectured was homewards, as the movements of the natives were in one determined direction, and as they seemed to have no other thought than to reach the place of their destination.

In this way, and without stopping, they travelled the whole day, in a slow and sauntering manner; the women employed in collecting gum, and the men occasionally ascending a tree to capture an opossum, the presence of which animal, as Helen remarked, they were able to detect by its scent, their organs of smelling being remarkably acute, and in that respect bearing a strong resemblance to those of the inferior animal creation.

They saw plenty of kangaroos in their route, but the natives did not exert themselves to chase them; but they caught many kangaroo rats and bandicoots. The old woman presented one of the latter to Helen, who was surprised to find the furry coat of the creature, which was about as large as a small badger, come off as she handled it, as if there was no power of cohesion between the hair and the skin.

The old woman endeavoured to make her understand that it

was very good to eat, and Helen expressed her thanks in the best way she could; but she was by no means in the humour to study objects of natural history, and her uneasiness increased at every step which she made further in the interior, as it augmented the difficulties of her escape. She was at a loss also to imagine what it was that the natives intended to do with her. They offered her no violence, and all the restraint that they put on her was to prevent her quitting them. But whether she was reserved to be put to death in some solemn manner, or in accordance with some religious ceremony, she could only conjecture; and such a conjecture was by no means calculated to enliven the tediousness of the way.

As for poor Jeremiah, he had made up his mind, with a sort of desperate resignation, as to what his fate would be, and he could not refrain from expressing his lamentations in the most disconsolate terms to the more strong-minded Helen.—He had read in some book of travels that it was the practice with all savages either to eat the enemies whom they had taken in battle on the spot, or to offer them up to their gods as victims of sacrifice; and as he could not possibly conceive what other use they could make of him, he had no doubt that such was the honour reserved for his especial glorification.

Helen endeavoured to restore the courage of her fellow-captive, by remarking that there was no appearance of any religious ceremony being in use among the tribe of natives with whom they were travelling; that they did not pay any sort of worship to any being, visible or invisible; nor did she observe any one of them with any appearance of being a minister of religion.

But her arguments failed to convince Jerry; he was sure, he said, that it was intended that he should be sacrificed; and as to the gum which they were so officious in offering to him, it was only to fatten him up for the grand occasion; and the old woman looked, as he averred, as if she could eat him at any time without salt or pepper.—“But before they shall do that,” added Jerry valorously, “I will have a fight for it!—But my greatest trouble is about you, Miss; I don’t suppose they will eat you, for they must see that you are not one to fight them, and a woman, they say, is respected, even by savages. At any rate I will fight for you, Miss, if I only had a weapon,—a gun or a pistol—till I died!—I would indeed! and I wouldn’t mind death, unpleasant as it is under any circumstances, if I could only save your life!”

Helen thanked the kind-hearted Jeremiah for his generous intentions; and in this interchange of sentiments—which after all had a certain charm for Jerry, for he had never been in such close communication with the beautiful Miss Horton before—

they beguiled their journey ; passing over a variegated country of hill and dale, till they arrived at the bank of a broad and rapid river a few miles from the dell which they had left, and which was the same which the Bushranger had discovered from the top of the Sugarloaf Hill.

The natives did not seem at all embarrassed at this obstacle ; but an immense deal of jabbering took place in making preparations for passing it. It was about twenty yards broad, flowing in a southerly direction in a plain of luxuriant but coarse grass bearing the marks of being periodically flooded. The women, on this occasion, sat down on the grass by the margin of the water, taking no part in the work, which was performed exclusively by the men ; but they endeavoured to forward the undertaking, it seemed, by much gratuitous advice, all talking together with considerable vehemence and great gesticulation.

The men, meanwhile, set about constructing two bark canoes ; but as they had only stone axes to work with, the incision of the bark in the first instance was an operation of much difficulty, as the bark of nearly all the trees in Van Diemen's Land is very thick and tough. Jerry observing the operose nature of their work, and thinking that this was a favourable opportunity for being useful, made his way to them, and requesting them, by signs, to stand back, drew out an axe, which was one of the articles of which he was the bearer, but which had been concealed under his coat. He soon made manifest the superiority of the white man's tool ; but his interference was interrupted by the eternal old woman, who made signs to him to discontinue his assistance, as, for some reason which he could not comprehend, his axe was forbidden to be made use of.

This restriction puzzled Jeremiah exceedingly. But the men were not so submissive to the mysterious authority of the aged female as before. One of them took the axe from Jerry's hand very uncereemoniously, and examined it attentively ; admiring the sharp edge, and wondering at the hardness of the metal. He passed it round to his fellows, who, although they saw plainly enough that it was an instrument made to cut with, could not make out of what stuff it was made, as they were entirely unacquainted with the use of iron.

An amazing quantity of talk ensued, and one who seemed to have some previous knowledge of the instrument, harangued the others at great length, as it seemed, in explanation of the white man's axe.—The native who had taken it from Jerry, and who seemed to exercise the chief authority over the tribe next to the old woman, then proceeded to use it, which he did with great dexterity ; and as the keen edge penetrated into the bark, and effected at one stroke an incision which it took many repeated blows of the rude stone instrument of the natives to per-

form, the black fellows set up a shout of admiration, and capered round the tree in excessive delight.

The necessary planks of bark, by means of this effective auxiliary, were quickly separated from two trees fit for the purpose; and the two ends of each being tied up so as to fashion the pieces of bark into the shape of two canoes, they were pushed into the water.—But a bright thought now seized Jerry, who, seeing the success of his first essay at pleasing the natives, was prompted to a fresh display of his ingenuity.

He was furnished with more than a hundred yards of whale line, which the forethought of the Bushranger had provided, and which was now found particularly useful; so that Jerry, in his glee, remarked to Helen “that the burthen which had so long plagued him, would turn out after all the best load he had ever carried;” and, as he philosophically observed, “that there was no knowing what was best for us in this world, for that which seemed most burthensome often turned out most useful in the end.”

Jeremiah now assumed an air and attitude of authority, in which he was supported by his ally, the old woman, who seemed curious to know what were his intentions. He made signs to the natives to remove to the edge of the river several pieces of dead timber, which he fastened together with a part of his cord so as to form a tolerably large and secure raft, capable of bearing a dozen persons, and which, by the united strength of the whole party, was launched into the water and held fast. He then divided his whale-line into two lengths, and tied one of the cords to one end of the raft and one to the other.—The natives regarded all these preparations in silence, but with great attention. He then, by signs, directed a “black-fellow” to take hold of the end of one of the lines and transport himself with it in a bark canoe to the other side of the stream.—He had some difficulty in making him understand what he wanted him to do; but at last the native comprehended his meaning, and he and another having provided themselves with a long pole each, by way of an oar or punt-stick, stepped lightly into the fragile boat, and one sitting at either end of it, they quickly pushed themselves over to the other side.

When both of the men were in the canoe, Helen observed that it was nearly under water, so that it was impossible for more than two to be conveyed in the same boat at a time, and the slightest motion seemed to endanger its being overturned; but the two natives balanced themselves, and managed their extempore craft with wonderful dexterity, and showed no signs of fear at such a ticklish mode of water-carriage.

In the meantime, Jerry intimated, by signs, that two more natives were to cross over, which they did. He then got on the

raft with Helen, first putting the end of the other rope into the hand of another native on the bank, in order that the raft might be hauled back for the conveyance of more passengers. He endeavoured to prevail on some of the women to accompany them, but they all hung back and refused to try the experiment;—they could not make out why the cords were tied to the wood on the water.

The men on the other side now readily comprehended that their part was to pull the raft over the stream, which they did easily, the rapidity of the current assisting them, and Jerry and Helen were safely landed on the other side. A wild scream of admiration sprung from the assembled blacks as they beheld the success of this manœuvre; and those on the side which the raft had left, now seeing the reason of the two cords, quickly pulled the raft back, and by this means the whole party passed over quickly and without accident.

Jeremiah, vastly pleased with his exploit, and trusting that, if the natives found his services useful, they would refrain from devouring him—or, at any rate, that they would postpone that ceremony for some time, which would give him the chance of escaping—now untied the cords from the raft, and as they were wet and uncomfortable for him to carry, he paid them off into coils which he placed round a young native's neck, who permitted him to do so without resistance, and, on the contrary, seemed rather pleased to be selected for the honourable distinction.

Helen now conceived hopes, from the friendly treatment which they had already received from the natives, and from their present demeanour, that she should be able to induce them to conduct her to some settlement; but she perceived that there was some particular reason for their taking her with them; and she guessed that there was some native of higher authority before whom she was to appear, and on whose decision her fate rested. In the mean time she resolved to bear her present lot with all the fortitude that she could bring to her aid; and she determined to avail herself of the opportunity to observe the manners and customs of her new associates closely, as well for her general information, as to enable her to take advantage of any good trait in their dispositions, or of their inclination to possess themselves of the mechanical tools of the white people, for the purpose of effecting her release. And she flattered herself that she should be able to find the means of communicating to them the promise of a great reward of axes, nails, and various useful articles, on the condition of being restored to her friends.

Mr. Silliman being of the same opinion, and being considerably elated at his own readiness of invention and great clever-

ness and ingenuity in respect to the construction of the raft, they became less depressed. They were inclined almost to be cheerful at the prospect of the speedy liberation which they promised themselves, and the remainder of their journey was performed with less anxiety than at first.

They had to cross two more small streams before they stopped; one of them they passed by means of a natural bridge of a tree which had fallen conveniently across the water; the other they waded through. Jerry could not avoid remarking on the inconvenience of having clothes on in the latter case; and in this respect, he said, he was bound to concede the superiority to the natives; wondering, at the same time, "if their masters would oblige him and Miss Horton to adopt the natural custom in that respect, which he observed would be very chilly to one not used to it."

Helen had her own misgivings on this point, but she said nothing, as indeed it was an awkward subject to converse on; but it is due to Mr. Silliman to record, that he practised the most gentlemanly reserve towards his companion in captivity, being actuated as much by his own kindness of heart, as by habitual respect for Miss Horton; so that the poor girl was saved from much that was disagreeable by the unobtrusive assiduousness of his attentions.

They had now proceeded about twenty miles, and the sun had for more than two hours declined in its course. It was very hot, and Helen was much fatigued; Jerry too was tired with his journey. The old woman observed that they walked with difficulty, and raising her voice, she caused the whole party to halt, and the natives assembled around her.

She spoke to them a few words, and by her pointing to the north-west, Helen guessed that she was giving some directions in respect to that quarter. And her anticipation was presently confirmed; for after a little consultation among themselves, nearly all the natives continued their march, leaving behind them only the old woman who had taken special charge of the captives, and a young girl, with three of the men, among whom was the one bearing round his neck the coils of whale line placed there by Jeremiah.

This arrangement having been effected, the old lady intimated to her prisoners that they might rest where they were, which happened to be in a pleasant grove of mimosa trees, on a platform of sandy land raised about six or eight feet above a grassy plain on the edge of which they were reposing. Under their feet, and at the bottom of the bank, which was extended like a wall for some distance right and left, ran a shallow brook of water, not more than two or three inches in depth. Towards the west there was a ridge of continuous hill of considerable

height, and at a distance on their left were to be seen the craggy summits of lofty mountains.

Helen endeavoured to ascertain how much further they had to go; but although it appeared that the old woman understood the meaning of the signs which she made, Helen could not understand what the black lady said in reply, although the native, in order to make herself more intelligible, repeated her words several times, and pronounced with great earnestness the syllables "wallo wombee." But what this "wallo wombee" was—whether it was the name of a place or of a person, neither Helen nor Jeremiah could make out. It seemed however that on this "walloo wombee" depended in some manner their future destiny.

As they could not help themselves, however, they determined to make the best of circumstances, and Jerry set the natives to cut down boughs and to place them so as to form a tolerable bush hut for Helen, and another for himself at a little distance.—His tea-kettle also was again put in requisition, and Helen was able to enjoy that which is considered in the bush as the greatest luxury.—One of the native men caught a kangaroo rat, which he gave to the prisoners; and Jerry, after dissecting it with his knife, roasted it at the fire which had been kindled, and tasted it. Finding it to resemble very much a wild rabbit, though much tougher and more sinewy and fibrous, he encouraged Helen to partake of it, which she did, after a little reluctance, with much satisfaction.

The night was now passed with less of discomfort than Helen had experienced since her life in the bush; and the next morning they were invited, as soon as daylight appeared, to continue their journey. The weather still continued fine and without rain, which was unusual at this season of the year, it being September and in the early part of spring, during which the periodical rains take place. They journeyed on that day about a dozen miles more, most of the country being flat, and only one or two high hills occurring during the whole of this part of their route. In the afternoon they came to a part of the country abounding in rocks and ravines, wild and barren, and seemingly unfitted for the habitation of anything but wild beasts.

They toiled through half a mile of this rugged district, when, on surmounting a low green hill, they suddenly found themselves within sight of the sea, while to their right stretched a sheltered dell of the most picturesque description, and which they observed was sheltered from the sea, which they judged was not more than a mile distant, by a high ridge forming a natural barrier to the vale within.

Having been allowed to enjoy the pleasure of this view for some minutes, their conductor urged them forward, giving

them to understand by signs that they had arrived at the end of their journey.—Both Helen and Jeremiah were now seized with much anxiety and fear; for the moment had arrived when their fate for good or ill was to be decided.

CHAPTER XLIV.

A NATIVE CHIEF.

DESCENDING a gentle declivity for about two hundred yards, they were led by the old lady, who acted as mistress of the ceremonies, into the bosom of the valley, which was bordered by dense forests of the stringy bark tree, whose tall and leafless stems had a naked and gloomy appearance. In the centre of the valley ran a small rivulet, on the borders of which, on either side, Helen perceived a group of natives.

As she approached nearer she observed that one of them was sitting on the log of a tree apart from the others, who were standing or lying about near the fires which were burning in all directions. Presently she was able to distinguish that the native on the log was an old man—apparently very old; and it struck her immediately, although she could not tell why, that the other natives demeaned themselves with a sort of deference to the aged black man; although there was no sign of royalty or chieftainship about him, and the only robe of royalty he wore was, like the other natives, the garb of nature.

Helen remembered to have read something of the "natural dignity of man," and of beauty when unadorned being adorned the most, &c. &c. She was decidedly of opinion, however, that the natural dignity of man would have been assisted on the present occasion by that article of dress which among ladies of white complexions can never be more than distantly alluded to; and the same remark was applicable to the countrymen or subjects of his black majesty. As to the female part of his court, Helen could not but wish that their beauties had been adorned by some sort of covering of ever such little dimensions.

But the old lady who was conducting her and her companion to the presence of the great man did not seem to be at all aware that anything was wanting to the impressive nature of the reception.—There was the sky and the sun above, and the earth and its waters beneath; and kangaroos and opossums and gum for food, and what was there to want more?—The old lady after all was somewhat of a philosopher; but she carried out her philosophical notions of the fewness of the natural wants rather to the extreme! Poor Helen felt the present practical illustration of it most painfully.—But there was no retreat! She was in

the power of the natives, and she was constrained to abide by their will.

Mr. Silliman suffered also exceedingly, but it was from a different cause; not that he was unfeeling or indifferent to the extreme awkwardness of Miss Horton and himself being the only persons dressed at this sable party;—his thoughts ran on being "dressed" in another way; for he feared that this might be the chief or conjuror for the especial gratification of whose appetite he had been reserved.—It was with a shudder, therefore, of natural apprehension that he observed, whatever else of strength or beauty that important personage had lost, that the old gentleman had preserved his grinders, which were decidedly carnivorous!—His mouth also was of most formidable dimensions.

The great man opened it deliberately, and said something to the old woman.

The old woman replied sententiously; and then pointing to the old man, she said to his compulsory visitors:—

"Walloo wombee!"

"What does she mean?" asked Jerry of Helen.

"She means, doubtless, that the name of that old man is the word she has pronounced; and as he seems to be the chief of the tribe, it will be prudent for us to please him."

"He is a most particularly ugly old rascal," replied Jerry; "did you ever see such grinders!"

"Hush," said Helen, "he is going to speak again."

The natives, men, women, and children, now gathered round, and looked on in silence.

In reply to some questions put from the log, the old lady, it seemed, explained to the "chief" the difference of the sexes of Helen and Jeremiah, for she pointed to Helen and then to a woman of her own tribe, and then to Jerry and to a male native.—The old gentleman expressed a lively curiosity at this, and beckoned to Helen to come near to him. Taking hold of part of her dress with his black hand, he examined it with much wonder; he had never seen anything resembling it before. He directed the white woman by signs to take it off. His mistress of the ceremonies was about to render her aid unasked in this interesting operation, the issue of which was evidently waited for by the assembled natives with much interest.

Poor Helen was much embarrassed. She had a particular objection to being stripped, especially in the presence of such a numerous assemblage; but she feared also to offend the chief. In this dilemma, gently resisting the old lady's officious readiness to act as lady's maid, she pointed to Jerry; wishing to direct attention to his attire, and hoping that some lucky accident would prevent the necessity of her parting with her own.—As

soon as her desire was understood, it was at once assented to by the chief, who was wondering what the bundles borne by the white man contained. Jerry therefore was invited by very significant gestures to unpack himself.—Helen, rejoicing at this diversion, assisted him with alacrity.

The first thing that attracted the chief's attention was the axe, of which he had received information from the natives who had preceded the prisoners, and which he forthwith tried, but with a very feeble hand, on the log which served him for his throne of audience. It might be difficult to say whether he entertained the same opinion of a throne as a great cotemporary who expressed a memorable opinion on that subject, but at any rate he treated it with as little ceremony.

Being satisfied with the qualities of the tool, he quietly dropped it on the ground behind him as a perquisite to be appropriated to himself. He then pointed to the tea-kettle, the shape of which filled him with much curiosity. He turned it over and over, wondering perhaps of what sort of bark or wood it was made, and inquired the use of it.

The old lady who acted as interpreter immediately entered into an animated description of the boiling of the water; but as he could not comprehend the matter that way, he directed that the white people should proceed to explain its uses by practical illustration.

Jerry made some tea in it accordingly, and sweetened it with the white sugar, a substance which the old gentleman examined with particular curiosity. Observing that the white man put a bit into his mouth, the chief did the same, and seemed exceedingly gratified at its sweet taste; which was not altogether new to him, however, as the juice which exudes and crystallizes on a certain tree in Van Diemen's Land, similar to the sweet maple abundant in many parts of the United States of America, has a sweet taste, though sickly to a stranger, of which the natives are very fond.

Approving of the sugar, as he had done of the axe, he intimated that the whole of it should be shewn to him, which he seized as a royal prize, and deposited on the ground behind his throne.—The tea-kettle he paid little regard to.

Animated by the discoveries he had already made of the white man's treasures, he expressed his desire by very intelligible signs that Jerry should proceed with his revelations.

Accordingly this obsequious individual produced a stone bottle of rum, which the old gentlemen smelt at, and put away with evident dislike.

A tinder-box was then displayed, which puzzled the great man exceedingly; but when Jerry struck sparks with the flint and steel, and ignited the tinder, the admiration of all present

was violent in the extreme! It was immediately taken possession of by his majesty for the use of the State.—Three panikins also, which formed part of Jerry's stores, were placed in the royal treasury.

They now came to Grough's knapsack, which Jerry, hitherto, had not had the opportunity of opening, and which that most unamiable person had added to his prisoner's load with so little humanity on the morning of the late Mr. Swindell's sudden decease.

The weightiest part of its contents was a huge bottle of brandy, which the chief rejected with the same antipathy as he had put aside the rum. Jerry next pulled out a handkerchief containing dollars, which the natives did not understand the value of;—they were given to the children to play with.

Jerry then fished out of the knapsack a woollen bag secured by a string. He opened it; and to his extreme delight found a small pair of pocket-pistols, with a flask full of powder, a couple of dozen balls, with spare flints and apparatus complete. It had formed part of the Major's personals, and had been secured by Mr. Grough for himself at the time of the general plunder.

Helen was so rejoiced at the sight of the familiar weapons, that she could not refrain from a loud exclamation of gladness; for she felt that she now had at her command the means of defending herself from outrage, and perhaps of intimidating the savages.

The pistols were of exquisite make; and their quality was proved by their having preserved their primings so long a time, for, to Helen's still greater satisfaction, they were loaded. As a soldier's daughter, and a girl of spirit as she was, she was neither unacquainted with the use of such weapons, nor timid in availing herself of their protection. She took possession of them, therefore, as her legitimate right, and suspended the bag to her girdle, explaining in few words to Mr. Silliman the part which she intended to act.

The old chief and the other natives observed her proceedings with much interest, and the old woman put out her hand to take the pistols from her, for the purpose of presenting them to the chief. But Helen shook her head and pointed to the sky.

All the natives looked up at the sky; but as they saw nothing more than they had seen every day, they all looked down again, and directed their eyes to the curious things in the hands of the white woman. The old lady again made an attempt to possess herself of the pistols, but Helen pushed back her hands. The chief, who it seemed was not exempt from the general infirmity of royalty, now became impatient, and said some words in an

angry tone which excited his savage subjects; and his female prime minister advanced again.

But Helen, determined not to relinquish her protectors, thought that, by an exhibition of the power of the tiny firearms, she might succeed in over-awing the natives, so as to cause them to desist from their hostile intentions of wresting them from her by force. She again made a sign, therefore, for the natives to look up to the sky, wishing them to understand that the things which she held in her hand had some connection with the mysterious powers of the heavens; and while they were thus earnestly engaged, she discharged one of the pistols in the air, which, from its propinquity to their ears, produced an astounding report.

The effect of this unexpected "thunder" on the chief was sudden and striking. Most of the other natives had heard the sound of the white man's thunder, and had witnessed its deadly effects; but the chief, from his extreme distance from any settlement, and from his great age, which had incapacitated him for some years past from joining his tribe in their customary migrations, never having experienced such a shock on his auditory nerves before, fell back with affright, and tumbled head over heels from his log, to the infinite consternation of the spectators.

They all rushed towards him, which afforded to Helen the opportunity to re-charge her weapon, which was expedited by the attentive Mr. Silliman.

The old man was lifted from the ground, and, happily for the prisoners, it was ascertained that he was more frightened than hurt, or the consequences might have been fatal to the thunder-makers on the spot. As it was, they were taken hold of by some of the natives, who bound Jerry with his own whale line, and placed him on the ground apart near a huge fire, which he had much the same satisfaction in contemplating as it might be supposed a sirloin of beef might, if endowed with animation, in the same position waiting to be roasted.—Poor Jerry thought, to be sure, that his last hour was come! and whether the whole world was ultimately to be consumed by fire or not, that certainly he, as a fractional portion of living matter, was destined individually to experience that most disagreeable mode of corporeal annihilation.

But the effect on the chief, when he had sufficiently recovered his faculties to comprehend the cause of his sudden summons from his log, was most impressive and profound, and he was seized with the idea that the white people had really come from the sky, and that they had the power to wield the thunder and lightning which often visited them from above!

He regarded Helen especially as a superior being, from the

wonderful whiteness of her skin, and from the absence of all fear, which he did not fail to remark was one of her characteristic qualities.

As to Jerry, whose dress, the chief remarked, was different from that of Helen, he conjectured that he was some inferior inhabitant of the same sky, fulfilling the office of attendant or slave to her, the superior one; but who, still, was to be regarded with the respect due to a creature attached to the person of one to whom he was inclined to pay superstitious veneration.

It is likely that this fortunate reverence of the old chief saved both their lives. Jerry was ordered to be unbound; while Helen was treated with extraordinary respect, being invited to sit on the log occupied by his majesty, and the whole of her goods borne by her slave were directed to be restored to her.—But somehow, as Jerry remembered, they were subjected, with a curious similitude to more civilized courts, to so many deductions in the shape of perquisites by the way, that but little of the restituted property reached its legitimate destination.

Mr. Silliman however, with much tact, took advantage of these favourable dispositions, and set the natives to work to build for Helen a commodious hut formed of stakes and the boughs of trees, contenting himself with one of an inferior description at a little distance; a distinction which confirmed the natives in their idea of his surbordinate capacity.—He observed, however, that he and Helen were closely and constantly watched, so that escape seemed impossible; and to fight their way out from the boundaries of their confinement, was an undertaking too rash to be attempted.

But not the slightest violence was offered to either of them; and excepting that they were not allowed to leave the valley, no restraint was placed on their motions. On the contrary, the old chief was particularly pleased to have the white woman constantly by his side; and as he became familiarized to the presence of "the inhabitant of the sky," important state resolves took the place of his first fears of her preternatural powers.

But it is proper in this place, as the western tribe of natives occupies an important position in this narrative, to describe the person of their chief, not only for the sake of historical accuracy, but for the gratification also of the curious in such matters.

His majesty "Walloo Wombée" had been originally very tall, and as straight as a stringy-bark tree; but now was much bent with the weight of years. What his physiognomy originally had been, it would have been difficult to conjecture; but his visage at the period to which this narrative refers resembled that of a

very old baboon. His body was thin and bony; his arms long and wiry; his legs like spindles with long narrow feet, having projecting excrescences like the claws of a boomah kangaroo. His head, looking at it in front, seemed small, from the lowness and narrowness of his retreating forehead; but seen sideways, it looked large and of an oblong shape from the projecting bump behind. In this characteristic it resembled the skulls of all the natives, which are remarkably thick; a quality which enables them to bear the thumps of their waddies, in their frequent combats, with a disregard to feeling which surprises an European. The whole framework of the old man, though now attenuated and feeble, exhibited the remains of extraordinary strength and agility; and it was to those qualities most likely, as is usual among savages, that he owed his elevation as chief of the tribe.

It must not be omitted, that, on the occasion of the white people's reception, his grisly hair was profusely powdered with the dust of red ochre, and that his body was smeared over in rough devices with the same material, mixed with resinous gum to help its adhesion.

It would appear from this, that even in the most simple and the rudest state, there is an innate propensity in the animal man to improve his personal appearance by the aid of art; for, doubtless, the care which had obviously been bestowed on the adonisation of the chief was supposed to add a finish to the natural dignity of his person, calculated to strike an awe in the beholder.

Such was the high personage on whose nod—or on whose waddie—the fate of Helen now depended.

The old lady, who was the daughter of this engaging individual, looked almost as aged as her parent, though she was in truth twenty years younger; and excepting her sex, and that her ugliness was infinitely more revolting in a woman than in a man, there was little difference between them. But as the hearts of the softer sex are proverbially more susceptible of the tender passion than those of the male kind, it was she who first felt a flame for one of the prisoners.

The black gorgon loved him as Desdemona loved Othello—that is, vice versarily considered; but it must be confessed that she had at first in her contemplation a different sort of passion—for she loved him because he was so fat! and as a familiar saying expresses it—although in a present case it had too literal an application—she loved him as if she could eat him! a mode of exemplifying her partiality which she had originally cherished with all the ardour of native ingenuousness.

But, as she could eat him, as she considered, at any time, her

thoughts were gradually turned in another direction ; and, such is the force of mighty love ! she, the daughter of a chief, resolved to raise him to the rank of her husband !

She had already had three. Two had been killed in battle ; the other she had killed herself.—She would willingly have tried a fourth, but no one of the tribe could be cajoled into accepting that distinguished but dangerous place ; for she was strong and tough exceedingly, and was as expert as any one of the males in throwing the spear and in handling the waddie ; a dexterity which she had acquired by much experience, and by the constant exercise of that primitive argument on the skull of her deceased husband.

These unattractive traits in her character, added to her indomitable fierceness on all occasions when her will was thwarted, caused her to have more fearers than admirers among the gentlemen of her acquaintance.

The advent of Jeremiah, therefore, was really a godsend for the old lady ; it seemed that he had dropped from the sky for her on purpose ; and it was not long before she contrived, by various endearing attentions, to make the object of her attachment sensible of her preference.—But Jerry was as inexorable as a tiger !

Filled with despair, the daughter of the royal chief communicated her sorrow to her venerable papa, who having, himself, similar designs towards the white woman, was well disposed to forward her inclinations.

The unhappy Helen, on her side, viewed the increasing partiality of the old savage with unspeakable horror, as it threatened a fate worse than death itself ;—so fatal, sometimes, to their objects are royal predilections !

SONG OF SPRING.

THE CUCKOO.

Cuckoo, Cuckoo ! How the woods ring,
With that sound on the glad air borne !
Hark, how the sweet little Herald of Spring
Is winding his silvery horn !
Echo loves to prolong that jocund song,
That voice of youth, hope and glee ;
Of all birds that cheer and delight the ear,
The Cuckoo, the Cuckoo for me !

Oh! welcome that strain to shepherd-swain
 As the sheep-bell clear and sweet,
 Or the first young daisies that spangle the plain,
 And spring up to kiss April's feet.
 It breathes of bright hours, of vernal flowers,
 Of sun-beam and blossomed tree;
 Ah! well may he sing, "Of all birds on the wing,
 The Cuckoo, the Cuckoo for me!"

No wonder that lay, tho' its tones are few,
 To the maiden doth joy impart;
 For those two soft notes remind her of two
 Soft *words* most dear to the heart!
 The words "I love!" in music above
 All the range of harmony!
 Then well may *she* sing, "Of all birds of Spring,
 The Cuckoo, the Cuckoo for me!"

ELEANOR DARBY.

MIRRORS.

"What a pair of 'witching eyes!
 What a shape for dancing!"
 Thus a blooming beauty cries,
 At her mirror glancing.
 Mirrors, mirrors! charming things
 To the young and pretty;
 But youth and loveliness have wings—
 Venus! what a pity!

"Sure my power of conquest flies!
 Nay, nay—'tis all an error!"
 Thus a past Adonis cries,
 And tramples on his mirror.
 Mirrors, mirrors! tell-tales they
 To the old and haggard;
 Spiteful tell-tales, that betray
 Time is not a laggard!

Dowagers and wrinkled beaux,
 Break your looking-glasses!
 Spare yourselves a thousand *oh's*,
 Groans, and sad *alas's*!
 Self-love, freshener of the face,
 Mirror of the simple,
 Turns each grey hair to a grace,
 Each furrow to a dimple!

ELEANOR DARBY.

CALEB VON DUSTENBERG.

A TALE OF A TRAVELLER.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

CHAPTER I.

HOW CALEB VON DUSTENBERG GOT CAUGHT IN A TRAP.

SOME hundred years ago, when baronial castles still had some influence on the human mind—when knights and barons still sat in banquet hall and quaffed deeply of the red-red wine and foaming tankard—when no French Revolution, with irreverent hand, had shaken feudalism to the dust—ere the grim but regretted darkness of the middle ages had fallen scale-like from the people's eyes—before men thought of travelling at a greater rate than twenty or thirty miles a day—in fact, long long ago, a single horseman was threading his way, towards night-fall, through the mazes of a German forest. Now a German forest, before ghosts and goblins and spectre-riders and gnomes had vanished to the nether spheres, was about the very last place any Christian man was at all likely to fancy being benighted in. There was a peculiar atmosphere about the place which was far from pleasant; and sounds like the clanking of chains, the sighing of tormented souls, and the shrieks of galloping demons, were satisfactorily established to have been heard upon more than one occasion! Dangers, too, of a more material character were not unfrequent, as we all know that an Alemanian wood was literally thronged with Black Alicks, Red Roberts, Green Riders, and other horrible fellows, who whipped me up half a dozen way farers as Gargantua would the same number of pilgrims in a salad, and they were then no more heard of.

It is not to be wondered at if, with these alarming facts running in his head, the traveller we have alluded to should have been somewhat anxious not to be caught in the wood during the night. He therefore urged his tall bony and skeleton steed to the utmost, but nothing would make the old horse stir a step faster than his usual jog trot. This was the less surprising, when we mention that the traveller was a big, burly, heavy man, weighing about twice the ordinary weight, and that the half dusty and half splashed state of his Rozinante showed that he had journeyed far and fast. It could not be that the rider feared the loss of property—for a worse clothed, more shabby old sol-

dier never returned from the wars; for soldier he was, and brave as a lion against anything in the shape of mortal—but, like many others of his class, very timorous and fearful of supernatural powers and foes he could neither see nor feel.

"By my boots," said the veteran, whose scanty grizzled locks spoke of three score years at the least, "By my boots, but I shall camp in the forest and I make not this brute stir faster, and a bivouac is the very last thing I should fancy this night. The trees are dark, the bushes hide glaring eyes, and, by my father's sword, the ground is damp. *Der teufel* and all the other saints, but thou must stir thy stumps, old Peter," he continued, caressing his steed, and endeavouring to coax him into a gallop. "That is right," he exclaimed, as, where the path he followed joined the main road, the steed for a few moments started off into a spasmodic trot.

"By my boots!" he again cried, as another traveller who had been journeying along the main road now came up, and, without a word, began to trot side by side with him.

The appearance of the new comer was sufficiently remarkable. Mounted upon a gigantic horse—eighteen hands high if it were an inch—the rider was about as small a man as is found, without being considered a deformity. Thin, with legs perched up almost on the horse's back, a tall steeple hat added not a little to the strangeness of the picture presented by so diminutive a human being mounted upon so great a horse. The burly man, as he gazed upon the stranger in the grey darkness of the evening, began not to like his companionship. He glanced at his face, but a nose was all that he discovered; and such a nose!—crooked enough for a scythe, and big enough for a giant!

"By my boots," said the old man to himself, "but that is a queer customer!"

"Ha! ha!" laughed the little man, perceiving that our friend edged off as far as possible to the other side of the road; "ha! ha!" he continued, in a thin shrill voice, "you don't like me, don't you?"

"I have no objection to any *man's* company," replied the other, with a marked emphasis on the word man, "but, by my boots! I want no communion with the devil nor with his works."

"Ha! ha!" again chuckled the little man, "you're not afraid of robbers, then?"

"By my boots, no; for I've nothing to lose."

"Nothing? Not a crown piece? not a stiver?"

"Nothing."

"You are poor then, my friend," grunted the gaunt rider; "you are lucky."

"By my boots," thought the burly old soldier, "but he is a strange fellow!" And he added aloud, "May I be allowed to ask whom I have the honour of addressing?"

"Oh, it is of no consequence," said the little man. "What is your name?"

"It is of no consequence," replied the old soldier, grumbling.

At this moment a turn of the road brought them in sight of a village, over which, perched on a hill, frowned a huge castle, with its towers, draw-bridge, and picturesque gates, boldly relieved against the sky.

"Do you stop here?" said the little man, addressing the old soldier in a more natural tone than before, "because, if you do, take the word of Jerome Wappenbickel, and put up at the Green Rider."

"And who, pray, may be Jerome Wappenbickel?" inquired the veteran good-humouredly, for he could now plainly see that the diminutive gentleman was mortal.

"Your very humble servant to command."

"Oh!"

"And your name, I think you said, was—was——?"

"Caleb Von Dustenberg," replied the soldier, raising himself proudly in his stirrups.

With this they reached the inn, and halted before the door. Wappenbickel alighted with an agility which was remarkable, while Caleb descended in a manner more consonant with his age and portly bearing.

The inn was of the most ordinary description, but still had about it an air of neatness, of cleanliness, and of comfort, which quite won the heart of the soldier as he entered.

"Wappenbickel," said he, as they gained the parlour, which was well sanded, "this is a jewel of an hostellerie."

"Capital!" replied the little man.

"Your orders," said a neat, tidy, pretty dame, tripping lightly into the room, "your orders, *Meinheers*?"

"Ha! ha!" exclaimed Jerome, with a wink, and a finger placed cautiously on his lips, "is that you, Adela? How you have grown!"

"My God, Jerome Wappenbickel?" said the landlady, with a scream, and a blush that rivalled the crimson of her kerchief.

"The very same," replied the other, who, despite his diminutive person, was, now that he stood in the light, by no means a repulsive looking personage; "the very same, and I am happy to say, the same in everything,"—and he looked tenderly at the surprised and, sooth to say, pleased hostess; "but now a hearty supper for two—a foaming tankard—and by and bye we'll talk over old times. But mind,—mum! not a word of Wappenbickel."

"You know the lady?" said Caleb Von Dustenberg, with a sly glance.

"Rather," answered Jerome, complacently stroking his huge hooked nose,—“mean to marry her some day, when I can afford it.”

The new acquaintances now sat down, one opposite the other, and entered into a conversation which was only interrupted by the entrance of supper. A third party would have remarked that, while Caleb spoke of whatever came uppermost in his mind, such was by no means the case with Jerome, who drew the conversation as much as possible to a point which tended to explain the exact position and views of the old soldier. His curiosity was insatiable, but the mode by which he arrived at his facts was so cunning that no suspicion was excited in the mind of our hero. At length supper was concluded, and pipes and beer, the eternal Germanic solace, were resorted to.

"Who, to look at the comfort, neatness and cosiness of this room," observed Wappenbickel, as he lit his pipe, "would suppose himself in the parlour of a public-house?"

"Ah, who!" replied Caleb Von Dustenberg, with a sigh, "I only wish I had such a berth."

"Humph," said Jerome, eyeing him with his little red fiery peepers, that glowed in the dense volumes of smoke which he blew on all sides around him, like two hot coals, "you would like to keep a public?"

"Just would'nt I!" growled Caleb; "why, by my boots, what could an old soldier, without a penny, without a pension, and without a friend—I say, what could he do better than bring up in a snug hole like this, and play the landlord until it pleased Heaven to call him home?"

"But you would like a little wife, I suppose—a landlady to match," said Jerome—"just such a one as Adela, now?"

"As to wives," continued Caleb, "why, having had two already, I can't say I feel any inclination to experimentalize in that way again."

"Then there is an end of the matter," put in Jerome gravely, placing his right foot at the same time across his knee, and caressing it with his left hand, "No wife, no public."

"Why, you diminutive imp," said Caleb, laying down his pipe and getting in a passion, "there was never any question of a public except in fun."

"You are mistaken," replied Jerome, "I have been looking for you these three weeks for this very purpose."

"Donder and blitzen!" exclaimed Caleb Von Dustenberg.

"Now don't put yourself out—when I say I have been looking for you, I mean I have been looking for such another person as yourself."

"What for?"

"You shall hear, if you will be patient and answer me a few questions."

"*Der teifel!* that is what I want you to do. By my boots—"

"All in good time—but first let me. You are sixty——"

"Sixty-five good."

"A stout, hearty, hale, respectable looking old gentleman."

"As you see," he replied impatiently, "but, by my boots, what has all this to do—"

"You want to keep an inn. Would the Green Rider suit you?"

"To a shaving."

"You shall have it on certain conditions."

"Name them," said Caleb Von Dustenberg, opening his eyes half wildly.

"You want a landlady?"

"So you say."

"I have one for you. You must get married."

"*Der teifel!*"

"To a pretty little woman as any in all Brandenburg, with flaxen hair, blue eyes, a complexion of alabaster, teeth like ivory—but though charming and amiable, somewhat silent and thoughtful."

"Well," said Caleb Von Dustenberg with half a frown.

"You must marry her, I say," continued Jerome Wappenbickel, "and the next day you take possession of this very inn—you are its landlord, its master, and I and Adela become your very dutiful servants."

"Well, all this is very fine," observed Caleb inquiringly; "but am I expected to do nothing else but this?"

"There is a little boy," said Jerome, screwing up the corners of his mouth, and endeavouring to hide a laugh.

"A what?" cried Caleb.

"A charming little boy, about six weeks old."

"And so, you rascally son of perdition," cried the wrathful veteran, "I am to sell myself to you, and tie myself to—"

"Stop," said Jerome, "and listen to reason. I have told you one side of the story. If you consent to what I demand, and ask no questions, I will make your fortune. Do not think I wish to dim the lustre of the name of Caleb Von Dustenberg, by leading it to cloak either misfortune or crime."

"What does all this mean? By my boots, Maitre Jerome!" said the irate Caleb.

"Why, it means this. You want a comfortable, cosy, roadside tavern of your own. I have one at my disposal—it is yours."

"Well?"

"You must agree to all I say, and do all I tell you," said Jerome with solemnity.

"That depends—"

"Well, you are married?"

"By my boots!"

"To a charming woman, about a year ago. You have a son, the pride of your old age. You wish to return to your native village. You purchase this house—"

"Come, now, no more of this nonsense. By my boots!" said the bewildered Caleb.

"You purchase this house, I say, to-night—to-morrow you start for B——, there you meet your wife and child, whom you have left behind—you bring them here, and live in peace and quietness till Heaven pleases to clear up the mystery."

"And then—"

"Why, we assure you this house for life."

"And I am not to marry at all?"

"You comprehend me to a T. You will not marry at all; but that is between you and I and the door-post. To every one else, Madame the ——"

"The what?" said Caleb, observing that the other paused.

"To every one else the lady must be your wife, and little Richard your son. Do you agree to these terms?"

"Why," observed Caleb, "the temptation is strong. I am poor, but I have a name and honour. Will this affair compromise my reputation?"

"On my honour, not," said Jerome, shaking his head solemnly, "but you will be the means of serving a noble and generous being, who will one day explain all to you."

"I'll take your word for it, then," exclaimed Caleb Von Dustenberg, with an accompanying oath; "but if I find you have deceived me, mind, I break your bones as sure as my name is Dustenberg,—and that, by my boots, is no small oath!"

Jerome acquiesced, and promised that the worthy old soldier should be at perfect liberty, in case of his proving false, to turn his, the said Jerome's, body into the state of a mummy. The little man even suggested that reduction to impalpable powder was not too great a punishment for a man who deceived and dishonoured one of the respectable Von Dustenbergs. Satisfied and flattered, Caleb agreed to everything; and less than a week beheld him installed as landlord of the Green Rider, with a wife and a son both charming in the extreme.

CHAPTER II.

THE WIFE.

WHEN Caleb first saw the lady who passed for Madame Leopoldine Von Dustenberg, he could not refrain from wishing himself young again, nor from almost regretting that, despite her suspicious antecedents, he had not made her his wife in reality. About two-and-twenty, fair, and of surpassing loveliness, there was about her a shade of sadness and melancholy which vanished only when she gazed upon her infant. It was a boy, too young yet to possess any marked characteristics, but to her it was a Golcondian mine of happiness. She received Caleb Von Dustenberg with a graceful inclination, which at once let him see that he was playing the part of a convenience; but a very short time being sufficient to let her discover how worthy a fellow the veteran was, she unbent, and even went so far as to call his attention to the innumerable graces which she, if no one else, could see in him who now bore, to the world, the euphonious name of Edward Von Dustenberg. Her blue eyes lighted up with a holy fire, her pale cheek grew lustrous in its blushing beauty, her lips parted in a heavenly smile, as she pointed out to the soldier the gentle loveliness of her babe.

They moved to the Green Rider, and took up the course of life which had been arranged on. Caleb was supposed to be the landlord of the hostellerie; but all his duties consisted in sitting in the parlour, smoking his pipe and quaffing his foaming tankard, or in talking to the customers—duties which he performed in the most exemplary manner. Jerome Wappenbickel and Adela, who speedily became his wife, performed the real part of innkeepers; while Madame Von Dustenberg remained generally confined to her room, rarely even seeing her supposed husband, except occasionally at the last evening meal, when she would bring the child to be admired by Caleb, who really began to be fond of the little being that laughed in his face and soon learned to plunge its hands into his whiskers and tear them out by the very roots.

A year passed in this manner, when the child began to run alone. And now a great change took place in the mother's habits—a change which soon drove the former unearthly pallor from her cheeks, and made her, though still sad and thoughtful, look most surpassing lovely. The village was surrounded by woods and copses; and especially on the side of the castle there were scenes of picturesque beauty and grace, which the young mother loved to wander among with her fondly cherished charge.

One afternoon she found herself in a lonely and deserted dell beneath the castle of Pfeiffenberg that frowned over the village. There was a shallow pool of water in the centre, fed by a silver line of cascade that fell many feet without impediment, and then came tumbling headlong down a heap of rude and black rocks. The pool was translucent, the tiny fish swam in shoals over its golden sandy bed, while the trees of the forest waved solemn and stately over all. It was a lovely spot—one where but peace and quiet could be supposed to dwell. It was here that Leopoldine oftenest strolled with the child, that loved to sprawl on the grassy turf that carpeted the dell, as well as to take a bath in the waters when warmed by the afternoon sun. Then in some shady corner would the mother plunge the little innocent in the pool; and it was hard to tell which laughed loudest or most merrily, when it arose all dripping with the water-drops, more purely lovely than Venus emerging from the phosphorescent waves of the ocean. On the occasion to which we allude, the boy had been bathed, and was smiling, one might say sarcastically, or at all events comically, at its mother, when it suddenly shrieked as a huge dog came gambolling up and crouched gently and in friendly guise at their feet.

"Nay, Edward," said the mother rising, while all her pallor returned, as she gazed with half affrighted look towards the part of the forest whence the dog had emerged, "thy mother is near thee, and the dog is gentle."

"As a lamb," said a voice, "to women and children."

Leopoldine raised her eyes, and discovered advancing towards her a young man, who, by his costume, was clearly a member of the upper classes of the community. A green hunting-frock, profusely ornamented, set off an almost faultless form, while the face of the intruder was handsome, but evidently the face of a proud if not of a violent man.

"I was not alarmed for myself, sir," replied Leopoldine, regarding the stranger for an instant with a glance of astonishment and curiosity, "my child was a little fearful, that is all."

"I am sorry that the sweet babe should have been rendered uneasy for a moment; but Hero, like his master, at times loves to rest at lovely woman's feet."

"Your dog is gallant," said Leopoldine, turning with a slight but haughty bend of the head to go.

"You are in haste, fair dame," continued the stranger, stepping boldly to her side, "and I marvel me much how you came here at all alone, an you be not some fountain sprite."

"I have no reason to fear being alone," replied the lady, "and of late I come here every day."

"Indeed," said the young man with a gratified smile, "and shall you still come?"

Leopoldine turned towards the stranger a look so stern, cold, and piercing, that he involuntarily quailed beneath it.

"I shall come every day," she added mildly, "while the weather is so tempting."

The stranger was silent for a few moments, and then inquired if his new friend lodged in the village.

"At the Green Rider."

"You put up there, doubtless?"

"I am its landlady."

"The wife of—of—"

"Caleb Von Dustenberg."

"Oh! indeed," replied the young man, "I knew not that our village concealed anything half so charming. Excuse me, but a young and happy mother is indeed a bright picture. I shall certainly not neglect to pay you a visit. May I hope to see you if I come?"

"I shall always be happy to receive the Count of Pfeiffenberg."

"Ah! you knew my name—you know that I am heir to all these broad domains and yonder castle."

"I certainly knew you to be the Count, but I knew you not heir to the castle. I thought you had an elder brother."

"Oh, Count Edward," replied the young nobleman, with a laugh, and then he added with a frown, "he is dead and gone, and, were he not, he could not claim these lands; my father had disinherited him before his death."

"I thought I had heard the Count was in America, seeking to retrieve his father's favour by retrieving his fortune."

"So they tell me, but for my part I think it mere talk. I believe myself he was killed in Flanders."

The high road was now gained, and the pair separated, after a sort of implied understanding that they were to meet again in the green dell by the shallow pool, where first they had happened one upon the other.

From that day the young Count's visits to the Green Rider were frequent and lengthy. To Caleb Von Dustenberg he took care to make himself most particularly agreeable, by drinking his beer and smoking his pipes, while to the child he endeared himself by all manner of pranks and capers. They met too in the green dell, and their interviews were prolonged. Leopoldine loved to talk of the old baronial castle, of its history, of its interior, and of its present owner. As these subjects flattered the Count's vanity, he would discourse incessantly upon them, though he gradually endeavoured to make the young wife sensible that courtesy towards her alone enabled him to dwell so minutely upon details, which it puzzled him to understand were of interest to her. Despite, however, all his hints—despite

the most assiduous attention, the heir of Pfeiffenberg failed to make the lovely hostess of the Green Rider understand that his feelings for her were other than friendly, and that his interest was centered rather in her than in her child.

"Leopoldine,"—from some inexplicable cause she had never repressed this instance of his familiarity—"Leopoldine," said he one day, "why did I ever meet you, or why not before you were the wife of that beer-drinking old hog!"

"What hog of our acquaintance is in the habit of beer drinking?" observed the lady quietly.

"I meant to insinuate that it would have been a brighter fate for you had you been united to one who would have better understood you than Caleb Von Dustenberg."

"My husband is an excellent and worthy man," said Leopoldine mildly.

"But scarcely a fit mate for one so young, and so charming!" he replied.

"When I married, Count Pfeiffenberg, I married a man whom I loved, honoured and respected; he did the same, and, please God, he shall never have reason to do any other."

The Count took the hint, and shortly after withdrew, determined in his mind that Leopoldine should not long enjoy her present peace of mind.

CHAPTER III.

CALEB VON DUSTENBERG OPENS HIS EYES.

LEOPOLDINE for some time saw no more of the Count, who, offended doubtless at the very plain-spoken rebuff he had received from the fair innkeeper, made no farther attempt, as it appeared to disturb her quietude. Little Edward meanwhile grew apace, and became a lovely and gallant looking child. To his mother he was an endless source of joy, for, surrounded by beings who knew not all her secret sorrows, nor understood her peculiar feelings, Leopoldine had but him to depend on and ensure her comfort and occupation of mind.

It was a winter evening. The snow lay heavy on the ground, while the wild wind whistled and whirled the congealed rain in drifts along the high road. There was coldness in the very look, while the whole expanse between heaven and earth partook of the glacy glare that arises from the ground at such times. The rigid and leafless tenants of the forest groaned grimly—the course of the torrent was mingled with the crush of ice—while there was a wintry atmosphere in every nook and corner of the open air.

But within! Such comfort and cosiness was never seen! A

huge fire, piled with logs, sent forth a furnace glow cheerily upon the room. The very flames looked happy, merry and cheerful, for they performed a happy and cheerful office. The room, the principal one the Green Rider boasted of, was large, but the fire was expansive—had a generous heart, and sufficed for all. It was none of your tiny, halfpenny-bundle-of-wood affairs, but an honest, downright kind of fire, with vast logs from the neighbouring forest, and diffusing warmth, light and general comfort. It seemed aware of its own importance, and disposed to show off its own sense of its dignity. Like more sensitive things, it was not content to burn steadily, or in the proud consciousness of its own importance, but it must forsooth make a bluster and fuss about the matter. It crackled, it spluttered, it sent burning chips flying hither and thither, and performed in fact gambols which none but a fire of the very first class would have presumed to indulge in. Fortunately, too, those who sat around it were not disposed to be critical. They were seated at supper; and who that has the smallest drop of the milk of human kindness, stowed away even in the remotest corner of his inner man, can be critical at such a time? The French so-called philosophers of a certain age—*lucus à non lucendo*—were used to be pugnaciously disposed over that meal, but the amount of bile which enabled them so to do, must have been equal to the amount of assurance which has made them the ridicule of all succeeding critics.

They were at supper. At the head sat Caleb Von Dustenberg, to his right the lady Von D., with, on her knee, the boy. Jerome Wappenbickel and his little wife occupied the other end. Now every thing was in keeping. There was plenty to eat, and excellent fare. So, no doubt, thought Master Edward, as, after some moments of profound meditation, during which he appeared about to sacrifice his own fists to his infant appetite, he suddenly nearly leaped out of his mother's arms, plunged his hand into a half eaten pie, and next moment, amidst roars of laughter, had thrust the wing of a fowl against his little mouth.

"Bravo!" said Caleb, "that boy has a rare spirit."

"Oh Edward!" exclaimed the smiling mother, endeavouring in vain to disengage from the child's hand the fowl's wing, with which he was performing serious havoc on a clean white collar, "you rude child!"

A loud knock interrupted this colloquy.

Jerome rose to discover in what it originated, and soon returned, followed by two men of by no means prepossessing appearance. Of the lower class, with huge rough beard and moustachioes, their broad brimmed hats, their black cloaks, and the clanking of concealed arms, made no very great impression

in their favour. Apologizing for intruding on the best room, on account of its containing a warm fire, they seated themselves and called for supper. They were served at a small table by themselves, and the others then continued their meal. All cheerfulness was however gone—even the child seemed alarmed at the sight of the strangers, and played no more of those antic tricks which, in a child, have such an inexpressible charm for all of simple tastes and natural feelings.

Not many minutes had elapsed when another knock came, which being answered, two other men, apparently of higher rank, but closely muffled and cloaked, entered, and without a word seated themselves somewhat apart from the previous pair. Leopoldine, uneasy at what seemed suspicious, rose, and with the child left the room.

"Can we sleep here?" said the younger of the new comers, addressing Caleb.

"The rooms are all occupied," replied Jerome Wappenbickel, "but you can make shift in the little parlour beside this."

The travellers nodded, and the affair was considered settled.

It wanted but an hour of midnight, when the two men who had first entered, and who had been left to sleep before the great fire we have above alluded to, rose and cautiously peered about.

"All quiet," said one of them, after peeping into the little room where lay the other travellers; "we can act."

"Yes, my lord," replied the other respectfully.

"You remain here, and keep watch: I will upstairs."

The other bowed, and the Count Pfeiffenberg, for it was he, alone ascended the inn stairs on an errand of crime.

The other ruffian remained alone by the fire, examining his arms.

All was wrapped in deep silence; nought was heard save the creaking of the old stairs under the cautious step of the young Count, who had divested himself of his disguise. In one hand he carried a lanthorn, in the other a sharp hunting-knife. He reached the chamber occupied by Leopoldine, and, the lock easily giving way, entered.

Five minutes elapsed of intense interest to the confederate, who stood breathlessly watching the progress of events. At the expiration of that period, the count reappeared with the child in his arms, and followed by Leopoldine, who had not retired to rest. Stern determination characterized the features of the young nobleman, while hopeless despair sat upon the brow of the youthful mother. They reached the room. The Count banded the sleeping child to his confederate.

"And now, madam," he said sternly, "one word of alarm, and your child pays the penalty."

Leopoldine made no answer for an instant; but as the Count laid down the lanthorn, advanced towards him, and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"You would kill that child?" she said calmly.

"Aye, rather than be discovered, and disinherited by my old father."

"You would murder your nephew, because your brother's wife would not follow a seducer?"

Count Pfeiffenberg stood petrified. A suspicion, dismissed as absurd, but generated by the child's features, was thus confirmed.

"You are not," he said, gasping for breath, "the wife of Caleb Von Dustenberg?"

"I am the Countess of Pfeiffenberg," replied Leopoldine, "and that child is your father's heir."

"I believe you," said the young man, "and thank you for the information. The child shall be provided for."

"What mean you?" cried the mother.

"Nothing against the boy," replied the young man, recollecting his position; "but with regard to you my purpose undergoes no change. You scorned me, Madam the Countess, you shall sue for mercy at my feet."

"Brother!" said the young Countess, with an imploring glance.

"Madam," continued the young man, "I had a brother, who, because he was studious, a stay-at-home, and would sit for hours listening to my father's old worn-out tales of the wars, was the favorite. I was wild and a wanderer, and loved not such twaddle. I hunted in the woods, and when the baron was in the story-telling vein, would whistle to my dogs and seek the kennel. At length, however, I saw the end of this. The student was the favorite, and as I made that discovery, I hated; I changed my tactics, I became a listener, but I was not passive. Inuendos, a few false reports, made my father suspicious of my brother's motives; goaded by me, he charged him with hypocrisy. My brother was high-spirited, and he resented the charge as an insult. They quarrelled, and my father dismissed him with a curse."

"He did," replied the Countess, "and your brother went to Spain, gained the favour of its sovereign, and wedded me. Appointed by the king chief of an important but dangerous expedition, he sent me here to watch over my child, and, in case your father was ill, to seek as a stranger to nurse and watch his bed of sickness—"

"And expose me," laughed the count, "but my good angel has served me. Come, madam, a litter awaits you without. Follow."

"Stay," thundered the younger of the two men who had slept in the little room.

A painter, who could have caught the whole features of the scene, would have made a splendid picture.

In the doorway stood, his cloak at his feet, his broad brimmed hat cast beside it, in the splendid uniform of a General of the Roman Empire, the Count, the elder-born of Pfeiffenberg. By his side stood, half tottering and in tears, the old man, whose eyes had been so cruelly opened. The younger son remained back, glaring like a tiger on his brother, while the Countess, having secured her babe, rushed to her husband's side, proud, happy, and almost fainting with emotion.

"Brother," said the elder Count, in a deeply pained voice, "your servant, in a fit of drunkenness, betrayed your secret last night to my faithful attendant, Jerome Wappenbickel. Arrived here this morning, and anxious to regain my father's favour, I sought him, and in justice to myself brought him here, not expecting, when you discovered who the lady was, you would persevere. I now deeply regret what I have done, for you have betrayed more than I wished."

"Yes! yes!" said the baron, "enough to make me call down an old man's curse upon his head, which I now—"

"Nay, father, I forgive him, and you will," exclaimed the elder brother, "I am most satisfied. I gain my father's love, I am restored to a dear wife and child: let not a brother's hatred poison my cup of joy."

The young Count was silent for some time, then proudly raising his head, he spoke.

"To say I am sorry, is useless: to promise to make up for what I have done, is vain; but time will shew."

"Yes! yes!" cried the young mother, rushing towards him, and placing the child in his arms, "you will not hurt my child?"

"No," said the Count, bending his head over the babe, "and," he added in a whisper only heard by Leopoldine, "I will transfer my love for you to your son."

"But in all this, by my boots, I lose a wife!" exclaimed Caleb von Dustenberg, who, with Wappenbickel and his wife, had crept cautiously in.

"You do, my friend," said the Countess, "but you gain a home and faithful protectors."

He did so, and never had cause to repent having lent his name to the beautiful Leopoldine. As for the Pfeiffenbergs, the old man never recovered the shock, and dying had the satisfaction of seeing the brothers sincerely reconciled. The young Count never married, devoting himself entirely to the education of his nephew,—a task, however, which as long as he lived was disputed with him by Caleb von Dustenberg.

THE SIEGE OF ANTIOCH.

A TALE OF THE FIRST CRUSADE.

CHAPTER I.

THE CITY—THE SUPPLY—THE RESCUE.

THE city of Antioch, toward the end of the first crusade, occupied a mountain whose base sloped down to within a bow-shot of the river Orontes; its summit terminated in three cones, the northernmost of which, surrounded by abrupt precipices, was crowned by the lofty citadel. On one side of the city, a morass stretched from the river to the chain of mountains on which Antioch stood, across which was thrown a long, narrow bridge. On the other side, where the river approached nearest to the walls, a causeway ran from the city to the banks, where it joined a stone bridge of nine arches, strongly fortified in the centre, and at the end, where it met the road leading to the gates, with iron doors. Beside these outward defences, the city was encompassed with massive walls and towers, which seemed, when united with the natural advantages of the place, to offer an impenetrable barrier to any foe, however well appointed with the warlike preparations of that day.

Robert, Duke of Normandy, had forced a passage across the "iron bridge," as it was called, and three hundred thousand well armed Crusaders were now encamped around the walls, and pushing on the siege with all the skill which the rude warfare of the times possessed; but weeks had passed, and yet no impression had been made upon the mighty defences of the city; and the lavish profusion of the first few days which followed the arrival of the soldiers of the cross had already begun to produce want in that immense host, and few of the leaders were hardy enough to conduct their followers in search of supplies, when every pass was guarded by a powerful and vigilant enemy; for the besiegers were themselves besieged by fierce bands without, and constantly harassed by sallies of the citizens. In addition to the famine, which daily became more and more dreadful, pestilence began to rage through the crusading camp, engendered by the proximity of the stagnant marshes which surrounded it, and scenes of horror and crime became at length familiar to that wretched and rapidly diminishing army.

In this state of affairs no leader was more active than Bohemond, Prince of Tarentum, in endeavours to diminish its horrors. He had joined the crusade with all the enthusiasm of a young and ambitious warrior, and at the preaching of Peter the Hermit,

is reported to have broken his armour in pieces with his battle-axe, and caused it to be made into crosses and distributed to his followers. He was now in the meridian of life—perhaps somewhat beyond it—though toil, privation and exposure might have anticipated, by some years, the ravages of time. His stature was athletic and commanding—his forehead broad and high; and his whole countenance would have worn the impress of courage, candour, and generosity, had not his small dark and deep-set eyes betrayed an expression of shrewdness and art, which are often characteristics of the Italian countenance.

The camp was thus situated, when as the morning sun was just throwing his light across the valley of the Orontes, a heated horseman, pausing before the tent of Godfrey, demanded audience, and was admitted.

“What intelligence bringest thou?” asked the chief.

“That which will afford joy to thee, and to thy brothers in arms,” replied the messenger, “a fleet from Genoa and Pisa have just anchored at St. Simeon, laden with provisions, and bringing reinforcements of troops.”

“Now God be praised!” piously ejaculated the leader; “never was supply more deeply needed, nor more earnestly prayed for. We will see to it. Meanwhile, there is gold for thy welcome news.” So saying, he placed a purse of considerable weight in the hands of the messenger, who departed.

In an instant the camp was in confusion. One of the famished sentries at Godfrey's tent had overheard the joyful intelligence, and lost no time in communicating it to his fellow-sufferers; and ere Godfrey could organize an escort to send to St. Simeon for the safe conveyance of the provisions, a mixed multitude of men, women, and even children, was rushing, in rapid and disordered streams, toward the port, which was only a few miles distant.

The infidels, who from their elevated citadel could see all that was passing in the Christian camp, no sooner perceived this company issue forth, shouting with joy in the anticipation of release from famine, than divining the cause, and being themselves nearly as destitute as the besiegers, they prepared an immense band to attack the multitude on their return, and to intercept the prize.

The port had been reached—the provisions landed—the crowd again sought their camp. On came that tumultuous and joyful assembly, with shout and merriment, and song. Bohemond and the Court of Toulouse, with their armed followers, had joined them, and were marching, some beside the long train of heavily loaded carriages—some in advance, to give notice of any foe that might be lurking near—some occupied in vain attempts to marshal the noisy crowd into something like order.

In this way they had proceeded about half way to the camp, when suddenly wild shrieks and groans were heard from the stragglers in the rear. Bohemond and his lancers spurred instantly to the spot, but it was some time ere the clouds of dust which arose on all sides, and the rush of the unarmed multitude toward the camp, enabled them to perceive the foe, or to rescue their friends. Thrusting aside the fugitives with the handles of their spears, or trampling them beneath their chargers' hoofs, they were now almost within reach of the enemy, when another wild cry from the drivers of the loaded wains, and the crowd who surrounded the baggage, shewed that they were encompassed by enemies. Again they turned to protect the supplies, or, if too few for that purpose, to cut, if possible, their way to the camp. In this latter attempt they succeeded. Headed by Bohemond, whose spear had been broken in the first charge, but whose sabre swept like a whirlwind among the Moslem ranks, they opened for themselves a passage over the corpses of their foes, leaving behind them the supplies, and the greater number of the defenceless crowd, together with several knights who had followed Bohemond's banner, cut down by the sabres of the infidel. Spurring their foaming steeds, they dashed into the camp, calling aloud upon the different leaders, as they passed their pavilions, to arm for the rescue. On reaching the centre of the encampment, where were erected the tents of Godfrey, they found that chief already in the saddle, marshalling his followers.

"Ye have sped rapidly, prince of Tarentum," said Godfrey, glancing at the panting charger of Bohemond, "but the illness has preceded you. Your advance company heard the tumult in their rear, and bore the tidings hither. And now, gallants, to the rescue!"

Bohemond and Raimond of Toulouse, waiting only to obtain fresh steeds, hurried back to the scene of action, and were joined as they passed by Robert of Flanders, Hugh of Vermandois, the duke of Normandy, and other leaders.

The Turks, in momentary apprehension that a large body of the Christians would appear to dispute with them the rich booty which had just fallen into their hands, were making the best of their way through the passes of the mountains toward the city. Some of them, however, flushed with their easy conquest over Bohemond, and thirsting for the blood of the besiegers, were still hanging upon the rear of the miserable fugitives, who had not yet reached the camp, and staining their lances with the blood of the old and the feeble, the females and the children, who were left hindmost in that dreadful race.

Godfrey and the rest of the leaders had avoided the course taken by the fugitives, that they might, if possible, seize the

pass which led to the city, and cut off the enemy ere they could reach the gates. Bohemond had, on the contrary, led his followers to cover the retreat of the unarmed multitude, ere he joined his companions, and had reached the rearmost of the panic-stricken crowd, ere the pursuers were aware of his approach. Just as he was clearing the last scattered groups, he beheld a maiden running wildly toward him, closely pursued by a Turkish horseman, whose lance would soon have been buried in the body of the fair fugitive. Bohemond spurred forward, and the next moment the infidel was rolling on the ground; his thick turban had proved but a vain defence against the practised arm of the warrior—his head was cloven to the teeth. The maiden kneeled to thank Bohemond for his timely succour, but he paused not to hear her, and, urging on his followers, slackened not his rein, until the assassins of the defenceless were slain or dispersed.

CHAPTER II.

THE CONTEST—THE MAIDEN.

THE time thus consumed by Bohemond was of infinite importance to the event of the battle which ensued. The Moslem, perceiving that their return was cut off from the city, after making several ineffectual efforts by extending their line to turn the flank of the Christians, at length found it necessary to come to a general engagement. They were more numerous, but not perhaps so well disciplined and appointed as the Crusaders: in other respects the two armaments were nearly equal. Closing their vizors and couching their lances, the Christian knights rushed upon their foe with their invariable battle-cry, "God wills it! God wills it!" The infidels received the charge unbroken, and foot to foot, and hand to hand, that doubtful battle raged—famine, no less than glory, urging on the opposing bands, who deemed the quick death of combat light in comparison with the tortures of slow-wasting hunger. It was at this critical juncture that the forces of Bohemond were seen pouring down from a neighbouring eminence, and charging the infidels in flank. Being detained by the necessity of conducting the fugitives to the camp, he had arrived at the scene of action just when the conflict was so situated, that a slight additional force on either side was sufficient to insure the victory. The Saracens, pressed hard by augmented numbers, gave ground slowly at first, but soon accelerating their speed, they fled tumultuously to the bridge. There crowding foot and horse upon that narrow way, thousands were thrust over into the deep Orontes; and those who reached the shore found a speedy death from the infuriated mob, whom but a brief space before

they had been so mercilessly pursuing. Night alone put a stop to the carnage.

Joy was once more diffused through the camp of the Crusaders. A short-lived plenty again smiled upon the wasted thousands, and nothing was heard but song, and dance, and revelry.

Bohemond, wearied by the exertions of the day, was reposing upon a rich carpet within his tent, and his attendants were removing the remains of the first plenteous banquet which for weeks had graced his board, when a soft voice was heard at the outer entrance, requesting admission. A maiden of stately form and exceeding beauty approached; and as she stood a moment before the chief, her bosom heaving, and her eye and cheek glowing with emotion, she seemed like the angel of victory appearing to welcome the warrior from the well-fought field. Throwing herself on her knees before Bohemond, who had risen at her approach, she seized his hand and kissed it, and in a voice rendered almost inarticulate by deep feeling, she said,

"I have dared, prince of Tarentum, to seek thy tent, that I might thank thee for the life thou hast this day saved. May God reward thee! Agatha has little beside her prayers to return for the gift thou hast conferred."

"Rise, fair one," replied Bohemond, "thou owest me no thanks, for in sooth yon cowardly infidel would have met the same fate, whoever had been beneath his lance. Thee I never saw before I was so fortunate as to rescue thee, and truly our meeting then was somewhat of the briefest."

"It is not strange," replied the maiden, "that thou, Lord of Tarentum, shouldst forget the humble Agatha; howbeit when I saw thee this morning like a thunderbolt crush my pursuer, I dared to think that thou didst recognise me, or at least that thou didst behold in my poor features those of thy native Apulia, and methought the memory of our lovely Italy nerved thine hand with unwonted strength."

"Art thou then of Apulia?" asked Bohemond, with some curiosity.

"I am," replied the maiden; "Giuseppe, my father, was a follower of thine, and fell fighting at thy side before the walls of Amalfi."

"For his sake, maiden," replied the chief, moved by the intelligence he had just heard, "I doubly rejoice at thy rescue; and trust me, thou shalt find a friend in Bohemond, whenever thou shalt stand in need of his succour. But methinks Giuseppe had a son, worthy of so brave a father. What has become of thy brother Bartoldo?"

"He fell, as I heard, at Dorylæum," she answered mourn-

fully, "in a fruitless effort to save thy cousin William from the spear of the Saracen. And now Agatha is left without a single relative among this mighty host. On the death of our father, Bartoldo was seized with an unconquerable desire to join the army of the Crusaders; our mother had been long dead, and I resolved to follow my brother, in the hope that I might be enabled to minister to his comforts in the perils and privations which I knew he would be called on to endure."

"Alas! poor maiden," replied the chief, "and how hast thou been preserved, with no friend to watch over thee, amid the horrors of this dreadful siege?"

"The saints have protected me," she said, with much solemnity, "and have raised me up a friend in the lady Isabella, wife of the Count of Blois."

"Stephen of Blois, fair one, is wearied of the discomforts of this protracted siege," rejoined the chief, "and under the plea of ill health, will shortly desert our camp. Hast thou no other protector to defend thee when he has departed?"

"Cause thy attendants to retire," she replied, after a brief pause, "and I will answer thee."

Bohemond waved his hand, and his followers left the tent. The maiden resumed.

"Pledge me thy faith, Prince of Tarentum, that my secret shall be safe in thy keeping."

"I promise," said the chief, "upon the faith and honour of a knight, that thy secret shall be betrayed to none."

"It is enough," said Agatha; "know then that I am betrothed to Phirouz, the Armenian."

"How can I credit thee, maiden? Phirouz is a Mahomedan, and has for some time been entrusted by Baghasian, Prince of Antioch, with the defence of one of the towers which guards the northern wall."

"My words are nevertheless true," replied the maiden, "and Phirouz is no Mahomedan; I have been the poor instrument, in the hands of Heaven, of bringing him over to our holy religion."

"But by what means hast thou been enabled to hold converse with him?"

"For some weeks," she replied, "Phirouz was daily in our camp as a spy—"

"Well for him he crossed not my path," interrupted Bohemond; "trust me, his visits would effectually have been arrested."

"I knew him not as a spy," continued Agatha; "he won my affections ere I knew his office; and when I did know it, I forbade him, for a time, my presence. Meanwhile he had been rewarded for his intelligence by the situation he now holds."

When we again met, he sought the interview to learn from me new arguments for the truth of Christianity; for my former words had sunk deep into his heart, and he felt that his own creed was false, but he knew not then that ours was true. And now," continued the maiden, "Prince of Tarentum, thou hast given me life; it is my duty to recompense thee as I best may. Would yonder proud city be a worthy prize to thine ambition? Perchance the poor Agatha can give even that into thine hands."

Bohemond gazed upon her for a moment, like one entranced. Then striding once or twice rapidly across the tent, he paused abruptly before the maiden, and exclaimed:

"Show me but the way, fair herald of glad tidings, and I swear to thee by the holy sepulchre, that thou and thy lover shall be richly rewarded."

"Admit me to thy tent to-morrow evening," said the maiden with some hesitation, "and perchance thou mayest hear further intelligence." So saying she withdrew, and Bohemond retired to his couch, but not to sleep: ambition was too busy at his heart to allow slumber to visit him, weary though he was with the hard strife of the day.

CHAPTER III.

THE ARMENIAN.

THE moon was sleeping in solemn beauty upon city and camp. No sound was to be heard, save the tread of sentries—the deep murmuring of the Orontes—the occasional baying of a hound, or neigh of a war-horse—and the clatter of the armourer's hammer, repairing the mail battered in the morning's contest; the lateness of the hour at which he plied his task proving how great a demand for his services the battle had caused. It was near midnight, and amidst the stillness of the hour, a figure closely muffled in an ample cloak was ascending, with an elastic step, the abrupt path of the mountain toward the northern extremity of the city. At length, pausing at some distance from the walls, it thrice sounded a peculiar note with a small whistle, listening with some anxiety between each blast. The echo of the last had scarcely died away, ere from a broad loop-hole of one of the towers, a ladder of ropes was let down, and a form was seen rapidly descending. It was that of a man under the middle age, slight but of perfect symmetry, and rather above than below the common standard of height. Instead of the turban which was commonly worn, his head was covered with a high crimson cap, beneath which might be seen a finely moulded brow and face, terminating at the chin in a perfect oval; its deep olive complexion agreeing well with the

jet black hair which fell gracefully from beneath the cap, and the long slender moustache, which curved like a battle-bow above his small well formed mouth. The straight Grecian nose showed him not to be of Turkish descent, though the piercing black eye, and indeed the general contour of the features, proclaimed an eastern origin.

"Dearest Agatha," he exclaimed, as he approached the closely muffled form, "how many weary days have passed since the sound of thy welcome whistle has greeted mine ear!"

"Nay, dear Phirouz," rejoined Agatha, "ever since the night when thou wert so nearly discovered by that midnight prowler, the Count of Melun, I have scarcely dared to leave the camp, lest our interviews should be for ever prevented; henceforth I fear me they must be few, unless this unhappy siege should soon terminate. But," she added, "is it certain that even then we could hope to meet without concealment? Would to God that thou, dear Phirouz, wert one of our warriors, and not the warden of yon hostile tower! And now that thou hast embraced the same faith, is it well for thee to war against the soldiers of the Cross?"

"Would that it were otherwise!" he answered, musingly; "but, dearest, there are difficulties in the way. I am known in the Christian camp only as a spy. Were I to desert my charge here, and join the ranks of the Crusaders, I should be still looked upon with suspicion; they may even refuse to receive me as a companion in arms. Even were my services accepted, my single arm could avail but little toward the accomplishment of their undertaking."

"Phirouz," said the maiden, with great earnestness, placing as she spoke her hand upon her lover's arm, "thou hast often bidden me demand from thee some proof of thy affection. I doubt it not—I have never doubted it—but the injunction proves that thou art willing to make some sacrifice for thine Agatha. Our warriors are fighting in a holy cause. They have come hither from distant lands to recover the sepulchre where our Lord was buried, and to insure safe passage to and from that sacred spot, for the bands of pious pilgrims who resort thither; and who, thou well knowest, have been miserably oppressed, ill-treated, buried in loathsome dungeons, tortured and slain, by those for whom thou art perilling thy life. Is it not thine, dear Phirouz, a believer now in the same creed, to aid their pious design, rather than to give thy assistance to impede it? The command of the tower which now frowns above us, is thine: thine Agatha asks thee to forward the undertaking of thy fellow-Christians—Bohemond of Tarentum will reward thee richly, if thou wilt."

"It shall be done," replied the youth, after a pause—"long

have I felt that my situation was an unpleasant one; but this morning," he continued, and his eye kindled and his lip quivered as he spoke, "Baghasian, in making the circuit of the walls, upbraided me with my apostacy from Islamism, and then, in the presence of a large body of my fellow-captains, turned away from me with the insulting speech, 'There is but one step between the apostate and the traitor—beware! thou art suspected!' Maiden, his prediction shall be verified. Let Bohemond keep his gold; neither for that nor even for thy love—highly as I value it—would I betray the trust that is reposed in me, were I not convinced that a purer motive requires me to do so. Even that motive I might have repressed, but for the insult of Baghasian. Tell Bohemond to have all things prepared for an assault, and when he sees a light in the highest loop-hole of this tower, bid him lead his bravest lances to its foot—they shall be admitted. And now, dearest, farewell! I see the torch of the officer of the guard approaching along the walls; I must be on my post. When next we meet, it shall be no longer in the stolen interviews between those of hostile camps."

He kissed her fair brow, and departed, and was soon in his tower, awaiting his superior's approach.

CHAPTER IV.

THE COUNCIL—THE ASSAULT.

SLOWLY to Bohemond passed that night and the succeeding day: as evening approached, every step, every voice he heard, drew his eyes to the tent door.

He had that day called a meeting of his brother chiefs, and demanded of them, in full council, if, in the event the city should be taken by his means, they would consent to give up to him the sole possession of the prize. At first they had refused. Each chief asserted his right to an equal division of the spoil, whoever should lead the way to its acquisition. Bohemond, somewhat disappointed at the reception which his proposal met with, rose abruptly from his seat, saying:—

"As ye will—as ye will, my lords. The distresses of the siege press not more heavily on me than they do upon you. We will again quietly sit down and look at the walls of Antioch. As ye refuse me the possession of the city, ye cannot complain if I refuse to divulge the means by which I had hoped to take it; nevertheless, ye will, perhaps, wish that ye had made a less hasty decision, when ye hear the intelligence I have to communicate." Clapping his hands, a messenger appeared. "Tell these noble leaders," continued Bohemond, addressing him,

"that which thou didst tell to me as I met thee on my way to the council."

"Be it known to you, noble Godfrey," said the messenger, "and ye other leaders of this Christian army, that the Sultaun of Persia is now on his march hither to raise the siege of Antioch, and unless the city be soon in your power——"

The messenger was here interrupted by Raimond, Count of Toulouse, between whom and Bohemond a coolness, almost amounting to a decided quarrel, had for some time existed.

"The Prince of Tarentum, my lords, hath been happy in discovering a messenger so opportunely to back his arguments. Trust me, I could procure twenty at an hour's notice, who would declare to you that the Sultaun of Persia was marching in an opposite direction."

"Nay," replied Godfrey, "the information is correct. I have this morning received the same intelligence from another source, and it was my intention to have laid the subject before you forthwith. Kerboga leads an immense and well-appointed host. What say you then, my lords, shall we accept the noble Bohemond's proposal?"

After some discussion, the chiefs, perceiving that the emergency was pressing, consented to agree to the proposition of Bohemond. The following morning was appointed for the council again to meet, to receive from that chief whatever disclosures he might have to make with respect to the capture of the city; and on returning to his tent, it was not without deep anxiety that Bohemond awaited the promised visit of Agatha.

The maiden at length appeared, and the chief read success in her countenance. She revealed to him the conversation which had passed between her and her lover, and the signal which was to warn the Crusaders of the hour of attack. As she turned to depart, the delighted prince threw over her shoulders a massive gold chain of great value, "not as a reward," he said, as she attempted to return it, "but as a mark of admiration for the virtue which thou hast exhibited in the midst of vice and licentiousness. Continue thus to act, fair maiden, and the saints doubtless will protect thee; and thy lover—if he be indeed the noble youth thou describest him—will prove himself a husband worthy of thee. May the God of battles bless our arms, and afford ye a peaceful and happy union!"

At the council, on the following morning, Bohemond related to Godfrey and a few of the principal leaders, under the strictest obligations of secrecy, in consequence of the numerous spies who infested the camp, his intercourse with Phirouz, and his plan of attack. It was then determined to place under Bohemond's orders seven hundred chosen knights, to be ready at a moment's warning, the ostensible object of whose preparation was to lay

an ambush for the Persian army, which was known to be approaching. All the necessary arrangements were soon made; and the moment twilight fell, Bohemond's eye was turned anxiously toward the tower of Phirouz.

The night fell dark, cloudy, and tempestuous. It was uncertain when the signal would be made; but the time was so favorable for the enterprise, that the warriors were ordered to hold themselves in readiness, and Godfrey, Bohemond, and Robert of Flanders, the three leaders of the expedition, assembled in complete armour in the tent of the latter, which, from its situation in the camp, commanded a full view of the tower which Phirouz held. Hour after hour passed, and still no signal appeared; and after a short deliberation, it was resolved to set out in the direction of the tower, so as to lose no time in entering, after Phirouz should signify his readiness to receive them. Slowly and stealthily they left the camp—all but the leaders ignorant of the real object of the march. Making a circuit of some distance among the mountains, they reached at length a deep valley, not far from the walls, where they halted. The tower was in sight, but dark and still, as if untenanted by living being. The leaders, fearful that Phirouz had deceived them, again went apart to consult, and Bohemond had just volunteered to go up to the walls alone, and try to procure some intelligence, when suddenly from the highest loop-hole of the tower flashed forth a brilliant and steady light! Bohemond flew back to the band, and, pointing to the light, said:—

“My friends and fellow soldiers!—that beacon fire lights you to victory. Not for ambush have we left the camp; a nobler quarry demands your courage. It was necessary to conceal the object of our expedition, lest spies should have learned the truth, and defeated our plans. Know then that yonder light, gleaming from the tower of Phirouz, shews that he is ready to admit us within the walls. Be brave, fellow-soldiers, and your toils will be ended. This night Antioch shall be ours. Now forward to victory and spoil!”

The whole band advanced rapidly, but without noise, save what arose from the heavy tread and clanking armour of so many knights—but even that was unheard, amid the howling of the storm through the steep mountain passes round them. They reached the walls. From the loop-hole through which the lover had descended, two nights before, to meet Agatha, hung a single rope, to which a ladder of hides, which the invaders had brought from the camp, was attached, and drawn up by an invisible hand within. Then it was that the full peril of the enterprise struck the minds of the Crusaders. “Who shall ascend first?” was the question which each asked, but no one answered.

“Who is this Phirouz?” exclaimed Walter de Bras, a rough

but bold knight of France : "we can enter but one at a time, and a single hand above may silently cut off the bravest lancers of the Crusade."

"Phirouz is a true friend," whispered a voice above ; "trust to him, and fear nothing. On your speed depends your safety. A patrol with a torch comes forth every hour upon the walls. Ascend, ere you be discovered, or I suspected."

"Follow me then !" cried Bohemond, springing forward to the ladder which he held with one hand ; and crossing himself with the other, added, "Holy mother defend me ! If I die, it will be in a good cause, and ye, my friends, will not allow me to die unavenged. Let those who have no woman's hearts beneath their bucklers, follow me."

So saying, he commenced the ascent. Walter de Bras followed, muttering between his teeth :

"Plague on your night attacks !—they are an innovation in the art of war. 'Woman's hearts,' did he say ? The corslet of Walter covers none, but i' faith this dangling between heaven and earth likes me not ; it is an unlucky omen."

Ere this soliloquy was completed, Bohemond had gained the tower, and from the loop-hole above encouraged his companions to follow. Godfrey and Robert, succeeded by several others, then mounted. Emboldened by example, the knights soon began to crowd upon the frail support, and scarcely more than twenty had entered the tower, ere the ladder was found to be giving way beneath the numbers who had gathered upon it. One side had already parted ; and shortly afterward the other, straining and rending beneath the increased weight thus thrown upon it, snapped, precipitating several warriors upon the iron spikes which armed the edge of the fosse.

The clang of their armour as they fell, and the groans of those who were wounded in their rapid descent, struck terror into every heart, lest the noise should betray them, and defeat the whole enterprise. But the besieged heard it not. The roaring of the storm, and the rushing of the vexed river beneath, swallowed up every other sound, to all but those who were the immediate actors in the perilous adventure. The ladder was soon repaired, and, after another pause of doubt and hesitation, was again strained by the weight of the ascending warriors. Then came a new cause of alarm. Ere more than fifty or sixty knights had made good their footing in the tower, a torch threw its red and flickering glare along the walls. The delay caused by the breaking of the ladder had rendered it impossible to admit all, ere the patrol made his rounds. Those who were still at the foot of the walls crowded closely under the shade of the battlements, but all in vain—they were discovered ! The officer bent with his blazing light over the parapet, and turned to give the alarm, but ere a word could pass his lips, the dagger of

Bohemond was deep in his heart. And now the knights who had gained the walls, forming themselves into a close band, passed down the narrow stair-case to the guard-room, and the soldiers who slumbered there awoke no more. Then descending to the nearest gate of the city, they threw it open to their fellow-soldiers who had not yet mounted to the walls, and the whole band uniting there, rushed into the city, following up their first glad shout with a long, loud, thrilling blast of trumpets; intended at the same time to strike terror into the hearts of the besieged, and to give warning of their success to their fellow-warriors in the camp, who, arming instantly, rushed to their support. Ere morning dawned, Antioch was in possession of the Crusaders, with the exception of the citadel, whither, on the first alarm, Baghasian and the flower of his army had betaken themselves.

Literature.

CONFESSIONS OF A PRETTY WOMAN.*

IN the multitude of female writers who contribute so liberally to our light literature, Miss Pardoe has for some time held a highly respectable position. On the publication of her "City of the Sultan," she at once acquired a great reputation. Her animated narrative, her lively and dashing style, and her strong feeling for the picturesque, rapidly won for her a very considerable share of the public favour. Miss Pardoe, however, is not satisfied with the fame she has obtained as a describer, she is ambitious of being pronounced as clever a novelist; the success she has achieved as a narrator of her impressions of external objects, has induced her to draw upon the resources of her imagination for the materials of her narrative. When we first saw the announcement of her proposed undertaking, we anticipated something peculiarly *piquant*. The revelations promised in the title could not fail of exciting curiosity; the only misgiving we had, was as to the extent of these confessions: for when any of the sex determine on making "a clean breast," we may anticipate a pretty long story. It requires no slight exertion, we should imagine, in their case, "to cleanse the bosom of its perilous stuff." What worlds of mischief, what mountains of wrong—what incalculable offences, what innumerable peccadilloes, must not the Pretty Woman have committed! She is from her youth upward a chartered privateer; armed with a pair of bright eyes and an alluring smile, she is launched into society with letters of marque against all and sundry of the other sex who

* "Confessions of a Pretty Woman." By Miss Pardoe, author of "The City of the Sultan." 3 vols. Colburn.

venture within reach of her destructive artillery. Or with a full cargo of vanity and coquetry, she proceeds on her voyage, bartering for man's sterling affection, till the hollowness and worthlessness of her wares become sufficiently notorious to render the trade no longer practicable—notwithstanding every possible artifice is employed to carry it on. But it is evident that Miss Pardoe possesses that better part of valour, which some heroes even do not disdain to employ. She is discreet in her revelations. She will not “confess and be hanged.” She will only tell as much of the secrets of her sex as may be compressed into three volumes post octavo, and may serve in the most effective and agreeable manner to “point a moral and adorn a tale.” The result is a striking and highly interesting novel, which we cannot entertain a doubt will be a great favourite at the circulating libraries. It is the story of an aristocratic beauty, the daughter of a very lovely woman, whose reputation began to diminish as her child's attractions became evident. Vanity in the daughter, and jealousy in the mother, and a vast amount of pride and folly in both, bring about a series of events singularly illustrative of that vicious state of society which renders the education of the daughters of our nobles a curious parallel with that which furnishes the supply of Circassian slave girls for the Eastern market. There are many forcible passages in these volumes—the characters are cleverly individualized, and the story is extremely interesting. There cannot, therefore, be a question that “*The Confessions of a Pretty Woman*” will greatly increase the reputation its popular author has already acquired.

ALGERIA AND TUNIS IN 1845.*

WE have here two most interesting and entertaining volumes upon the aspect of Northern Africa, under the rule—or misrule—of the “Christian Dogs” and “Infidel Invaders,” whom the renowned and patriotic chief, the real hero of a thousand and one Franco-Algerian despatches, the oft-gazetted but apparently ubiquitous and never-to-be-taken **ABD-EL-KADER**, has, for so long a time, been battling with and striving to repel, in vain.

The gallant author of the work before us, who, in company with Lord Feilding, has recently travelled through the province of Algeria and great part of the Regency of Tunis, gives a graphic and picturesque account of his adventures, including those among the wild and daring Arabs of the desert, and

* *Algeria and Tunis in 1845.* By Captain J. Clark Kennedy. 2 vols. Colburn.

furnishes many curious particulars respecting them. He encountered many of the vicissitudes of Bedouen life, and met with unusual facilities for observation; and whether called upon to exercise his modicum of skill as a physician—a character in which the Arabs appear to have been willing to admit him, in virtue of certain seidlitz powders and other equally potent preparations which he carried with him—to partake of *potage*, by no means *à-la-mode*, or to assist in dispatching a *fricandeau de Lion*! he seems to have acquitted himself with perfect goodwill, and to have afforded unmitigated satisfaction to his desert friends.

Captain Kennedy and Lord Feilding appear to have visited every place of note in Northern Africa—Tunis, Sfax “the rose-garden of the Desert,” Kairouan, one of the most sacred cities of the Mahometans, where the fanatic inhabitants, if not restrained, would have torn the travellers in pieces, and to which scarcely any Europeans had previously been allowed to penetrate; the site of ancient Carthage, the magnificent Amphitheatre of El Jem, all appear to have been explored, as well as many other localities of almost equal interest.

From among the many remarkable passages in this work, we extract the following, giving an account of a great festival held by a most extraordinary and fanatical sect, with some of whose members our travellers came in contact.

“The prescribed ablutions having been performed, the Aïssaoua, standing in meditative postures, recited eight times the Mussulman profession of faith—‘I bear witness that there is none other god than God, and that Mohammed is his Prophet.’ In their voices there was something grave and solemn, which was most impressive. The Mokaddam, or chief of the sect, then chanted a prayer for all Mussulmen, and called down upon them the benedictions of the Prophet. At the end of each prayer the Mokaddam stopped, and the Aïssaoua, lifting up their voices in turn, asked health for one, or the blessing of maternity for another, and the chorus then taking it up, addressed a prayer to God, in accordance with the favour demanded. Incense was every now and then thrown on a brazier of live coals, and the chorus repeated in a loud voice, ‘*Es-salah! Es-salah!*’ They then all seated themselves in a circle, leaving a vacant space in the centre of the court. The Mokaddam and his chief assistants took their places opposite to me, and at their side a dozen Aïssaoua arranged themselves, each armed with an enormous tambourine, which they beat in cadence, while the chorus vociferated a song in honour of Ben-Aïssa. There was in these songs an undefinable spirit of frantic rage, which produced in me a certain impression of terror. I saw some of these fanatics roll enormous serpents in the hollow of their tambourines, while livid adders reared their hideous heads from the hoods of their bernous, and, dropping to the floor, glided over the marble as cold as themselves. In spite of the horror which I felt at this sight, curiosity got the better of my disgust, and I remained.

" I must confess, however, that my heart beat violently; the dim obscurity, the infernal music, the women, shrouded in their white veils, appearing like phantoms risen from the grave, all prepared my imagination for the horrid spectacle of a festival of the Aïsaoua.

" At the sound of this barbarous music, one of the party rushed into the circle with a frightful cry and extended arms, as if possessed by the evil one. He made the round several times, roaring hoarsely and savagely, then, as if compelled by a supernatural power, he began to dance to the sound of tambourines and drums. He was then clothed in a white bernous, and his 'shasheah' (red woollen cap) being taken off, the long hair left on the top of an Arab's head fell over his shoulders. He then commenced his 'zeekr.' The zeekr is a species of religious dance, which consists in jerking the head from right to left, so that it touches the shoulders alternately. The whole body of the Aïsaoua was in motion, his eyes soon became red and bloodshot, and the veins of his neck blue and distended; nevertheless he continued his terrific dance.

" On a sudden two others rose up, and, with savage yells, joined the first. The three, excited by each other, redoubled their stampings and the motion of their heads, working themselves up into a state of frenzy impossible to describe. Now calling for red hot iron, small shovels, the broad part the size of the hand, with long iron handles, were given to them. Seizing each one, these enthusiasts, placing one knee on the ground, applied their hands, and even tongues, to the red hot metal. One of them more madly excited than his companions, placed the brightest portion of the instrument between his teeth, and held it in that position for upwards of thirty seconds.

" Let not the reader think that I exaggerate; I witnessed all that I relate; and in order to impress the scene stronger on my memory, the performer of this last act placed himself directly opposite to me with a lighted taper in his hand. It is impossible for me to give a reason for what I saw, but I cannot disbelieve it; I smelt the stench of the burnt flesh, and when I afterwards touched their hands and feet, I found only a fresh and uninjured skin. The sight of one old man nearly sixty-five years of age, gave me great pain; he grasped the red hot iron, and placing it on his leg, allowed it to remain there until a whitish smoke arose, which filled the whole house with its poisonous odour.

" These dances lasted, in this manner, for the space of an hour. Notwithstanding the noise produced by the songs and the tambourines, the painful rattle in the throats of these mad fanatics could be distinguished amidst the din; at last, exhausted by fatigue, they fell backwards, one after the other, and lay senseless and motionless on the ground; the songs ceased, and nothing broke the solemn silence but the sound of their heavy breathings. A man, whose task it was to attend the half-dead wretches, now advanced, and placing his foot successively on the pit of their stomachs, pressed their sides strongly, kneaded their limbs, and caused them to revive.

" The dance recommenced: four fresh Aïsaoua rushed into the circle, and were soon in the same state of frenzy as their predecessors, striking their heads with the red hot shovels and stamping upon them with their naked feet. Then, in their delirium, imagining that they were trans-

formed into camels and lions, they uttered the cries of the animals they represented, and feigned a combat between them; their mouths foamed and their eyes sparkled with rage. The Mokaddam now presented to them a leaf of cactus, of which the thorns, an inch in length and sharp as a needle, made me tremble. At this sight the combat ceased, the Aïsaoua threw themselves upon the cactus, they tore and ground it between their teeth, making the air resound with a hoarse noise resembling the horrid cries of an enraged camel. At this moment the women, placed in the upper gallery, raised their dismal cry of *lu-lu, lu-lu, lu-lu*.

"This frightful scene was only the prelude to all the horrors I was about to witness. Towards eleven o'clock the songs ceased, and coffee and couscous were brought in, of which I found it impossible to partake. The repast over, they recited a prayer before recommencing their dance; and, on the musicians beginning to strike their enormous tambourines, seven or eight of the disciples rose, howling dreadfully, and dressed in white like their predecessors, began to perform the *zeekr*.

"My acquaintance, Bou-Chama, was of this party, and, taking a bundle of small wax tapers, he placed first his hand, and then his arm, face and neck, in the flames. His features, when thus lit up, as they appeared from one moment to another through the varying flames, had quite a demoniacal appearance.

"In the meantime, a Negro had amused himself by placing live coals in his mouth, which as he breathed, burnt brightly, and sent forth a thousand sparks. Without having been there, it is impossible to realize the terrific sight I had before my eyes. Opposite me, within two paces, was the Negro, whose glowing mouth displayed itself in a black and hideous face—his head, with its single lock of crisp woolly hair, vibrating rapidly from side to side—and around me the hellish music, the convulsive stampings, and the frightful cries of the dancers.

"The Negro was now in a state of the most furious excitement. Swallowing the still burning contents of his mouth, he seized a large scorpion, full of life and venom; placing it on his arm, he irritated the reptile in every possible manner, pinching it, putting it near the taper, and burning one of its claws. The enraged animal darted his sting into the offered hand; the Negro smiled, and raising the scorpion to his mouth, I heard it crack between his teeth, and, as he swallowed it, I turned my head aside in horror. The reader, perhaps, supposes that the scorpion was deprived of its sting, but I had ocular demonstration to the contrary; nay, more, I might have brought one from the Boudjareeah myself and given it with my own hand, as many have done who have been admitted to these 'Hadrâh.'

"A yatagan was now brought, the point wrapped in a handkerchief, and two men held it horizontally about three feet from the ground. On seeing this, a man rose from his seat and commenced his *zeekr*, then uncovering his breast he sprang with all his weight on the naked blade; it seemed as if his body would have been cut in two by such a blow. He remained, however, with his bare breast on the sharp edge of the sabre, balancing himself with his feet, in a horizontal position, and tranquilly continuing his *zeekr*.

"Meanwhile the four other Aïsaoua continued their furious dance, beating their heads with the iron shovels brought to a red heat. To these

three others soon joined themselves, grasping in each hand a living adder, with which they struck their bodies. As they danced, the serpents wound themselves about their limbs, hissing horribly. Then seizing them, some placed them in their mouths, so as only to permit the head of the reptile to escape; one even forced the adder to bite his tongue, and leaving it thus suspended, continued his dance. Others squeezed them between their teeth to increase their rage; and the irritated reptiles, in their desperate struggles to escape, twined around their necks, and hissing reared themselves above the heads of their tormentors.

"Excited by the spectacle before their eyes, and by the increasing noise of the music, the Aisaoua rose in a body and rushed to take a part in the dance.

"Then commenced a scene which words cannot describe. Twenty Aisaoua, clothed in white bernous, with dishevelled hair and haggard eyes, mad with excitement and fanaticism, bathed in sweat, and grasping serpents in their hands, stamping, dancing, and convulsively shaking their heads, each starting vein swollen and distended with blood. The women, like phantoms, assisting in this scene, lit only by a pale and solitary taper, uttered in a piercing tone their shrill cries of *lu-lu, lu-lu, lu-lu*; this, mixed with strange songs, hoarse sounds, and the hollow rattle in the throat of each Aisaoua, as he fell exhausted and senseless, formed altogether a scene so totally repulsive to human nature, that it seemed in truth a feast of hell.

"Such dreadful exertions could not, however, last long; by degrees the number of dancers diminished, as one after another they sank under the fatigue, and their panting bodies strewed the marble pavement of the court.

"The feast of the Aisaoua was over."

At the present time, when the recent unhappy events in Northern Africa have attracted so much attention, and aroused in every breast so great sympathy for its brave defenders and their daring chief, we feel an especial pleasure in recommending this entertaining and agreeably-written work, as one which throws much light on the customs and condition of a brave but unfortunate people, and affords much valuable information as to all that is remarkable in and around the country they inhabit.

LECTURES ON TEXAS.

WE perceive that Mr. Percy B. St. John, the author of the "Trapper's Bride," has been induced by the committee of the Marylebone Literary Institution to lecture on Texas, with recollections of personal adventure. As Mr. St. John lectures from personal experience, the course will be of great interest. The dates fixed are Monday, April 27th, and May 11th, and we believe any respectable person may obtain a ticket for one shilling, on personal application to the Secretary, 17, Edward Street, Portman Square.

HOOD'S MAGAZINE.

THE INHERITANCE; OR, THE LOST MINIATURE.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

“*Homo homini lupus.*”—HOBBS.

CHAPTER I.

THE PRIESTLY GUARDIAN.

• • • The funeral was over.

In a dark room, where, for some hours before, the body of him who had once owned the house, and its surrounding lands, had lain, were now congregated the whole of the relatives of the deceased, who had attended the funeral; and who had, in consequence of a summons issued by the dying man, come to assist at his obsequies—many from a great distance. There were old men and young men, old women and young women; some that were ugly, some that were otherwise; but all united in paying but very little reverence to the memory of the departed. Indeed, Michel Malines, whose translation from this to, we hope, a better world, had drawn so many people from so many places, had, during life, paid so little attention to those united to him by ties of blood, that it was little wonder if, when he was dead, his name should be bandied about with but little ceremony. Those who, when alive, have neither served nor benefited mankind, can scarcely, when dead, expect their consideration.

“*Mort de ma vie!*” exclaimed a choleric old man, with a *soupçon* of gout about his thick feet, “the notary keeps us long waiting. I hope the legacies we shall have may repay all the trouble we have gone to. *Dieu de Dieu!*”

“Legacies,” said a peevish old woman, by his side, “legacies, indeed! you are a fool.”

“Thank you, Madame Barbejoie,” replied the old grumbler, “I take your sentence as complimentary.”

"What a beautiful room for a dance," whispered a pretty little coquettish brunette, to a tall, sheepish-looking young man, near her.

"Yes," said the young man, more than half inclined to be horrified at such *légèreté*.

"The dance of death, I suppose," said Madame Barbejoie, sternly.

"Recollect," put in a quiet little man, who had hitherto sat in a corner, saying nothing, "we are at a funeral."

"Monsieur Barbejoie," said the peevish woman, snappishly, "we thank you for the information."

"But the notary," ventured one, anxious to prevent anything like a scene.

"Aye, the notary; I wonder what he is at," exclaimed another; "I confess I am curious to know."

"Making the will; I hope not his own," said the first speaker, in a manner that left the impression, he had said a good thing; at least in his own estimation.

"Drinking *eau sucrée*, to soften his voice," quoth another. "I fancy he'll want it."

"Confessing his sins, rather," exclaimed Madame Barbejoie, testily.

"Notaries never confess, except on the rack," again observed M. Laurent, the gouty man.

"Silence in the pit!" said some unknown voice, "here is the notary. Chut! chut!"

In truth, the man of law entered the funeral apartment at this particular moment. He was a young, and even handsome, man, with a mild, gentle, benignant cast of countenance, which rather took the company assembled, especially the ladies, by surprise. But he was not alone. After him came a calm, sedate, quiet-looking priest, leading by the hand a little boy. Never was a greater contrast presented to the eye than by these two.

This priest was a Jesuit, though not openly attached to the order, and had been the deceased's most intimate friend, adviser, and director. In early youth, Michel Malines was reputed a great sinner; the greater reason that in his old age he should be a great saint. Extremes meet; and a once very wicked often becomes, to the world, a very worthy individual. For ourselves, we prefer a little more consistency, and think better of a man who has uniformly been tolerable, than of those who turn out vastly excellent when death stares them in the face. But the Jesuit was merciful. He confessed Michel of his errors, gave him absolution, and, as the old man grew gradually weaker and weaker, gained so powerful an influence over his mind, that M. Malines could not at length even think, without the worthy priest approved of his cogitations.

The boy, a fine open faced, handsome lad, of about ten years, was the deceased's only child. He alone, of all those present, wept; for he had lost a father. He was an orphan; and, young as he was, felt all the bitter desolation of his position. Paul had loved the only parent that Heaven had spared him; he had loved him with that sweet, innocent, dependent love, that wins upon the heart, and is one of the brightest joys of paternity. We are unjust to the love of little children. It is a mine of purest happiness. From the hour when an infant first knows, and smiles at, the voice of its parent—when, in cherub dependence, it clings to him to whom it owes its being—to whom its affection becomes equally an effect of reason as of instinct—it is a mighty thing; and which he, who enjoys it, should look upon as more precious than any other, for it is a love such as angels feel. Paul had worshipped the departed. The stern, peevish, restless old man, to him was everything great and good, for he was his father; and, when he lost him, his grief was poignant and sincere. It was the anguish of a soul whose only link of life was rent asunder.

The company simultaneously rose as Monsieur Durant entered, thus accompanied.

"Many excuses for having kept you waiting, ladies and gentlemen," said the lawyer, mildly, "but this dear child, whose presence is necessary to the reading of the will, is so devoured with grief, I had the greatest difficulty in bringing him hither at all."

"The dear child, indeed!" said Madame Barbejoie. "Little wretch of a boy!" she whispered.

"No excuse, pray," exclaimed M. Laurent, with extreme suavity of tone.

"Your presence now is ample compensation for even a longer absence," said the coquette, mincingly.

M. Durant, without noticing these remarks, seated himself, in which the whole company imitated him. For once they were unanimous.

"Come near me, Paul," said the Jesuit, meekly, "and listen to what thy father decides concerning thee."

Paul replied only by sobs.

The notary broke the seal of the packet, which he now exhibited.

"It is very warm," observed Laurent, in an under tone, amid an universal and audible sigh. The fact was, he was perspiring with anxiety as to how much he should get for his trouble in coming.

The notary slowly unfolded the parchment; this act being also accompanied by a general movement of attention.

"I wonder what he has left me," said Madame Barbejoie, "some ridiculous trifle, I dare say."

The notary laid the will smooth with the flat of his hand.

"Hem! hem!"

After the usual preliminaries, the testament of the deceased was as follows:—

"To Monsieur Laurent, a gouty, disagreeable old bachelor, who, when I was a young man, refused to lend me a five-franc piece, I leave—nothing."

Up rose the testy and furious invalid, and, without a word, left the room. As soon as the quiet of the party was restored, the man of parchment continued.

"To Madame Barbejoie, as selfish and ugly an old woman as ever lived, I bequeathe—my blessing."

"Pierre! Pierre!" exclaimed the elderly female thus irreverently addressed, rising and exhibiting very strong symptoms of fainting, "give me your arm, and let us leave this den of insolence and falsehood."

"Stay," said the actuary, who, despite his right feeling, could scarcely refrain from smiling, "stay, Monsieur Barbejoie, your name occurs also."

"Some fresh impertinence, I dare say," continued the wife, furiously. "I insist on your coming away, Pierre."

Still, as the dame moved not, the easy and obedient husband did not attempt to stir.

"To Monsieur Barbejoie, a quiet, good natured man, whose only fault is being tied always to his wife's apron strings—"

"Oh, Peter, why don't you knock him down!"

"And not daring to say a word for himself, in consideration of the happy days we spent together in times gone by—I leave four thousand francs."

Little Pierre opened his eyes with astonishment, while Madame, his wife, allowing her visage to relax into a smile, as much as to say, "There is some use, after all, in having a husband," again seated herself.

"To Eleanore Malines, my niece, I leave—"

The coquette, who was now referred to, breathed with difficulty. Her fate hung upon a thread. She was poor; and though thoughtless and giddy, was at bottom possessed of a good heart. The young man by her side was her lover; but being well enough off, and she worth nothing, his parents forbade the union. Her anxiety may therefore be easily imagined.

"My advice—that she leave off seeking for vain admirers, and get married.—"

The poor girl turned deadly pale, and appeared ready to faint. Her heavy, sleepy-looking lover himself appeared deeply moved. Never judge from outside; for this stupid looking

youth was a rough diamond. He was all heart, but he knew not how to give utterance to his feelings, which is often the misfortune of young men who have not seen the world.

"And in order to enable her to do so with propriety, and where her heart is set, I further bequeathe to her ten thousand francs."

Whatever were the sensations of those around, there were two in the room whom the strange old man had made thoroughly happy. It was his intention so to do, for Michel had remembered the days of his youth.

The lawyer continued—

"These are all my legacies. The rest of my property, in houses, lands, and money, amounting to about 200,000 livres, I bequeath to Monsieur Foveau, the curé of our parish—"

An universal movement of surprise took place, while the priest moved not a muscle; and the child, who had not listened to a word, continued to weep. Paul was utterly unconscious of what was going forward.

"In trust to be applied, when my dear son attains the age of twenty-one, in the following manner:—

"The property to be divided into two parts—such part as the said Reverend Pere Foveau chooses, to go to my son, the other to be devoted to the holy service of the church. My son, in the mean time, to be educated by the said Reverend Père Foveau, who dying, whatever name he thinks fit, to be substituted in lieu of his own."

As the worthy actuary read the clause deliberately and slowly, a faint flush crossed his face, while his dark eyes were keenly fixed upon the priest. The latter, however, moved not a muscle, nor did his manner show the slightest sign of emotion; and Monsieur Durant having at length concluded, closed the paper with a sigh. The cautious lawyer foresaw difficulties he knew not how to obviate.

"There, Monsieur Foveau," he said, affectionately patting the child on the head, "you have a great charge, a very great charge. Monseieur Malines has left you guardian of his child, and all his worldly goods."

"He has left more," said the priest meekly, and with a deep sigh.

"Ha?"

"His future welfare in heaven."

The young lawyer who, though a deeply religious man, and more, one who in consequence was equally good as he was pious, slightly curled his lips, for, like all his countrymen, he had reason to know what the Jesuits were. The profession of the priest passed not current with him.

The company now dispersed—the relatives departed—while the curé went out to give some orders to the servants.

The lawyer and the orphan remained alone in the chamber of death.

"Paul," said the former, kindly taking the boy's hand, "do you love me?"

"I do, Monsieur Durant," replied the sobbing child; "but oh! Monseieur Durant, what have they done with my father? I shall never see him again. My God! my God!"

The grief of the lad was so touching, that Monsieur Durant could scarcely himself refrain from tears.

"My dear Paul, God is good, and will one day unite you to your father once more. But, in the mean time, will you promise me one thing? You will be taken from here, until you are twenty-one. When you reach that age, you will be free; now promise me,—you will then come to me, will you not, and I will be your friend. You promise me?"

"I do," sobbed the child.

"Now do not forget this promise; for," continued the lawyer, solemnly, "you will then indeed want a friend."

This scene, as above described, occurred in a village near Paris, some two hundred and odd years ago.

CHAPTER II.

THE DIVISION OF THE SPOIL.

MORE than ten years passed, and Paul Malines grew to man's estate. During the whole of this period he was under the tuition of Pere Foveau, though not in the village where his father had died and been interred; for shortly after this sad occurrence the priest removed with his charge to Paris, where he steadily devoted himself to the lad's education, except when his duties called him to attend to the service of the order. The worthy man, now an abbé, originally wished to bring the boy up for the church; but as Paul exhibited the most intense opposition to this idea, vowing that the army alone was the profession he loved, it was thought unwise to balk his desires. With martial ideas in his head—*mors ferro nostra mors*, was his motto,—then, our young hero was educated, and to do the Jesuit justice, his education was profound, if not useful. On this side this strange and powerful body never failed. Learned, full of the erudition of other days, fond of the classics, of the masterpieces which ennoble and elevate the human mind, they loved to impart the instruction which they acquired.

Never, however, was the mighty spirit of the pen less happy in its influence,—that pen which is the greatest power on earth, if we examine into results. What but it has carried forth on the wings of peace the truths of Christianity to the uttermost parts of the earth? what but it, when this Christianity was cramped and manacled, freed it from the chains that bound it, and sent it forth to all nations and men, radiant with fresh beauty and significance? What but it, marching side by side with the orator, whom the pen maketh, has borne civilization through the throes and agonies of birth? and what but it will spread over the universal globe the lights of science, of arts, of freedom, of all that is great, and good, and noble? More shame to those, who with the power to wield this mighty engine, put it to base use, and pander for gain to the base passions which float upon the frothy surface of society.

But Paul had sense to see that which was, and which was not useful, in all that he learnt; and at twenty-one, was a model of nobility of character, with knowledge and attainments very superior to those usually possessed in the darksome ages in which he lived.

It was the day previous to that on which he came of age that we again introduce Paul upon the scene of action. He was in his own private room, the house being occupied by a variety of persons, and the priest dwelling in a little garret apart from all else. Books, papers, a huge escritoire, manuscripts scattered over the floor, ill assorted with swords, daggers, and suits of armour, that lay in hopeless confusion in every corner; while by a lamp sat Paul, holding in his hand what was still more singular in that half monkish, half military cell, though, were I malicious, I should say the contrary, a small miniature of a woman, painted by one of the fashionable artists of the day. The face was gentle, mild, and lovely, while the innocence of early youth was stamped on every feature.

"I have seen that countenance before," said Paul, gazing intently on it, "or is it the realization of a dream?"

"How came you by it, my son?" inquired the priest mildly, having entered so gently as to be unheard.

"I found it, father," replied Paul, blushing and laying down the picture, "this morning, near the church."

"Some court beauty, perchance," continued Pere Foveau, quietly, "but that is not what I have come to speak about."

"Of what then, father?" replied Paul, placing the picture within the folds of his garment.

"To-morrow," said the Jesuit, seating himself, and allowing a faint blush to illuminate his features, "you are of age."

"I am, father," and it was a dim perception of the joys the future might bring him, which influenced the warmth of his reply.

"You know the terms of your father's will?"

"That I am to have such part as you choose, and the rest to go to the church."

"Exactly. Now, I have taken advice in high quarters, my son, as to what I should do, and acting upon that principle they decide I ought to act upon—I will not say his holiness himself has not guided me—this is my decision. I have educated you with care; you have been bred to the profession of arms; you are ready for any employment, and I have no doubt will attain that eminence which your talents deserve; in consideration of these things, and in consideration of the great good which may thence accrue to the church, I give to you one thousand livres and my blessing, while I give to holy Apostolic church 199,000 livres for ever."

"Infamous robber!" exclaimed the young man, thus plunged from lofty visions of wealth and independence, to a struggle for existence, "is it thus you betray my father's trust?"

"My son, you are intemperate," said the priest mildly. "Your father's trust has not been betrayed. He says distinctly, that part we choose we are to give to you; and we choose, from loftier motives than you can scan, to give you what I have said."

Paul replied not, but bending his head until it rested on the table, covered his eyes with his hands, and remained thus for some minutes.

"False priest!" he then began.

But the Jesuit was gone, and on the table was a copy of his father's will, and the thousand livres.

"Courage!" said Paul to himself, "I am young, I have a profession, and a glorious one—let me lay out my plans."

CHAPTER III.

THE MINIATURE.

A FEW days, and Paul Malines, on foot, with a havresack on his back, was discovered leaving Paris by the road which led to his native village. Wrapped in serious thought, but not giving way to melancholy, the young disinherited walked along with a firm and manly step. It was spring. The whole face of nature was smiling and green—the flowers were bursting forth into blossom, the verdure of agriculture was beginning to show itself, the poplars by the way-side were budding, the voices of the birds—in this season of renewed nature most sweet—were making themselves heard. All this had its influence on the mind of our young hero, who with the elasticity native to his age, forgot that

he was a poor man, and what is more, justly entitled to be rich. This is one of the happiest qualities of the young, to hope,—to have courage to prefer the *couleur de rose* future, to the sombre and threatening.

Two days Paul continued his journey, and on the morning of the third found himself within a few miles of his birth-place. Two of these had been gone over when he came in view of the only town which he had to pass on his route, nearly all being some distance from the main road. This town was large, and picturesquely situated in a valley. Paul first caught sight of it from the summit of a lofty hill, down which the path-way he had chosen wound slowly and lengthily. Beyond was the village sacred to the memory of his deceased father. Its small steeple could be discerned looming over the plains amid a fog that rose from a river near at hand, and the heart of the orphan leaped with mingled emotions.

"Oh, my father!" he cried, "why did you leave your child to the mercy of strangers? But I will not repine; you meant for the best, and I bow to the chastening rod, glad that I have my good right hand left to fight the battles of my country. Let me but kneel on thy grave and ask thy blessing, and *then* the field of blood shall be my bed; *mors ferro nostra mors*. I will be faithful to our motto."

Stepping out firmly, he entered the town, and advancing rapidly through the principal street, hurried on his way. He had crossed the greater portion of this space which intervened between the gates of the city, when turning suddenly the corner of the rue Monfermy, his eyes caught sight of a picture which transfixed him with astonishment. At a window, and that too of a large and magnificent house, standing as if in enjoyment of the fresh air, was the original of the miniature which Paul treasured so highly. But such an original! far more beautiful than anything he could have imagined from the picture. To say that Paul acted under the impulse of surprise, would be faintly to express the look with which he gazed upon the lovely apparition; which said apparition, offended, or astonished, or acting with coquettish calculation, immediately retired from the window.

Paul heaved a deep sigh, but the sigh of a man who was relieved from a heavy load.

"I have found her!" he exclaimed half aloud. "I have found her,—she of whom I have dreamed, she whom I love already."

And forgetting the tremendous obstacles which lay between him and success, gave himself up to the dreamy bliss of Young First Love. Next minute he was at the door, and in another in the presence of the servant of the house.

"I wish to see your mistress."

The servant looked at the dusty person of the young wayfarer, and hesitated.

"I say I wish to see your young mistress," repeated Paul mildly, but firmly.

There was something in the tones of our hero which went to the *soubrette's* heart, and with a smile she inquired the stranger's name.

"Monsieur Paul Malines."

In two minutes more Paul was received in a magnificent apartment by two females, the one, evidently the mother; the other, a daughter. The former spoke.

"What can I do for Monsieur," said she, "is it any professional business?"

"No, Madame," replied Paul, blushing and hesitating, "but have you not lost a portrait?"

"Ah, Monsieur!" exclaimed the mother, while an expression of deep gratification illumined the features of the young girl, "you have not found it?"

"Indeed, Madame, I am happy to say I have."

"And how have you been fortunate enough to find us? How can we thank you?"

"I saw Mademoiselle at the window."

"Indeed," said the mother, fixing a scrutinizing glance upon the dusty youth, "you knew not whose it was."

The daughter said nothing, but a strange feeling flew to her heart. How that strange young man must have studied the miniature!

"I found it," continued Paul, "at the Church of the St. Esprit, in Paris, some ten days since, and have carried it with me ever since, in the faint hope of finding an owner for it—I have it—"

Paul paused, trembled, and said no more, while his whole face was suffused with crimson.

"I have it next my heart," he was about to have said, but an indefinable impulse stayed his words, while he drew it from his bosom, his features still more overcome by burning blushes, blushes that with his manner spoke volumes to the heart of the fair owner.

Both ladies were about to join in thanking our young traveller, when the door opened, and a man entered hurriedly.

It was the notary Durant.

"Paul Malines, my dear boy!" he exclaimed, "most delighted to see you. You have then kept your promise. I am right glad of it."

Paul stammered forth some unintelligible words, but Louise, the lovely original of the picture which Paul had parted with,

most willingly came to his aid and explained the whole in a few words. Durant listened attentively, and a gratified smile played round his lips.

"Paul," said he kindly, "you are the son of Michel Malines, who made my fortune by lending me a sum of money which he never reclaimed. If you particularly wish it, you may keep that picture."

Paul could not believe his ears; Louise held down her head to hide a laugh at the odd expression of his countenance, while Madame said mildly, "Durant!"

"Fudge," said the hearty lawyer, now Councillor Royal, with, it was said, the ear of the king, or at all events of his ministers; "You know I don't like to act as other people do; and when I left little Paul weeping over his father's grave, I said to myself, What a capital husband he would make for my little Louise! Now I flatter myself I didn't think anything out of the way, did I, Paul?"

"I really!" exclaimed Paul, blushing like a young lady fresh from school, which, considering his education among the Jesuits, was remarkable, since they were men who never blushed.

"Now, my dear boy, just off with your great coat, down with your pack. Now then sit down and say, as if the house were your own, I am at home."

Paul obeyed, and having retired to clean himself and attend to his toilette, returned in the guise of a gentleman, which, Louise could not but own, became him marvellously.

"Now, my boy, we are going to dine, and at dinner you shall tell us the whole of your adventures since we parted.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WILL.

It was the king's ante-chamber. A number of persons were there waiting for an audience. Among these were Durant the lawyer, Paul, Louise and her mother. In three months which had elapsed since the event of our last chapter, the young people had become better acquainted. To see them as they stood side by side, it was easy to discover that they were now lovers, if not affianced. About three yards from them, however, stood their evil genius the priest Foveau. His look was still meek, mild and calm, but there was in his eyes a restless fever which bespoke a mind ill at ease.

"His Majesty will receive all the parties concerned in the affair Malines!" exclaimed the usher, throwing open a side door.

The group entered, and stood in the presence of the King.

who, seated at a table covered with papers, was attentively perusing a document.

"Sire Durant," he said after a few moments' silence, "I have read your memorial with care; it is worthy of you. It is terse, vigorous, and argumentative. Abbé Foveau, I have read yours. It is learned and eloquent, but unfortunately it errs in one particular."

"In what, Sire?"

"In truth."

The priest turned pale, for he saw it was decided against him.

"At least, your Majesty, it was intended one half should be the property of the church."

"Perhaps, Abbé Foveau, that was the intention," said the king severely, "but you have wilfully departed from the intention of the deceased, and I accordingly accept the interpretation of Monsieur Durant, which is '*that that part you chose was to be his son's.*' The *part you chose* was 199,000 livres; the other thousand go to the church. The words are explicit, Abbé Foveau. 'Such part as the said Reverend Pere chooses, to go to my son!'"

Shylock balked of his pound of flesh by the lovely judge, presented not a more utterly overcome and downcast look than the priest, who, bowing low, left the king's apartment. Paul fell at the king's feet, and burst forth in eloquent expressions of gratitude.

"Young man," said the monarch, with a smile, "I have offended for the sake of justice a powerful body of men; but if I am not just, who is to be so in France? You are a soldier?"

"Yes, Sire."

"I appoint you at once to my *corps de garde*. A lieutenancy is vacant. Let me see you to-morrow at the palace."

The whole party now retired, happy and contented in the extreme. Durant perhaps enjoyed the triumph more than any, because it was his wit and eloquence had turned the scales against the abbé. Paul obtained his inheritance; the priest went to Rome; and ere long another asked a blessing on the union of Paul Malines and the original of the Lost Miniature.

"Ah, my boy!" said Durant, gaily, on the day of the wedding, just as the company were sitting down to dinner, "didn't I tell you to come to me for a friend? and now I have found you a wife."

Paul smiled, and yet a tear stood in his eye. It was Louise's father who thus spoke: his had been dead eleven years.

THE WHITE CLOUD.

A TALE OF FLORIDA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "ENCHANTED ROCK," "TRAPPER'S BRIDE," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

THE HUT.

HARRY MALCOLM had incurred the displeasure of his worthy uncle, Captain Williams, from his persevering love of a wandering life, and of associating with the aboriginal inhabitants of the soil; a taste in which two or three young men of inferior social position combining, a party had been formed, of which Harry was the head and front, under the designation of Green Foresters. Carefully avoiding any collision with either side, they had, by their gallant bearing, by their ardour and ability in the chase, and by their peculiar habits—so different to those of the Whites generally—won the friendship and confidence of the unhappy Seminole Indians. The advantage of this circumstance the reader has already seen. In explanation of the well-timed presence of the rescuing party, it is necessary to state, that the strange signal of the young chief had brought his warriors immediately to his side, who had captured the four negro guards and detained them close prisoners ever since.

It was the evening of the same day on which the terrible events recorded in our last chapter had occurred, and two men trod the mazes of the neighbouring forest. The place in which they now were was exceedingly wild and picturesque. On one side lay the extreme point of the Lac Du Cygne, over which the moon had risen, its brilliant disk shining from above the far-off and blue hills, revealing their rugged and serrated outlines. A subdued and pellucid light trembled on the tranquil lake, the wild fowl hurried to roost, while the rich ornithology of the American forest was heard in all its inharmonious variety. There was the gaudy Virginian nightingale, the elegant shaped but dingy looking mocking-bird, jays and woodpeckers without number. It was a beautiful scene over which the chaste goddess of night shed her benign influence, revealing the hidden secrets of forest and glade to the eye. Here the sycamore, as yet not exhibiting the picturesque contrast of its crimson seed pods and broad and changing leaves, rose mighty and lofty—but to

picture all the grandeur and elegance of American forest scenery, with its richness and variety, with its bright and dazzling red shaded into deep yellow, and blending gently with the deep evergreen, were a vain task—no painter or poet could attempt it without failure. I, a simple prosaist, shrink from the task.

All lay in stillness, while to the left was a swamp whence rose exhalations of the night, little conducive to the health of the benighted traveller. As they passed this, the taller of the two men, above alluded to, quivered perceptibly. His companion noticed not at first this sign of emotion, his eyes being fixed on the lake in silent contemplation of its beauties. He put not his thoughts in words, but he could have said, had he been in the mood for such ideas,

"How sweetly does the moonbeam smile
To night upon yon leafy isle."

"There died my father," said the first referred to, pausing and stretching out his hand toward the swamp: "it was a dark, a bloody day. Men fell like the leaves of the trees shaken by the wind of autumn. A thousand warriors left their bones in the shallow water. I was a child then, but I can remember the time. There was weeping and wailing in the Seminole village. The sun was red; all the roads were full of thorns and briars; the clouds were black, the water troubled and stained with blood."

"Yes, White Cloud, I have heard of that dreadful occurrence," replied Harry Malcolm, "like to day, it is written on my mind in characters of blood. And here it was they perished?"

"Hugh!" said the Indian.

"And," continued Harry.

"The spirits of the Seminoles still wander about their field of death," interrupted White Cloud, laying a hand upon his lips, "let us pass in silence."

Harry Malcolm was a brave and gallant youth as any in all Florida Territory; but though he put not much faith or confidence in stories of men who,

"From their oozy tombs below,
Through the heavy foam ascending,
Wander through the midnight gloom,"

he was not one of those who particularly liked, when the shadows of evening came, to

"Glide in paths that lead to graves."

He therefore rapidly followed in the Indian's footsteps, and certainly breathed more freely, by a great deal, when the battle field was out of sight, than while it was in view.

They were now in the centre of a dense thicket of fir and

birch, which had evidently often served as a camping ground for outlying parties. In the centre of a small open glade was a huge half-burnt log, while scattered charcoal, and piles of wood of all sizes and dimensions, completed the picture. The Indian at once seated himself, and looked to the priming of his long rifle.

"How much does it yet want of the hour?" asked Harry Malcolm, after a moment of thoughtful silence, during which the whole of the terrible scene of the morning reverted to his mind.

"It is time."

As White Cloud spoke, two men glided from beneath the arches of the forest, and joined the first group. Then came others, until, in a few moments, the whole band of Seminole warriors and Green Foresters were assembled in the open glade, a gallant and stalwart band.

"Thanks," said the young American warmly, as his well armed and faithful followers surrounded him, their recognised leader, "and may Heaven give our efforts victory."

"Come," suddenly exclaimed White Cloud, "it is time."

And the two friends, again leaving their supporters, entered the forest. This time they walked with care and precaution, treading softly on the ground, and avoiding as much as possible all contact with the many dry boughs which lay scattered at the foot of the trees.

"I perceive a light," said Harry, whose whole mind was centred in one idea. Before him was the bloody form of his dear aunt, while he shuddered as his thoughts reverted to Etty. The soul of the young man had received a sudden shock, from which he had as yet very far from recovered. He thirsted even more for revenge than for a sight of his beloved.

"Good!" was all the Seminole Indian whispered low in reply, while his tread became still more cautious, itself sufficient signal that danger was near at hand.

"Shall I signal them to advance?" continued the impetuous young man, each moment gaining fuller vigour, as his recollections were driven away, and present action called for all his exertions.

"No!"

There was no time for other reply, for they were both now on the very edge of the Negro camp, and it was necessary a perfect and unbroken silence should be preserved.

"Look," hissed, rather than said, the young Seminole, "the bird is not there!" and his eyes glared with an unearthly fever.

The whole gang of Negroes lay recumbent round a small fire, some engaged in binding up and salving their wounds, others in

taking that rest and refreshment which they all evidently stood in need of after their rough day's work.

"Well," said one, who lay close to the two secret listeners, "him had a reg'lar splendid victorious battle, massa Williams. Him kill a poor nigger like ox."

"Oh, him noting to speak ob, dat scarmouch," replied another, "Gen'ral Nero had him all bottle up, like im fly in de sugar! Yah! yah! But den dat 'rageous rascal White Cloud, him knock all in head. A'nt him reg'lar treater?"

Harry Malcolm listened feverishly and impatiently.

"Well, I wonder where him Gen'ral Nero, all dis mossus time. Him werry fond of sugar lips, I reckon."

Harry quivered from head to foot, and pressed the arm of the Indian convulsively.

"Ah! him reg'lar sly dog, dat Gen'ral Nero," said the first speaker, shaking his head, "him 'ud just like to sabbe where he kip him sweethearts."

"Yah! yah!" replied the other, "you a most terrible 'quimitive nigger, I do speculate. But him old Gob penobtrate that secret."

Harry again pressed the Indian's arm, who himself no longer exhibited any emotion.

"Good," whispered, however, White Cloud, after a pause, "my white brother will bring up our friends."

With these words the Seminole Chief stepped across the space which separated him from the enemy, and stood in the centre of the Negro camp before he was discovered.

"Golly?" said the first Negro who espied him, "him White Cloud de berry debbel himself. How him penobtrate to dis loquacity."

An universal movement of indignation followed the discovery of the Indian's presence, who, however, without taking heed of the furious looks of his late associates, spoke in a loud voice.

"Where is General Nero?"

"Him don't sabbe."

"A great chief wishes to speak with him," continued White Cloud coldly, "tell him."

"Oh!" said old Gob sneeringly, and with his peculiar cluck, "him great chief find him Gen'ral Nero quick enough, him tink, rader too quick, p'rap."

White Cloud replied not, but leaning on his rifle leisurely, seemed awaiting the coming of the Black commander. His attitude was that of careless ease, while his eyes, half shut, appeared to mark that his thoughts were far away from the scene before him. His ears alone were alive.

"Him dreaming ob him happy hunting ground," said the old

Negro in a whisper. "Dat a werey queer place, I spec'late. Like to sabbe where him be."

"Where him White Cloud hab de honour and pleasure to be I 'spect very soon! Yah! yah!"

They were mistaken in their ideas. The Indian never took his eyes for one moment off the Negro who was known as Old Gob. To him that aged individual was of more consequence than the whole group besides.

"Dat sound berry like de Gen'ral," exclaimed this worthy, as the low cry of a wolf rose from the forest.

He had no time to say any more, for White Cloud was upon him ere he could move, speak, or think, while from the cover of the trees burst the Seminoles and Foresters, headed by Harry Malcolm, and making the wood and surrounding hills re-echo with their terrific cries. In two minutes more old Gob and three dead bodies alone remained of the whole Negro group; their facility of locomotion was wonderful.

"Villain!" said Harry, addressing the trembling old blackamoor, "Where is Nero? Where is Etty?"

The Negro retained a sullen silence, though kneeling in the most abject posture before his captors.

"Speak, or by the heaven above I have you hung to the first tree," cried Harry, with all that impetuosity which characterized his disposition. "Speak, I say."

The Negro said nothing.

"Answer," again cried Harry, whom passion and the thought of his beloved Etty placed beside himself, "or I shoot you on the spot."

"What him get better if him do answer?" said the old Negro sullenly, but with calculation.

"Life and liberty."

"Him promise dat?" inquired the suspicious rebel.

"Jacob," said Harry, addressing him by his real name, "shew me the retreat of this monster Nero, and you shall have a full pardon for every thing you have done."

"Him take de word of Massa Harry," replied the old Negro, falling on his knees again—from which posture he had risen, "and him swear, Massa, him never hab run away but for Nero."

"t his retreat," exclaimed Harry impatiently.

The Black rose, and assuming the office of guide at once, entered the forest at a very different point to that by which the motley gang of outlaws had fled. The Seminole Chief walked on one side, keeping his eye all the time fixed sternly on the old Negro, an office that Harry performed equally carefully on the other.

It was now dark night; the moon had long since veiled her

chaste beauties from all indiscreet observation, and it was only the intimate knowledge which the negro possessed of the locality which enabled him to find his way in the deep gloom, increased as it was by the vast canopy of foliage that tremble in the night wind above their heads.

"He is leading to Horse-shoe Dell," whispered Harry, dropping slightly in the rear.

"My brother is right," replied the Indian.

"Jacob," said Harry aloud, "where are you taking us to? You are not playing the traitor, I hope."

"To Horse-shoe Dell, Massa," was the ready response of the old negro, who really was glad of an opportunity of giving up a kind of life which never agreed with the antiquated state of his bones.

"I said it, Indian," said Harry, turning round.

White Cloud and the Seminoles had vanished. There remained but the three Green Foresters, Malcolm, and the old negro.

"He too," said Harry sadly, and without another word continued on his way.

A few minutes more brought the little party to the skirt of the forest, and in the very opening of Horse-shoe Dell. It was a semicircular bay—if we may so speak—indented in a long range of low and serrated hills, whose cavernous entrails had often served as a refuge for the fugitive slave. The spot where young Malcolm now stood was one of singular wildness. The dell was entered by a narrow path between rocks, while all around stunted live oaks raised their gnarled trunks covered with everlasting verdure. But Harry Malcolm paused not to look around; his eyes were fixed upon the interior of the dell, towards which the Black unhesitatingly led him.

"Dere him Nero's hut," said old Jacob, after a progress of some minutes.

The young man gazed around for a time in vain, and then something square and dark against the face of a rock caught his eye. It was a rude and low hut, admirably placed for purposes of concealment, at the very foot of a lofty, overhanging precipice.

"Silence," he whispered, "for your lives, my men!"

The Green Foresters obeyed, and stepping forward steadily were in another instant at the door of the rude log. Harry listened. Not a sound was heard. He placed his hand on the latch—the door gave way—he entered, his men pushing hurriedly behind him. A low fire that slumbered on the hearth enabled them to see the whole of the interior.

The hut of the negro general was completely empty.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ESCAPE.

WHEN White Cloud silently and suddenly left the company of our young and ardent American, he glided into the forest, followed by the whole of the Seminoles, with whom he had a brief and hurried conference. This conference appeared satisfactory, for at the end of a few minutes the party was again in motion in a direction somewhat to the right of the white men. Their march was rapid and straightforward, the chief not hesitating one moment, but treading the ground as if every inch were familiar to him. In about ten minutes they halted, and the warriors seating themselves, the White Cloud proceeded on his way alone.

A short space of time brought the young chief to the foot of a lofty and imposing rock, against whose face grew thickly and darkly the various wild bushes of the American forest. Displacing these, towards the lower portion of the hill, the Seminole stooped low and entered a dark and narrow species of tunnel, at the end of which appeared a faint and glimmering light. White Cloud was soon, however, enabled to walk upright, and as he first raised his head, the sound of a footstep in his rear caught his attention. He paused, clutching his long knife—a present from Harry—and listened. Not the faintest noise was heard, and the Seminole believing himself mistaken advanced on his way. The path grew wider and more lofty, and at length opened at a sudden turn on a noisy and boisterous banquet hall.

It was a room some fifty feet in height, by as many long and broad. Long stalactites hung from the roof, while around on the walls fantastic shapes of houses, men, and every conceivable thing, were painted by the imagination amid the rough unhewn masses of stone composing the sides of this natural chamber. Here and there glaring torches of pine wood gave a flickering light, while in the centre a huge fire sent its glare round the whole gloomy apartment. Beside this sat the negroes before introduced, with several fresh ones, who have not previously appeared upon the scene of action. High over all was General Nero, who sat apart in conference with one or two of the leaders. The majority of the Blacks, who on their escape from the Seminoles had been first introduced to the mysteries of this prison house, now gazed around in a state of considerable bewilderment, while many an eye endeavoured in vain to pierce the gloom of the passages that diverged on all sides.

White Cloud, who knew the intricacies of the Horse-shoe cave better than any of those who tenanted the interior, turned quietly to the left, and once more followed the windings of a narrow and gloomy passage. Who could have seen the Indian now, would have remarked that his breath came and went—that his emotions were deep and violent. Some feeling, stronger than the calm mask which his race assume could bear, was influencing him. Who can tell the secrets of the soul?—who could, would have read wonders in the Indian's heart that hour.

Again the narrow path widened, and another chamber, smaller than the former and less brilliantly illumined, was discovered. Like the other, it was ornamented with stalactites; but in one corner, on a rude pallet, alone and unattended, lay the object of the Indian's search. It was Etty, sleeping heavily, after a day of unparalleled fatigue and excitement.

The Indian approached with a firm and steady step, and stood by the dreaming girl. There she lay, her lovely face exhibiting now all the innocence and security of a babe. Her eyes were not seen, but long and delicate eyelashes shaded them so gracefully, nought but sweet pupils could lay there beneath;—her cheek, though pale, with the hectic flush of fever in the centre, was of a complexion which is always beautiful—that of youth; her lips were parted, exhibiting to view her white teeth, and giving passage to the gentle breath of that pure and exquisite being. Her soft and well rounded arms were crossed on her bosom in an attitude of peace and resignation. Now and then, however, a flash of terror crossed her face, as if the sudden remembrance of the events of the morning, were coming to her in her dreams.

The White Cloud gazed long and piercingly on her face. His features exhibited an intensity of feeling such as rarely characterizes the Indian physiognomy—there was admiration, not bold, but sad, in his eyes.

"The Singing Bird of the Whites sleeps sound—she is beautiful as the dreams of a lovesick youth—her cheek is as the first rose of morning—her heart is warm as the eye of a panther—but to the Redskin it is cold. Oh! why is White Cloud more wise than his fellows, why has he gone to school with the pale-faces, to learn to love a pale-face girl?"

A deep sigh burst here from beside the Indian, and raising his eyes, the warrior saw before him, silent, resigned, but her face expressive of the most intense anguish, his wife. A young and exquisitely formed Indian girl, faultless in shape as a Grecian statue, and clothed in the tunic, leggings, and moccasins, of a Seminole maiden; the Bounding Fawn had on her face all the evidences of the most violently contending emotions, but not a glance of reproach fell on the startled warrior.

"Hush!" she whispered low, "a great warrior has fallen into the trap of the wolf—the dark men come."

A confused sound was indeed heard in the distance, as if several of the negroes were hurrying along the passage separating the two chambers.

"Singing Bird," said the Indian warrior sadly, touching the arm of the sleeping girl, while by a mute but expressive glance he reassured his aggrieved wife, "Singing Bird, awake."

Etty Williams started to her feet, and after the first confused moment of terror, recognising both the White Cloud and his ruddy spouse, would have expressed her joy.

"Hush," said White Cloud, in the cold inanimate tone he ever assumed toward the girl, "follow the Redskin."

Next minute, just as the Blacks entered the chamber which General Nero had set apart for Etty, whom he had deigned to honour with his regard, the three fugitives were flying along another of the labyrinthine ways which abounded in that cavernous hill, undoubtedly of volcanic origin. Nero, however, was too quick for them, and catching a glimpse of them as they entered, gave forth the yell of the Blacks, and rushed in pursuit.

"Quick, lady," said White Cloud, supporting Etty's tottering steps, "another hundred yards, and the pale-face girl is with her friends."

"Thanks, good White Cloud," replied the trembling maiden, "my father, all will bless you."

"Hush!" muttered the Indian, in a deep guttural tone, as he faced round and clutched his tomahawk.

In his hurry, and perhaps confused by the memory of his late unconscious soliloquy in the presence of his wife, the Seminole chief had entered by mistake upon a blind passage close beside the one which led to the desired outlet. In an instant his part was taken. Quick as lightning his thoughts bounded forward, and shewed him the means of saving Etty and his wife. A few words explained his plan, and the Bounding Fawn and Miss Williams—the latter trembling with fright and horror before the fear of again being in the power of the hated Nero—prepared to obey.

"Him cut down dat away, and no mistake," said the foremost negro, pointing in the direction really occupied by the fugitives.

"On!" exclaimed the furious and revengeful General Nero, "take him alive. Him too precious to kill all at once."

"Hush!" said the Indian, standing forward within the light of the negro torches, and causing the whole band to quail before his eye of fire, aided by the effect of his uplifted hatchet.

At the same moment a rustling sound was heard, and Etty Williams might have been seen gliding down the right path, at the end of which the light of day looked like the star of promise.

in the distance. The wife saw her safely on her way, and then returned beside her husband.

"Him great chief, sabbe 'zistance useless," said Nero, keeping at a respectful distance from the Indian's tomahawk, "him shew him wisdom and surrender quietly."

"The blackskin is a coward and a thief," replied the Indian, "his heart is that of a panther, all for blood, but no fawn bounds so quick from before brave men. But the pale-face girl is safe, and the wife of a great chief has fled: let the dogs of negroes take a Seminole if they can."

The Bounding Fawn here stood by her husband's side, and said:—

"The wife of the White Cloud is sick at heart—the sky is dim, she will nestle under the wing of the eagle, for a storm is rising."

The Seminole glanced with pain at his devoted wife, appeared to struggle with his iron will a moment, and then casting his tomahawk from him, surrendered.

"The Bounding Fawn has the face of a woman, but the soul of a man. She will be the mother of mighty warriors."

The girl bowed her head with a sad smile. She had heard her husband speak of his love for the pale-face maiden, and her heart of hope had fled.

"Her better find anoder husband den," said Nero, sneeringly, as his satellites seized the Indian and led him forward, "for him White Cloud berry soon see him fader in the happy hunting place."

The news of the capture of the Seminole was received in the great hall of the cavern with uproarious applause; and when General Nero announced his intention of putting his victim to death, the tumult increased to a perfect fury of delight. It was something new for a herd of despicable slaves to hold the destinies of a great warrior in their hands.

CHAPTER V.

THE TRIAL.

HALF an hour had passed after the above decision, and White Cloud stood tied to a huge log at the further end of the great vaulted chamber. At a short distance, guarded by two negroes, was the Bounding Fawn, placed, by an atrocious refinement of cruelty, within sight of her husband, about to be sacrificed to the brutal revenge of the American blacks, who are perhaps the most cruel of created beings, not by nature so much as from the vile and abominable institution of slavery.

A small pile of charcoal had been placed at the Indian's feet, slowly to consume his flesh, while splinters of wood were being cut before his eyes, in order to pierce his limbs. But not a word, except of defiance, passed the warrior's lips; while the Bounding Fawn, though striving to act up to her forest education, could not control the tears that coursed down her cheek, nor the sobs which convulsed her bosom.

Nero, who had been supping, now advanced, to overlook the fearful preparations which were making.

"White Cloud him not sorry him take the pale face side now," said the General, tauntingly. "Him find dat it get him rader in the wrong box, him speculate."

No reply came from the now stoical Indian.

"Him take it berry cool, just now," continued the negro, "but when him charcoal burn him, him find it perticler hot;" and the rebel General laughed at his own horrible wit.

Still no answer.

"Him Indian gal make very nice squaw for a nigger," now said the Black, slowly, and letting each word drop with perfect distinctness, "him no doubt de piccaninny berry great warrior in time. Gen'ral Nero great warrior his self."

A gleam of fearful passion crossed the Seminole's face, but still he made no answer.

"Well! him chief dumb, what him squaw say?" said Nero, turning to the weeping girl, whose tears dried in an instant, while her whole demeanour exhibited the most intense contempt.

"A Seminole squaw sees a great warrior; and she hears the voice of a black coward—a negro dog!"

"Him dog bite," said the General, furiously shaking the young Indian wife by the arm, "him bite perticler hard, too."

There was death in the glance which the victim and the victor now shot one upon another; hatred—undying hatred—in the gleam of their fiery eyes.

"Massa White Cloud," said the negro, forcing himself to speak calmly, and advancing close to his side, "him General Nero not altogeder make up his mind to kill you. On one condition him berry welcome go free."

The chief looked as scornful as ever.

"Dat is dis. Him White Cloud rob a Nero ob him lawful prize—him sabbe dat. Well, him Sem'nole gib up him squaw, wid him word ob honour, and him go free."

The Indian spat upon his adversary's face, without moving a muscle. The negro started back, with a demoniacal yell, and raised his cutlass, to kill the daring chief.

"No, dat too mussiful," said he, "put a light to him charcoal. I make de Sem'nole speak."

The whole body of negroes now crowded round the huge

upright log, like a band of devils round some lost soul. One brought splinters of wood; others lighted torches; others, again, knives, which they brandished before his face, while yells of delight burst from every lip. Even the guards of the young wife left their post, and joined in the infernal dance of death.

Still the White Cloud stood scornful, even smiling on his tormentors, who paused in the very luxury of cruelty; for the sooner they commenced, the sooner the enjoyment of their bloody work would be over.

"Bring him squaw nearer," said the voice of General Nero, above the din.

Her two guards turned their stupefied looks upon the place once occupied by the lovely Seminole girl. For an instant it was empty, but next moment, the faithful warriors of the tribe burst, with their war-whoop, into the cavern. In a moment the *melée* commenced. The negroes, five to one, divided their forces, one guarding the warrior chief and the Bounding Fawn, the rest pressing upon his devoted followers. The contest was fearful and bloody; but, ere half an hour passed, the gallant and fearless band of Indians were all slain or captured. Twelve negroes had paid the forfeit of their lives.

"Now," said Nero, "him finish Massa Cloud."

"Surrender, villains," thundered Harry Malcolm, bursting into the cavern, at the head of a detachment of United States Infantry, and rushing headlong to the side of his friend and brother. The negroes would have rallied, but from every avenue was heard the heavy tramp of armed men, and, falling on their knees, the whole gang cried for quarter. The officer who commanded—a stern, middle-aged man—now ordered the Seminole chief to be unbound, which order being obeyed, the warrior would have joined the Green Foresters with his wife.

"White Cloud," said the officer, "you are my prisoner. As a Seminole chief—one who in many terrible fights has slain the white man—your life is forfeited."

Harry Malcolm stood petrified; he had not foreseen this very natural result of bringing in the Government forces. The Bounding Fawn sadly rejoined her husband, who, though separated from the negro captives, and treated with more respect, remained a prisoner in the hands of those who had been led by the Green Foresters for his delivery.

THE SIEGE OF ANTIOCH.

A TALE OF THE FIRST CRUSADE.

CHAPTER V.

THE FAMINE.

ANTIOCH, for some weeks before its capture, had been suffering from want of provisions, not less severe than that which oppressed the Crusaders; and the fall of the city had therefore brought to the conquerors no mitigation of their sufferings. Nevertheless, for some days after taking possession of their prize, so great was their joy at the termination of a siege which had been the fruitful parent of so much misery, they gave themselves up without restraint to revelry and debauch, heedless of the future, and almost forgetting that a powerful enemy was at hand. Ere the leaders could rouse them to exertion, and organize a band to scour the neighbouring country for supplies, Kerboga, Emir of Mosul, and Kilidge Aslan, better known by the name of Solyman, Sultaun of Roum, had encamped with three hundred thousand warriors around the walls of Antioch.

Whatever privations the Christians might have endured while besieging the city, they were light indeed when compared with the dreadful sufferings to which, as the besieged, they were now reduced. Horses and dogs, and eventually the most loathsome reptiles, were used as food. Famine, in every shape of horror, and accompanied by its inseparable attendants, selfishness, and utter abandonment of all moral restraint, reigned every where supreme. Even the strong voice of natural affection was silenced amid the horrors of the time, and hundreds of the old and infirm fell daily before the pitiless tooth of the slow-wasting enemy. Armed bands prowled the streets day and night, and without remorse broke into the houses of the weaker, and seized upon their little store; and the plunderers themselves perchance, unless they quickly devoured their ill-gotten supply, found it wrested from their hands the next moment by a larger or better armed company. Many, unable to bear the lingering tortures which they experienced, deserted from the walls in the desperate hope to escape, or, failing in that, to find a more rapid and easy death among the spears of the besiegers. In many instances, the bodies of the dead were devoured by the living, and the dying found an aggravation of their horrors, in the shuddering thought that their only tomb would be the greedy throats of their own kindred.

Phirouz and Agatha had met, without the necessity of secrecy, but alas, under what circumstances! It is true, indeed, that famine, from particular causes, pressed less heavily on them than on their fellow sufferers; but still the keen eye of the lover was compelled, day by day, to witness the fair cheek of his betrothed becoming paler and still paler under her privations; and she could well perceive that his active form had lost much of its vigour, and that his firm step had grown less elastic.

After the desertion of Stephen of Blois, Agatha had found an asylum in the tent of the same Walter de Bras whom we have seen with Bohemond in the perilous adventure on the night of the assault. He had attached himself to that leader's banner, and, with his wife and daughter, who had followed him from France, now occupied a dwelling in the city, not far from that of the Prince. Bohemond, whose deep interest in Agatha had experienced no diminution, failed not, so long as his own table was furnished, to impart a portion of his supply, for her sake, to the family of his follower; and ere that source of bounty failed, Phirouz, who still retained the command of the tower by which the Crusaders had entered, had succeeded, by enormous bribes, in procuring from some of the less scrupulous followers of the enemy's camp, who were revelling in abundance beneath the walls, and in sight of the famishing thousands within, an uncertain supply, which he never failed to share with his beloved Agatha.

In this miserable state of affairs, utter despair would undoubtedly have taken possession of all—leader and follower alike—had not religious enthusiasm been called in to support them. The historians of the time inform us that visions and prophecies were almost daily published among the credulous multitude, promising victory and abundance to those who should endure courageously to the last.

The sun was shining calmly and gloriously upon that suffering city, as Phirouz and Agatha, whose curiosity had been excited by rumours of a new miracle which had been spread on the preceding day, held their way to the Church of St. Peter. As they passed along the streets, now crowded with pale, emaciated forms, whom curiosity had called forth from their wretched homes, their eyes frequently encountered scenes of the most revolting character. Living in comparative plenty, they had not yet become accustomed to the degrading influence which famine had been exerting on the poorer classes; and Agatha shuddered, as they turned the corner of a street, to behold a female figure, kneeling on the ground, and digging up, with palsied hands, from beneath a stone which she had removed with some difficulty, though by no means a heavy one, the worms and crawling reptiles which had embedded themselves there. Her languid eye at one

moment was lighted up with a gleam of intense pleasure, as she eagerly devoured her prize; at the next she cast her glance hurriedly and anxiously around, fearful lest some one should arrive to dispute with her the nauseous banquet. Farther on appeared a youth, whose restless and dilated eye betrayed the failing intellect which famine often produces, sitting on the threshold of his home, gnawing a fleshless bone which he had found, and endeavouring, with the skirt of his robe, to hide his booty from the eyes of the passers by, lest even that miserable source of nourishment might excite envy and aggression. In one of the less frequented streets, their ears were assailed in passing, by the unwonted sounds of merriment; and on turning their eyes toward the broken casement whence the noise issued, horror-struck, they beheld three attenuated forms—one of them a female—tearing with bony fingers the morsels from a dish before them, in the midst of which, mangled and half-devoured, appeared a human hand!

They hastened on, and at length found themselves in the midst of an immense multitude, entering the spacious church of St. Peter. With some difficulty they procured a seat, and after the vast and highly excited assembly had been hushed into silence, a priest arose, whose hollow cheek was flushed, and his sunken eye appeared as if lighted up with some unearthly fire. He commenced abruptly, and his deep tones came forth like a voice from the sepulchre. Every breath was hushed—every eye turned strainingly toward him.

"These eyes have seen a vision!—these ears have heard voices which are not of earth! Listen to the words from Heaven—let the commands of the holy apostle be obeyed. Your toils are past—your miseries ye shall experience no more. Yes, blessed saint!" he continued, spreading abroad his hands, and raising his eyes toward heaven, "thou didst in the night visions reveal to me, that in a vault beneath this sacred edifice lies buried the spear-head which pierced the Saviour's side. Methought, my friends, he did place his finger on the very spot. And to me, yea to me, unworthy of so great a revelation, these were the blessed words he uttered: 'For your crimes,' he said, 'ye have been punished. The sword without and the famine within,—these have been your penance. The wrath of Heaven is now passed away like a cloud from the face of earth. Cause the sacred weapon to be disinterred—cause it to be borne before your hosts—sally forth bravely upon the infidel, and your enemies shall melt before you; yea, victory and abundance shall be yours!'"

He sat down, and buried his face in his hands. The multitude, with a sudden impulse, arose, and the vaulted roof shook as it echoed to the shout of thousands, "God wills it! God wills it!"

The leaders immediately took measures to avail themselves of the enthusiasm thus excited. The lance-head, whether pretended or real we pause not to inquire, was dug up, and every preparation was made for the desperate sally, which was appointed to take place on the second morning succeeding the day on which the lance was discovered. In the mean time, it was determined to send a merciful embassy to the Emir and the Sultaun, to warn them that the wrath of Heaven was upon them, and to bid them depart while it was yet in their power.

CHAPTER VI.

THE EMBASSY—THE SALLY.

THE Pavilion of Kerboga was erected in the plain which stretched away from the bank of the Orontes, opposite to that near which Antioch stood, but somewhat to the eastward of that city, where the river makes a bend toward the mountains, forming a circular space of some extent. Eastern wealth and magnificence seemed to have been lavished without restraint upon this singular structure. It was laid out like a town, in streets and squares, and was sufficiently large to contain two thousand men. The centre, which was appropriated exclusively to the Emir and his wives, was adorned with minarets and towers, glittering with burnished gold. The exterior covering was of fine crimson cloth, richly embroidered with threads of gold. Its shape was a perfect square, presenting on each side a spacious entrance, standing forth in a semicircular form, and surmounted with a broad canopy, supported on gilded shafts of cane. The entrance on that side which looked toward the mountains was finished in somewhat more elaborate style. Instead of a rounded canopy over the door, a broad awning of green silk extended the whole breadth of the building, its edge bedecked with a deep fringe of gold, and supported at equal intervals by delicate silver rods, between which hung large tassels of pearls and emeralds, strung upon threads of gold. Within and beneath this were curtains of the same coloured silk, which were intended to supply the place of doors, when stretched before the broad-arched opening which formed the entrance to the vestibule, but were now partially withdrawn to admit the summer breeze. The interior was composed entirely of silk, but instead of green, its colour was generally pale blue, except the openings which led to the different apartments, which were closed with a delicate veil of pink or yellow. This principal apartment was that which may be called the room of state. It was circular, and the ceiling or roof, running up to a great

height, somewhat resembling the interior of a bell, terminated in a point supported by a gilded pole, carved so as to resemble a tree, the leaves and fruit of which were composed of coloured gold and precious stones. The female apartments communicated with this circular hall by doors ranged around at regular intervals, and canopied with rich silk. Opposite to the grand entrance rose the Emir's throne, formed of ivory inlaid with gems, and shaded by a lofty canopy, similar to the side entrances, but richer in texture, and of more elaborate ornament. The floors were strewn with carpets and divans, of the most costly materials, and the most rich and beautiful patterns. The whole structure seemed rather the embodied vision of some fairy tale, than the war tent of a powerful leader.

Surrounded by statue-like guards, who were clad in sumptuous and gorgeous livery, and reclining upon a richly embroidered carpet beneath the awning of the front entrance, sat Kerboga—a slave on either side fanning him with the delicate plumes of the ostrich. He was delivering to the subordinate commanders their various duties and stations for the day, when a herald, bearing a white flag, conducted by a troop of Persian soldiers, appeared before him.

"An embassy from the Christians in Antioch demands an audience of the Emir of Mosul," said the herald, bending before Kerboga.

"Let them approach!"

The herald departed, and in a few minutes returned, followed by a small band of the emaciated warriors of the Cross, at the head of whom, in the grave but not unbecoming habit of a monk, marched a man of diminutive stature, somewhat advanced in age, whose white beard swept his breast almost to the girdle. His ample forehead was deeply furrowed, and his brows somewhat contracted. The general expression of his features might have been pronounced contemplative and even heavy, were it not for a restless brilliancy in his large deep blue eyes, which spoke of great enthusiasm, and no inconsiderable degree of genius.

"Might I inquire," asked Kerboga, as he approached, "to whom the Christian leaders have delegated the office of ambassador? Methinks some noble warrior were a fitter messenger to the Emir of Mosul, than a shaven monk."

"Men call me Peter the Hermit," was the old man's reply; "and surely he by whose influence the Christian warriors have been excited to their holy enterprise, were no unfit messenger to bear their commands, even to a monarch."

"Nay," replied the Emir, "the most unfit that could well have been selected—at least to me—is the pestilent disturber, by whose inflamed harangues the peaceful nobles of Europe

have been stirred up to wage an unjust war, and to disturb the repose of Palestine."

"Lord Emir," rejoined the Hermit, "I shall not pause to bandy words with thee. I come not a suppliant to thy knees to ask any favour or indulgence, either for myself or my fellow-warriors. We need none at thy hands—and it matters little from whose mouth—warrior or priest—thou learnest the object of my mission. Cavil not against the messenger, but thank the Christians that they have deigned, by whatever means, mercifully to warn thee that God has signified his gracious intention to deliver us from our evil state, and to fight on our side. They, therefore, advise thee to depart from these walls, ere the vengeance of the Almighty blight thee, like the host of Sennacherib of old: trust not to the proud and glittering array by which thou art surrounded. He in whom we trust is able to make the weak strong, and the strong weak. Be warned then, ere it be too late, nor allow thy unweening confidence to become thy destruction."

"Sir Monk," replied Kerboga, who had listened with manifest impatience to the Hermit's message, "thank thy sacred habit that the Emir beats thee not back with rods to thy gates. Bear this message to those who sent thee: If Godfrey and his followers, weary of the famine and the siege, wish to give their fleshless limbs to the eagle and the vulture, Kerboga will prepare an hundred archers as their executioners; let them come on whenever it likes them."

The Hermit replied not, but returned to the city.

Every thing was now ready for the sally, which was fixed for the following morning. Their preparations, however, had not been so secretly conducted, but that the Turks, who still held the citadel, had become fully aware of their intentions; and a black flag, waving at daylight on the following morning from the highest peak of the acropolis, warned Kerboga that the attack was about to take place.

So completely, however, did the Emir despise his enemy, that he took little notice of the warning; and merely giving directions to send two thousand men to prevent the Christians from passing the bridge, sat down to a game of chess with Solyman, his partner in command, who had sought his pavilion to consult with him on the arrangement of their troops.

Miserable indeed was the spectacle which the once proud and gallant army of the Christians now presented, as it defiled through the gates of Antioch to attack the forces of the East; and Kerboga might well be pardoned for considering such an enemy almost beneath his notice. Scarcely two hundred horses had survived the famine, and the larger proportion of the knights and nobles marched forth on foot. Enthusiasm, how-

ever, in a great degree, made up the deficiency of physical power; and forth they came, confident of victory, the priests, bearing consecrated banners and crosses, mingling with the warlike array, and singing hymns of joy and triumph.

On they came—Adhemar, the warlike Bishop of Puy, clad in complete armour, bearing the sacred lance, which had that morning been consecrated with the most imposing ceremonies in the church of St. Peter, and Bohemond and Tancred bringing up the rear. Long pent up within the mournful walls of Antioch, the fresh dew and gentle breezes of that bright summer morning invigorated their wasted limbs and cheered their spirits; and their courage and confidence increased as they advanced.

"How goes the battle?" asked Kerboga, with a contemptuous smile, as he rose from his game to meet a breathless messenger who had just entered the pavilion, and touched with his forehead the carpet on which the Emir had been reclining.

"The guards who defended the bridge," replied the messenger, "are flying precipitately toward the camp, and the Christian army is holding its way unopposed to the hills."

The Emir stamped with rage. "Aslan, we have committed a great, a fatal error. They should have been attacked ere they could have defiled from the gates."

Throwing himself upon his war-horse, he now put himself at the head of his followers, and tried, by many skilful manœuvres, to regain the advantage he had lost, by surrounding the enemy ere they could reach the broken ground, where his cavalry would be unable to act with advantage. Foiled in this attempt, he drew up his troops in front of the camp, and awaited the enemy's approach; while Solyman, causing the dry grass and weeds to be set on fire, led an immense body of cavalry, under cover of the smoke, to attack the rear of the army commanded by the Prince of Tarentum. Meanwhile the van of the Christian host had forced back the Moslem centre to the camp; and Godfrey and Adhemar were congratulating themselves with the victory which seemed almost within their grasp, when news was brought them that the rear was surrounded by superior numbers, and was cut off from the rest of the army. Turning back, therefore, from their attack on the centre, Godfrey and the other leaders flew to the rescue of Bohemond, who had already been joined by his noble kinsman, Tancred; and by their united forces, the troops of Aslan were defeated. Scarcely, however, had they turned to support Bohemond, ere Kerboga, contracting his line, fell upon the rear of Godfrey's columns, and the bands of Solyman rallying at the same moment, in a short time the whole Christian host was surrounded. In vain the Bishop of Puy pressed forward with the sacred lance—in vain Bohemond and

his chivalrous cousin Tancred, hand to hand, and lance to lance, mowed down the infidels wherever they turned ; in every charge the Christian warriors were beaten back by numbers, and the battle now seemed well nigh hopeless.

At this critical juncture, a cry was raised along the ranks of the Crusaders, "The Saints are fighting on our side!" and lifting their eyes to the rising ground above them, a body of horsemen, clothed in white, was seen sweeping down the slope, and falling upon the rear of the Moslem army. Then high above all the din of the battle rose in thunder the spirit-stirring shout, "God wills it! God wills it!" The enthusiasm of the Christians became frenzy. The Saracens were slaughtered and repulsed in every direction, and soon the sickening intelligence spread through their hosts, that the Christians had forced their camp. The battle was no longer doubtful. The infidels fled on every side, notwithstanding all the exertions of Kerboga to rally his panic-stricken troops. Nearly seventy thousand of the Moslem army found a grave on that bloody field, and among the almost incalculable riches which rewarded the victors of that well-contested battle, the splendid pavilion of Kerboga fell into the hands of Bohemond. The Crusaders returned in triumph to the city, and plenty once more gladdened the famished army.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SPRING.

THE sun is on the waters, and the air
Breathes with a stirring energy ; the plants
Expand their leaves, and swell their buds, and blow,
Wooing the eye, and stealing on the soul
With perfume and with beauty : Life awakes ;
Its wings are waving, and its fins at play,
Glancing from out the streamlets, and the voice
Of love and joy is warbled in the grove ;
And children sport upon the springing turf,
With shouts of innocent glee, and youth is fired
With a diviner passion, and the eye
Speaks deeper meaning, and the cheek is filled,
At every tender motion of the heart,
With purer flushings ; for the boundless power,
That rules all living creatures, now has sway :
In man refined to holiness, a flame
That purifies the heart it feeds upon :
And yet the searching spirit will not blend
With this rejoicing, these attractive charms
Of the glad season ; but at wisdom's shrine
Will draw pure draughts from her unfathomed well,
And nurse the never-dying lamp, that burns
Brighter and brighter on as ages roll.

THE BUSHRANGER OF VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

CHAPTER XLV.

TREVOR SEEKS HELEN.

IN the meantime Trevor lay ill of the fever, occasioned by the irritation of his wounds. The excellent corporal attended on him with the most zealous assiduity. He fetched him the freshest water from the river, and broiled for him the tenderest morsels of kangaroo flesh. Gladly would he have made for him some of that delicious and nourishing soup, which, of "all the tails on the face of the earth," as he declared, that of the kangaroo alone could furnish with such luxurious relish.

But poor Trevor could eat nothing; and for three days water was his only drink. Nothing but the strength of his constitution, and the extraordinary salubrity of the climate, could have carried him through such an illness. And to this was added the still more depressing influence of his anguish of mind at the contemplation of Helen's fate, whom he sometimes pictured as lost and wandering in the bush, and at others in the power of the savages of whose relentless cruelty he had heard so many horrible relations.

The corporal sat by his bush-hut, employed for the most part in endeavouring to clean the rusty firelock left with him so mysteriously in exchange for his own, and furbishing it up with charcoal ashes, so as to give it a regimental appearance. Nothing, perhaps, but the necessity of being armed in his solitude, could have reconciled him to its use at all; and he lamented occasionally the absence of his own firelock in most dolorous terms, as a lover grieving for his mistress, which, at any other time, would have afforded the ensign considerable amusement.

At the end of three days, however, his officer showed signs of amendment; and Trevor no sooner felt the prostration of the fever abating, than he expressed his desire to proceed in search of Miss Horton. But this the corporal strenuously opposed; and Trevor's weakness was so great that he could not disguise from himself that such a course would be rash and useless. Besides, he considered that, for Helen's sake, it would be more judicious to give information to the Major at the cave, or to the people on board the brig, of the fight with the natives, and the probability of her having been carried away with them; as the corporal, after the most diligent daily search, had been unable to discover any trace of her remains, or of those of Mr.

Silliman. He flattered himself also with the hope that possibly Helen had escaped, and had found her way back to the bay.

Actuated by these considerations, he became anxious to reach the cave as soon as possible; and, although he could hardly walk, he determined to begin his journey back. In this determination the corporal entirely acquiesced, "for he could not be worse off," as he remarked, than where he was, and "every step back was a step forwards," bringing them nearer to their friends.

Fortunately, although it was the beginning of the rainy season, the weather held up, and the nights were not cold; and as Trevor was now able to take food, and as there was no lack of kangaroos, he got on better than he expected; but it took him four days to perform the journey in his present state, which he had rapidly traversed in little more than one, shortly before. But on reaching the cave, to his excessive mortification, and not less to the disappointment of the corporal, they could not see the brig; and, from the appearance of the cave, it seemed clear that it had been deserted!

The proclamation appended to the rock apprised them, however, that the authorities were active in the pursuit of the Bushranger, and Trevor could only hope that, by some lucky chance, in pursuing the absconded prisoners, they would meet with Helen; an opinion, however, in which the corporal did not agree, as he said, "that in the bush one man might search for another all his life, and never find him, unless he knew where he was;" an assurance which was by no means calculated to raise Trevor's spirits; but as the corporal was not in love, the dreary prospect of such a failure did not strike him so forcibly as it did his officer.

The question now was, what was to be done? The cave afforded shelter, the forests firewood, and the kangaroos supplied food;—but what was the use of remaining there? that would not help Helen. The corporal counselled their immediate return to camp; and observed that they could not miss the way, as they had only to keep within sight of the river Derwent on their right hand, and they would be sure to reach the town.

The road, however, could not fail to be difficult to a sick man. However, as the corporal professionally remarked, "as there was no help for it, all they had to do was to put their best foot foremost, and lose no time about it."

Trevor was still very weak, but inspired by the ardour of youth, and by his desire to give the earliest possible intelligence of Helen's danger, he at once decided to set out for Hobart Town. The journey was long and difficult: and it took him six days to perform the distance of forty miles, from the

southern part of the coast where the bay was situate to the nearest station on his way to the town. He arrived there in a state so exhausted that it was necessary to procure a bullock-cart to convey him to his quarters, where at last he obtained the medical assistance which he so much needed.

The corporal reported himself to the commanding officer, and related succinctly the occurrences which it was expedient to make known, passing lightly over the event of the loss of his firelock, a circumstance on which the worthy corporal did not think it necessary to expatiate. He indulged himself, however, liberally in relating to his comrades that which he called his "scrimmage" with the natives.

Trevor, on his part, lost no time in making inquiries of the brig, and of the Major and his daughters. He ascertained that the brig was anchored in the river near the jetty; that Louisa was under the care of a family in the town, attended by a native girl, who had inspired much interest with the inhabitants; and that the Major had started with a party in search of Helen, who was supposed to be in the power of the Bushranger, and whose fate had excited the most lively commiseration.

His report of the probability of her having been carried away by the natives gave rise to fresh excitement, although it was generally deemed certain—an opinion which was industriously pressed upon Trevor—that she had been put to death by the savages, as they were never known to spare a white man or woman in their power.

Some few, however, had the consideration to say that, as Helen was a woman, the case was different; and that the natives might not think it necessary to take her life, and that perhaps she might be admitted into their tribe, and become the wife of one of the black fellows. This latter suggestion, it may easily be supposed, by no means calmed Trevor's apprehensions.

He asked for leave to go in search of her, a request which was readily granted; but here the medical attendant interposed, and positively forbade any attempt at travelling in his present state; and his commanding officer thought it his duty to exercise his authority to prevent him from exposing himself to the hardships of the bush, under circumstances which could not avail the young lady, and would certainly be fatal to the adventurer. Trevor, therefore, was compelled to bear his disappointment, and to nourish his grief in silence.

In his returning convalescence he was constantly in the society of Louisa, with whom it was a melancholy pleasure for him to converse about her sister; and to whom he could, without reserve, express his bitter wretchedness at her loss, aggra-

vated as it was by his own inability to undertake the task of discovering her, if she was still alive.

He related to her over and over again all the circumstances of his fight with the natives, and the scream which he had heard from the thicket, and which he was certain, he said, had proceeded from Helen. And every day he discussed with her the likelihood of her having been carried off as a prisoner by the natives, or the possibility of her being even then a wanderer in the bush! Louisa listened to all these surmises with many tears.

The young female native who had so willingly accompanied her father, as Louisa informed Trevor, was often present at these conversations; and although she could not understand the cause of their trouble, she showed by her manner that she commiserated their distress, much in the same way as an attached dog looks up into the face of its master when he sees him troubled, and wags its tail and shows an inclination to sympathize with his affliction, if he could only understand what the matter was, and how he could assist him. Such was the affectionate expression visible in the face of Oionoo.

It is to be observed, that Miss Oionoo was now decently clothed, her hair being profusely adorned with red ribbons, a colour for which she manifested a particular predilection. It was with great difficulty, however, that she was persuaded to suffer herself to be encumbered with any description of apparel; and she displayed so decided a partiality for the sailor's blue trousers, as allowing her more freedom of motion than petticoats, that she was permitted to retain them, as well from a desire to indulge her, as from considerations of propriety; as she was fond of tumbling about occasionally after a fashion that rendered nugatory the protection of female attire.

Nothing, however, could prevent her, at times, from throwing off the whole of her clothes, in order to disport herself at liberty in the garden attached to the house; in which she recreated herself in climbing up the fruit-trees, and in various gambols, which, however interesting they might be to a philosophical observer, from their charming aboriginal simplicity, were by no means consistent with civilized notions of female decorum.

By degrees she picked up a few words, and was able to express her wants, though of course very imperfectly, in English. She imitated the sounds of what she heard with great facility, but she could not so easily be made to understand their meaning.

Trevor, partly from good-feeling, and partly to beguile the time, would often amuse himself with endeavouring to teach the poor creature to talk their language; and he endeavoured to learn from her something about her countrymen, for he was ex-

ceedingly anxious to know if they would take a white woman to wife.

He observed that the native, in her endeavours to make herself understood, frequently pointed to the west; but it was a long time before he could understand what she meant by that action. The importance of it, however, to him, and to her who was most dear to him, will be seen in the course of this eventful history.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BUSHRANGER SEEKS HELEN.

ANXIOUS as Trevor was to hear tidings of Helen, and pained and mortified as he was to be prevented by illness from joining the expedition for her recovery, Mark Brandon was not less eager to find the girl on whom he had fixed his wild and lawless lust.

Maddened by her loss, he cursed the ill-luck which had separated her from him at the moment when he had assured, as he thought, the destruction of her friends who were advancing to her rescue, and had secured her for himself. He determined to follow her up at all hazards, for his absorbing passion so blinded him to all consequences, that he lost sight of his usual habits of caution, and was ready to risk life and liberty to regain possession of her.

But, if she had been carried off by the natives, as he expected, he should have need, he was aware, of the assistance of his brawny comrade in the enterprise; he was obliged, therefore, to bear the companionship of the treacherous rascal till his object was accomplished. In this mood he had journeyed on with him towards the scene of their encounter with the natives.

This time, however, he had forbore from going near the spot where Trevor was lying, and where the corporal, whom he and Grough had seen at a distance, was watching. He might easily have shot them both; but as that would have been a murder without an object, which was contrary to his "system," he passed on his way, intending to move round the point and look for the tracks of the natives in their retreat.

He thought, at the time, that he observed his companion eye the soldier in a way that indicated a desire to communicate with him; but whether it was that Grough thought the attempt too hazardous, and that he was likely to be shot by the corporal on the one side if he approached him, or by Brandon on the other if he left him, he had gone on without speaking. Mark, however, guessed his thoughts, and as he said to himself, "made a note of it."

The tracks which the Bushranger searched for were soon found, for the natives had been in too large a body not to leave a trail behind them, easy to be recognised by one so experienced in the bush.

The track led to the north-west, which was precisely the part into which the Bushranger desired to penetrate. He looked out for some sign of Helen having been with them, hoping that she would have recourse to the same device to give information of her track as she had done before. In this he was disappointed, but after a few miles' travelling he spied the mark of a little shoe. His heart leaped within him. It could be no other than the girl's foot, for the natives never wore shoes. He proceeded on his way with increased energy.

Grough had not observed the circumstance of the little foot, and Brandon did not think it necessary to tell him; besides, the former was too much occupied with his plans for seizing his friend and delivering him up for the reward, to do more than mark the route which they were pursuing, in order that he might find his way back. To assure himself of this facility he began to notch a tree as a sign-post; but Brandon checked him.

Grough seemed at first inclined to rebel; but he suddenly assumed a demeanour of entire acquiescence in Brandon's better judgment. The Bushranger was not deceived by the transparent duplicity of his fellow; but he made a "notch" in his memory of that circumstance too.

The pair went on side by side in seeming good-fellowship; and they kept on the track till they came to the point where the body of natives separated, one tribe with Helen having gone one way, and the auxiliary tribe another. This was embarrassing. The Bushranger stopped to deliberate.

Some suspicion seemed now to cross the mind of the obtuse Grough. What was Brandon's object in following the tracks of the natives? Had he become acquainted with any tribe in his former sojourn in the bush? What did he want with them? Grough was puzzled.

Brandon continued his search after some trace of Helen, but he could find none. After some thought, he followed the track to the right, leading to the north. Grough longed to ask the reason of his taking one track in preference to another, or of his following the track of the natives at all; but conscious of his own meditated treachery, he feared to put any question which might lead Brandon to doubt his confidence. Brandon, from the very absence of the question, drew the conclusion that his companion was hatching some trick against him; for if his intentions had been good, he would have spoken without hesitation. He congratulated himself that the brute thought he was outwitting him.

They continued their way, each mistrusting the other. By day the one watched the other; at night neither would sleep lest the other should surprise him. At last, on reaching the top of a low hill, they suddenly discovered some natives on the plain beneath. At the same time they were themselves discovered, and the natives feeling confidence in the depth of their fastnesses, greeted them with a loud yell of defiance.

Spears were thrown, but Brandon did not heed them; he was intent on discovering some sign of Helen. The plain was open, and if she had been there, he could not have failed to perceive her; but he could see nothing of her. It was clear that he was on the wrong scent; he stamped his foot with rage.

Grough observed this action with surprise; but he made no remark, for there was something in Brandon's look that was dangerous; and the spirit of the less intellectual ruffian quailed before the mental ascendancy of his superior. But, as the natives advanced, it was necessary to check them.

Brandon had a double-barrel fowling-piece; Grough a musket.

"Fire!" cried out Brandon.

Grough hesitated; he did not like to leave himself without the protection of a charge; for he feared Brandon as much as he did the natives. But as the savages advanced closer, and their spears came thick, Brandon was obliged to fire in self-defence, and, urged by the imminence of the danger, Grough fired also. The natives retreated immediately. Brandon's second barrel was undischarged, and Grough's barrel was empty.

"I'm done!" thought Grough.

But, to his extreme surprise, Brandon desired him to load again immediately.

"He doesn't suspect me after all," thought Grough.

It was what Brandon intended him to think.

"We must retrace our steps," said Brandon.

Grough joyfully assented.

Brandon seemed irritable and moody, and was lost in thought.

They went on till they returned to the spot where the two tracks separated,

"This is our way," said Brandon, pointing to the track.

Grough demurred:—

"What's your game, Mark?" he said; "what's the use of following the natives? We shall only get riddled with their spears some time, or have our skulls smashed in with their waddies! No use in running into danger. The natives won't help us to leave the island. Better go back towards camp, and try to seize a boat or something."

"And be seized ourselves," replied Brandon. He reflected for a moment. Suddenly he said to Grough—

"The natives have got the girl with them."

"The devil they have! How do you know that?"

"I know it; that's enough. We must get her again."

"What's the use of the girl when you have got her? One girl is as good as another. Let us catch a native."

"You forget," said Brandon; "we want this girl as a hostage."

"As a what?"

"As a hostage—fool! As a pledge—to make terms with her father."

"Oh! that's another thing. But if the natives have got her, perhaps they want her for a pledge—or a hostage, as you call it—too, and they won't give her up."

"We must fight for it. If you don't like to stand by me, say so."

"Oh! I'll stand by you, Mark, my boy; never fear that. But I don't like the job, that's all I can say."

"Say nothing then: and come on."

This course did not at all accord with Grough's private plans; but being an animal of one idea, he kept his mind steadily fixed on it, and that was to betray Mark and get the reward. He kept on with him, therefore, trusting that the opportunity of mastering him would come at last.

They continued their way till dark; but as neither dared to sleep, from fear of the other, Brandon thought it would be a waste of time to stop. He had marked the "lie" of the country and the direction of the track, which pointed to an opening between some low hills. He thought he could not miss it, and he determined to travel all night, hoping to come up with the natives. But in this he made a mistake which he would not have committed in a calmer state of mind; for he knew very well that to attempt to track footsteps in the bush at night is always useless labour. But the irritation of his mind urged him on.

When the daylight came he found that he was wrong. He was not on the track; and he could form no idea whether he had strayed to the right of it or to the left. His judgment perhaps, from want of rest, had become impaired, and his mental faculties enfeebled. He wandered about for many days, scarcely taking food, and with little sleep. He always removed to a distance from Grough and hid himself at night. He had become peevish and irritable; and Grough grumbled openly. Still the two kept together, for Brandon wanted Grough, to make use of him, and Grough stuck close to Brandon to betray him. At last, however, they found the track again, and Brandon's spirits revived.

They followed it up until they came to the bank of the river over which Helen and Mr. Silliman had passed in the raft.

But the river, always rapid, was now swollen into a boiling

torrent, and it seemed impossible to cross it at that place. The traces, however, of the natives who had been there many days before, were distinctly visible; and the trees at a little distance bore the marks of having been cut by a steel axe. But the river was for the present impassable. Brandon threw himself down on the grass, furious from disappointment.

But Grough was glad at the hindrance, and sat down at a little distance. Both remained in silence; and both were worn out with the fatigue of constant travelling, and from the want of refreshing sleep.

Brandon revolved in his mind all sorts of schemes for passing the river. He would have risked the danger of swimming across; but he could not dare to be without his fowling-piece. He thought of a bark-canoe, after the fashion of the natives; but a glance at the roaring torrent convinced him that the attempt that way would be hopeless.

While he was thus engaged in cursing his ill-luck, Grough was employed in thinking of his own schemes. He was heartily sick of his present life in the bush; there was no fun in it at all! Rather than keep out any longer in such a miserable way, he would almost prefer, he thought, to deliver himself up and take his chance. But as he thought, fatigue overcame him, and he fell asleep.

Brandon observed that his companion had been unable to keep his eyes open; it seemed that he was fast, and not likely to wake for some time; he was himself weary to exhaustion, and his eyelids were weighed down with an irresistible desire to slumber. He thought there could be no danger in getting a few winks—only for a few minutes. In fact, sleep he must—and he slept.

It was the first time in his life, as he afterwards remarked, that he had "given away a chance;" and dearly did he pay for it. But his thoughts were so intensely fixed on the prize in his thoughts, and on the difficulties in his path, that he forgot the danger that was near him.

The immediate cause, however, of the fate which presently befel the Bushranger, was so remarkable, that to some, and not superstitious minds, it might have seemed the result of something more than chance; and that the reptile which appeared to play its part so opportunely was not an accidental agent in the tragedy of that eventful day.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE SNAKE IN THE GRASS.

THE brutal and treacherous comrade of the Bushranger slept uneasily, and he was disturbed with fearful dreams.

He dreamed that he was standing on the brink of a terrible precipice; above was a black cloud, thick, dark, and impenetrable; below was a depth, so deep that the eye could not scan the profundity of its abyss! Presently it seemed to him that the black cloud descended, and enveloped him in its shroud; then a mighty wind arose, and whirled him from the precipice, and he fell down—down—down,—while a terrible sensation of suspended breath caused him agony unspeakable! Suddenly he found himself at the bottom of the abyss, and strange creatures, of monstrous shapes, writhed around and over him! He struggled to rise, but his limbs had lost all power of motion, though his senses did not depart from him; and he felt the cold skin of some slimy reptile crawling over his face. So horrid was the sensation that his mental agony caused him to awake; and then he became aware that part of his dream had been suggested by a reality.

One of the large black snakes common on the island was trailing itself over his face, and he instantly was seized with the fear that the creature had bitten him, and that he should die one of the most dreaded of all deaths, and at which wayfarers in the bush are most terrified. But the creature pursued its way, dragging along its loathsome body, and was lost in the long tufted grass by the side of the water.

The trembling wretch who had received this visitation, disturbed by his terrible dream, and hardly knowing whether he was alive or dead, sat up, shaking with fear, and bathed in a cold sweat, which chilled and benumbed him. Casting his eyes about, he beheld Brandon stretched on the grass and apparently sound asleep. The treacherous object of his subservient attendance now arose to his mind, and the paralysing effect of the recent incident being shaken off by the sight of Brandon at his mercy, he chuckled at the opportunity, and determined to take advantage of it. But the animal had sense enough to consider that, possibly, this seeming sleep of Mark's might be a stratagem to delude him into a betrayal of his own intentions; and Mark, who was "up to every dodge," was not to be dealt with hastily. He had his fowling-piece embraced with his arm, and that was not to be trifled with. But then if he was asleep, what was so easy as to shoot him as he slept?

But that did not serve the traitor's purpose; his game was to

take him alive. What was he to do with the dead body? Besides, if he did shoot him, would that entitle him to the reward? The proclamation said "deliver up;"—that meant "deliver up alive." And who would believe that he had shot the Bushranger? It might be said that somebody else had shot him, and then he—Grough—would get nothing by the job, and would be hanged for his pains! That would be a regular mull! No; he must take him alive.

But could he be sure that he slept? He did not move; but Mark was such a deep dog! Grough got up softly; carefully examined his flint and the priming of his musket; looked at the sleeper; fidgetted; doubted; hesitated; looked round on all sides as if to gather counsel and courage from the distant woods; when, as he cast his eye over the plain, he beheld, at the distance of about a mile, emerging from a thick forest of gum trees, three figures, who, he presently distinguished, had muskets in their hands.

He concluded at once that they were either constables or soldiers in pursuit of Brandon and himself. The decisive moment was now come; and he determined at once to give himself up; to give information of Brandon; and to claim the reward. Skulking away, therefore, swiftly and silently from the bank of the river, he advanced to meet them.

The strangers, on their parts, as soon as Grough arose from the grass, caught sight of him; and not knowing his intentions, immediately retreated back in the forest, trusting that they themselves might not have been seen, and hoping to surprise the man whoever he was, and who, they conjectured, was most likely to be the Bushranger himself, so that they might take him before he had time to make any resistance.

Grough soon cleared the ground between the river and the forest, and when he came to the entrance of it, where the strangers had retired behind the trunks of the trees, he stopped, and calling out, but not too loudly, said, that if they were a party in pursuit of Mark Brandon, he could lead them to the spot where he might be taken; adding, that he claimed the reward for his apprehension promised by the Governor's proclamation.

The soldiers, for such they were, hearing this, immediately came forward, and commanded him to lay down his arms. Grough obeyed, and laid his musket on the grass.

So great, however, was the popular dread of the Bushranger, that the soldiers held themselves prepared to resist any aggression, and looked about them cautiously, apprehending some trick. They desired the informer to retire, which he did, repeating that his object was to deliver up Brandon to the authorities—for the reward.

"Where is the Bushranger?" demanded the leader of the

party, a wary old constable who had formerly been a convict, and who was, as he expressed it, "up to every move of the game."

"That's my affair," replied Grough; "mind, I say, I am ready to deliver up Mark Brandon, and I claim the reward,—five hundred dollars, a free pardon, and a passage to England."

"And who the devil are you?" asked one of the men.

"Stay," said the constable, "let us look at the description of the Bushrangers."

He took a paper from his pocket, and read:—

"James Swindell, an escaped convict, five feet five inches high, red hair, marked with the small-pox you're not him

"He's a stiff 'un," said Grough.

"Who killed him?"

"Mark; he shot him."

"Another chalk against Mark; but he has enough to answer for, let alone that. What's next?"

"Mark Brandon five feet ten inches in height, slim make, black hair, black eyes, straight nose, you're not him. Let us see the next:—"

"Roger Grough . . . six feet one inch high, light hair, light blue eyes, short nose, very broad across the shoulders, thick in the lips . . . That looks like you, my man."

"I am Roger Grough," replied the accused; "and mind I surrender myself and claim the reward."

"But you have not earned it yet, my hearty."

"But I'm ready; and mind I give the information."

"Very good, Mr. Grough. And first we will take the liberty to put these bracelets on your fists—in the Governor's name, you know—all regular. And now, where's our man?"

"There," said Grough, pointing with his manacled hands towards the river.

"Where? we don't see him. Better have no nonsense with us."

"The Bushranger," repeated Grough, "is there—by the side of the water, asleep on the grass."

"Oh, ho! And so you took the opportunity to put the dodge on him!"

"It's the reward," replied the traitor, a little—but a very little—confused at the scorn visible on the soldiers' countenances at this act of treachery; but wishing to do something to signalize himself in their eyes, and thinking that it would enhance the value of his services to enable them to take the redoubtable Mark Brandon alive, he added:—

"But I have another dodge besides that; you shall take him if you like without his being able to resist."

"How is that?"

"I will steal his fowling-piece from him while he is asleep, and you may fall on him and bind him; and then you will have him as safe as bricks."

The constable and the soldiers consulted together. It was a particular part of their instructions to take the Bushranger alive if possible, as it was known to the Government that it was in his power to make important revelations. They did not like to refuse Grough's offer; but they distrusted the rascal.

"You will betray us," they said, "as you have offered to betray him."

"And lose the reward!" replied Grough; "no, not such a fool as that! Besides I've had a dream!"

He related it. The constable and the soldiers laughed at it.

As it was clear that it was the rascal's interest to keep faith with them on whose report depended his reward, they agreed to let him try his luck.

"We can but have a slap at him if it comes to the worst," observed the leader of the party.

"You must release my hands, then," said Grough.

The constable demurred at this at first; but after searching him and taking from him everything but the clothes he stood upright in, he unlocked his handcuffs.

"A tidy lot of dollars you have there," observed one of the soldiers.

"These are my savings," replied Grough.

"Your grandmother's, that is;—however, that's the Governor's business."

"You will stand by me to back me up?" said the traitor: "Mark's a desperate man."

"Aye—aye; we will back you up; and back you down, too, if you flinch. Now, my prince of noses—march—and be alive."

Grough obeyed, the constable and the soldiers following him in a row over the plain. When they drew near the sleeping man they stopped.

"There he is," said Grough, in a whisper.

The soldiers looked forward eagerly, and handled their firelocks.

"I've a dodge in my head," said Grough.

"Be quick then—a man can't sleep for ever in broad daylight."

"He has not slept for the last fortnight," said Grough in a low voice; "no wonder he sleeps sound."

"No matter, lad," replied the constable, "he will soon take his last snooze, and then he may sleep till doomsday."

Brandon turned in his sleep; the soldiers presented their muskets at him simultaneously; but it seemed that he still slept.

Grough now made his way noiselessly to the river, and

steeped his handkerchief in its waters. He then crept stealthily up to the sleeping man. He seemed to take a professional pride in what he was about. He had been a dexterous house-breaker at home, and his present deed was a pleasant exercise of his vocation.

He stood over the sleeper for a few moments; the soldiers watched him in breathless silence, covering the two with their firelocks. Brandon slept the sleep of the weary; nature had been exhausted within him, and his senses once overpowered by the resistless influence of sleep were fast locked up in oblivion.

Grough sneaked up to him from behind, like a snake through the grass, and with a delicacy of touch which seemed wonderful in one of his Herculean bulk gently lifted up the steel of one of the locks of his fowling-piece, and squeezed some water on the priming. Brandon stirred slightly, but did not wake. The traitor then performed the same manoeuvre with the other; and as Brandon still slept, he saturated the two pans with water. He tried to remove the flints, but they were fixed too firmly.

The soldiers nodded approvingly. Grough felt all the delight of a workman showing off his superiority in his craft. Mark was now defenceless, and Grough beckoned the soldiers to advance. But as he retired, in the exultation of his success, he neglected to finish it with the same nicety of tact, and as he withdrew his hand, he let fall the wet handkerchief on Brandon's face.

Awakened by the shock of the cold water, Mark instantly started up, and seeing the soldiers with their muskets levelled at him, he snapped the triggers of both of his barrels at his enemies—but the barrels were dumb! Looking at the locks, and seeing the useless condition of his weapon, he saw in a moment that he was betrayed, and he dashed it on the grass with rage. Determined, however, to sell his life dearly, he endeavoured to disengage his axe from his side; but Grough threw his powerful body heavily upon him, and clasping him closely bore him to the ground; and the soldiers lending their aid, the Bushranger was secured without bloodshed, and the traitor triumphed! But his triumph did not last long.

The soldiers instantly placed handcuffs on the Bushranger, and then they considered that they had him hard and fast. Mark submitted to this ceremony in silence. He made no reproach to his comrade; dissembling his thoughts, he bent his whole soul to the taking of a sure revenge. There was a general pause for a few moments; after which, the soldiers intimated to Grough that, notwithstanding the service he had performed, he must consider himself their prisoner; and without further parley, they placed handcuffs on him also.

Brandon looked at the handcuffs on his partner's wrists, and looked at the river, and smiled complacently. He had formed his scheme. Then he spoke:—

"You have betrayed me; but I will not reproach you; the reward was too great a temptation."

"Lord love your heart," said Grough, "it's all in the way of business! If I had not done it, Mark, somebody else would; better for a friend to get the reward than a stranger."

"True," said Mark.

The soldiers said nothing; they had their duty to do, and they would not insult their captive. They rather pitied Mark, and they looked on his comrade with the disgust with which all generous minds regard a traitor.

Brandon and Grough were standing a little apart; the former took the opportunity to wink to the latter.

"What is it?" said Grough, coming nearer, but keeping out of Mark's reach.

"The sovereigns," whispered Brandon.

"What sovereigns?"

"The sovereigns from the brig; a thousand of them; I planted them. You may as well have them too."

"Hah," whispered Grough, his avarice excited by the gold; "Mark, you're a trump! where are they?"

"Come a little this way," said Mark. He advanced to the edge of the river. The foaming waters hardly allowed Grough to hear what Brandon said; he advanced nearer to him.

"There are a thousand of them," repeated Brandon.

"Where are they?" eagerly asked the greedy Grough, bending his head towards his betrayed comrade.

"Come nearer," said Brandon.

"Where are the yellow boys?"

"In Hell!" suddenly exclaimed the Bushranger, darting his body against the huge frame of the burly traitor, and precipitating him into the raging tide; "Go," he said, raising his voice, "and seek them there!"

"Help!" cried the wretch, struggling with his manacled hands in the furious torrent; "help! my hands are fastened! help!"

The soldiers ran to the water's edge, and while the constable remained by the side of Mark, they followed down by the bank of the river, with a vague idea of rescuing him. But whether it was that their hearts were not in the work, and that they thought it served the rascal right, or that the furious waters too suddenly overwhelmed their prey, they could do nothing to save him. But the agonized shrieks of the dying wretch broke fearfully the solemn silence of the wilderness; and when his last convulsive cry rose in the air, even the stout

hearts of the soldiers shuddered for a moment at the sharp echo of the adjacent woods !

They waited for a short time to see if his body would appear; but as no sign of it was visible, they turned their attention to their chief prisoner, Brandon ; and one marching before, and one behind, with the constable at his side, they took their way back through the bush to Hobart Town.

Thus guarded, and handcuffed besides, it seemed impossible that their prisoner could escape. But even so secured, the crafty Bushranger did not despair.

SPORTIVE LOVE.

(By the late J. H. J., Son of the Author of "Rural Sonnets.")

SPORTIVE Love, in a merry hour,
While roving out one starry night,
By chance perceiv'd a rosy bow'r
Whereon the Moon was shining bright.

Now, Sportive Love, whose heart was gay,
And well inclin'd for mirth within,
Among the roses wound his way,
And, list'ning, peep'd the bow'r within.

And, there, a Lady met his view,
Who commun'd with the Moon above ;
A Lady—one of very few—
Who ne'er had own'd the sway of Love.

Sportive Love, with a saucy smile,
That instant pois'd a chosen dart,
And, softly singing all the while,
The archer pierc'd the Lady's heart.

At once her bosom heav'd with sighs,
And thrill'd with Love's resistless pow'r,
Till tears came gushing from her eyes,
What time she rose to leave her bow'r.

And Sportive Love was watching by,
His dimpled cheeks alive with fun,
As, pointing, with triumphant eye,
He laugh'd to see what he had done.

NELL GWYNNE, OR THE COURT OF THE STUARTS.

CHAPTER IX.

PURSUES THE FORTUNES OF HAROLD GRESHAM, AND INVOLVES HIM IN A
NEW DILEMMA.

THE sudden and unexpected appearance of Harold Gresham (as we must henceforward designate the young Cavalier), and her immediate recognition of him, very naturally raised the deepest emotion in the bosom of Agatha. Yet suffering from one surprise, she had thus been overtaken by another; and might it not be said, without exaggeration, that she met them both with a kindred welcome?

Trained among the disciples of that severe school, which professed to point every trial of life with a rigid moral, and to draw from the wildest vicissitudes, which threw every sympathy of the heart into disorder, a salutary and useful lesson, she was accustomed to place a guard over her feelings, and to resist every dictate of passion. But the present occasion called for more than ordinary endurance. Her feelings, already deeply affected, were now above control; and, as her eye met that of Harold, she again hid her face on the Colonel's bosom.

He drew his arm closer round her, but (probably because he was himself discomposed) offered no observation, and nearly a minute passed in solemn silence. Agatha, by a great effort, then assumed an appearance of composure, and, freeing herself from the Colonel's caress, once more looked up.

"Thank him!" she said to the Colonel. "He rescued me, too!"

"How?" exclaimed Mowbray. "Speak my child; what do thy words import?"

But before she could make him any reply, the full meaning of her words, and that obligation to Harold which they sought to express, burst upon him, and rendered an explanation unnecessary. Dropping his hold of Agatha, he stepped hastily towards Harold, and eagerly seized his hand.

"We are well met, Captain Gresham!" he said. "How did this betide?"

"That is, I fear me, more than I can answer," replied Harold.

"I had but that night come to London, and was making my way to one West, a barrister, ——"

"Ay," interposed Mowbray, "the Duke of Monmouth's agent?"

"Yes," pursued Harold, "I had a short while before met the Duke, by mere chance, at Charing-Cross; and his Grace having had some favourable knowledge of me, in the Scottish war, he bade me attend him there. But before I could reach West's, I heard a cry of distress, and, making all haste, I came up with this fair mistress here, struggling with two ruffians."

"And thy coming up, I know, was right timely," observed Mowbray, again grasping his hand. "But I marvel much, after what had been told me, that his Grace himself was not at hand."

"Do not wrong him!" replied Harold. "He *was* at hand!"

"How?"

"I did not then know it," resumed Harold; "but afterwards, on entering the sanctuary, I met with the Duke, who had gone there to cover your retreat. As it was, he did cover mine."

"I am right glad he was there," said Mowbray. "I have, as you may be advised, incurred much peril in his service, and —"

He was yet speaking, when the clatter of horses' feet, proceeding at a quick pace, and then drawing suddenly up, broke on his ear, and he came to a pause.

"May this be Sir Patience?" he resumed.

"'Tis he, I think," answered Agatha, in her usual tone, yet not without a trace of emotion.

"I will go meet him," returned Mowbray. "Meanwhile do thou take my place, Agatha, with this good Cavalier. I may trust thee with him, seeing, from the service he hath done us, that he is of the true flock, though haply disguised in the wolf's clothing."

With these words, he turned away, and quitted the room; and Agatha and Harold, almost before they were aware of it, were left to themselves.

The situation inspired them respectively with very different feelings. Agatha, reared in seclusion, approached it with embarrassment, yet not without a sensible pleasure. She was animated by a graceful but mixed emotion. Unacquainted, perhaps, with the real character of that heartless licence and sickening profligacy, which was the distinguishing characteristic of the era, she had yet been taught, in her retirement, or in her intercourse with the rigid and gloomy spirits of her communion, to view the prevailing tone of the world with repugnance and fear. In the fashions and vices of the age, man had stood before her only in his debasement, or in the gloom and

deformity of a canting fanaticism. She looked with aversion on the one; but in despite of education, in despite even of habit, she could not reconcile herself to the other. Personal experience, so long and earnestly avoided, had now opened to her a brighter and more welcome creation. In the person and actions of her present companion, man now offered her a nobler image. The deep sympathies of her nature had here found their similitude; and the novelty of the picture, so different from all that she had seen before, had charmed and dazzled her. But though she looked on Harold with admiration, though he had invoked within her, by his qualities and actions, the liveliest personal gratitude, she could not entirely banish the influences of education. Her admiration of him, indeed, was radical and earnest, but it was not unmingled with timidity; and, while she secretly applauded the man, she openly shrank from the courtier.

On the other hand, Harold Gresham, though really of a generous and cordial nature, was perfectly unmoved. More experienced than she—acquainted with life from observation, rather than from hearsay, the world had actually exhibited to him that universal depravity and hypocrisy which she knew only from report. But his very perils had been his best and constant safeguard. Now mixing with Puritans, now with Catholics, and now, by another and singular vicissitude, brought into communion with professing Churchmen, he had seen a new enormity in every persuasion; and, while he clung to the institutions of the Church, looked severely and doubtfully on each. But, in his own heart, he cherished a pure and ennobling faith. This was his stronghold. Mailed in religion, his nature stood erect, in its own dignity, amidst the corruptions and pollutions of the age; and his temperament was as averse to excess, as his heart was incapable of dishonour.

If the truth must be told, he regarded the Puritan maiden, at first sight, with a certain degree of contempt. Indeed, his prepossessions of her, if he had contracted any, were somewhat to her disadvantage. She was associated with a class which he despised; and though, as has been duly and fully set forth, she had presented herself to him in a strikingly beautiful and engaging situation, emulating the devotion of the Grecian daughter, he still viewed her in connexion with that class. He was too generous, however, and, both by nature and habit, too courteous, to suffer his indifference to appear; and, as her grandfather quitted the room, he hastened to render her his devoirs.

"I fear me, fair mistress," he said, "that the duty imposed on you will prove irksome. I take shame to myself that you should be held from repose by me."

Agatha's heart trembled within her. As he spoke, she called to remembrance, by a sudden turn of thought, the last time that she had heard his voice, and the recollection infected her with a new confusion. She had then appeared before him in the trappings and frippery of male attire. Though the occasion sanctified the deed, the remembrance of this fact—then, in the hurry of action, unheeded—overwhelmed her with shame, and her cheek became suffused with a deep blush. But, reassured by the kindness of his looks, she did not hesitate to offer him a reply.

"An' this were my thought: the shame were mine," she said.

Her voice was so sweet, and so full of feeling, and her manner so charmingly unaffected, that Harold gave a slight start. He had supposed her to be a formal, passionless girl, as void of feeling, or any soft and fervid emotion, as he imagined her to be of sentiment; yet instead of assailing him with the drawling phrases of a discordant cant, she had expressed herself truthfully and simply, and had touched his heart with her first words.

He began to regard her with more interest.

"Nay, in that case," he remarked, "I can forget that it is midnight, and that a day of action has made me somewhat weary. But, if I mistake not, you have yourself passed a fatiguing day?"

"I have passed a very sad day," answered Agatha; "but my fatigue, though unusual, has been but trifling. I have but journeyed hither from Deptford."

"You were with Colonel Mowbray, then, this morning?"

"Yes!" replied Agatha; "and I half feared, from what then passed, that I should never meet him again. But the man who had charge of me, though we misdoubted him, brought me safe to this house; and the hand that once gave freedom to myself has now restored me my grandfather."

"No more of it, I pray you!" cried Harold, yet suffering a slight flush, which could not but spring from pleasure, to spread itself over his cheek. "'Tis the duty of a soldier, you know, to help the oppressed."

Be that as it might, the social fact, in his auditors' opinion, did not lessen the personal obligation; but Agatha was, from the native delicacy of her character, as well as from education and habit, accustomed to guard and repress her feelings, and she did not give her sentiments utterance. There was a pause.

"The world, as of old, is full of violence," resumed Harold, at length. "Will it never more know peace?"

"Oh, surely, yes!" exclaimed Agatha. "Doth not the sun,

as at first, still bring us light and heat? and the peace and goodwill of heaven are yet more potential."

"They are! they are!" cried Harold: "I see their olive-branch in thy words."

Unused as she was to the language of compliment, nay, even averse to it, Agatha listened to his observation with obvious pleasure. But her gratification was but momentary. Almost as it rose, indeed, she sought to repel it, and the consciousness of its presence filled her with shame.

But Harold did not dwell on so trifling an incident. Indeed, what he had said, though it might sound like a compliment, he had really felt; and, after he had given it utterance, he hastened to less personal topics. The ground which he now entered was even more and more attractive. Agatha, animated by a beautiful and unmingled modesty, might have listened calmly to his commendations, but she could not be unaffected by his discourse. She could have baffled his flatteries; but the frankness of his nature, the nobleness and variety of his thoughts, and the simple vigour of his language, which discoursed to her such eloquent music,—leading her, in its rapid and unbroken progress, from one topic to another, through every ramification of affection and sentiment—offered her a greater and more serious peril. Gradually, insensibly, and unconsciously, she forgot their relative situations; she forgot her habit of reserve and self-restraint; and she opened to his approaches, under this fascination, every avenue of her gentle heart.

The time flew swiftly, and they had been thus conversing, with uninterrupted enjoyment, for upwards of an hour, when they were surprised by the entry of Colonel Mowbray. By his side, talking with him as they progressed, came another Cavalier, seemingly about the same age, and dressed in the same style; and, a pace or two behind, a third person brought up the rear. It was to his companion that Colonel Mowbray invited attention.

"Captain Gresham," he said to Harold, "this is my good neighbour, Sir Patience Ward!"

Harold, with a slight bow, stepped a pace forward, intending to offer the Knight a suitable greeting: but, to his great surprise, Sir Patience drew back.

"Gresham?" he said, with an appearance of consternation: "Harold—that is, Nebuchadnezzar Gresham! Ay, ay, he slew the Amalekites! I give you place, neighbour!"

Though somewhat startled at this singular address, Harold, by a prompt effort of self-command, checked his inclination to reply, and turned to Mowbray.

"Will you avail yourself, Captain Mowbray, of his Grace, provision for you?" he said, "or do you lodge here?"

"I thank you, I am safe here," answered Mowbray. "But you must yourself, methinks, need provision, and Sir Patience here—"

"Thank you both!" interrupted Harold. "I will, with your good permission, wish you all good morrow; for if I mistake not, 'tis long past cock-crow."

With this brief leave-taking, and a special bow to Agatha, he turned to the door. In doing so, he confronted the third Cavalier, and, looking up, caught a glimpse of his face. It was a very handsome one, and had, at a first glance, even a noble character; but it struck Harold's memory like the face of Gorgon. As he turned away, and passed quickly from the room, he felt his heart thrill within him.

CHAPTER X.

WHEREIN, BY A CURIOUS ACCIDENT, HAROLD IS MISTAKEN FOR A PAPIST.—
FURTHER, HE BECOMES THE REPOSITORY OF A MOMENTOUS SECRET.

THERE are thoughts that come upon us, through the yawning ruins of the past, like hideous spectres, reviving on the tablet of memory the faded inscriptions of many a forgotten feeling. They are called up by the slightest possible circumstance, and, like familiar spirits, they obey the incantation. A resemblance suggests a person; a person recalls an event; and a thousand misty recollections, here and there shapeless and unmeaning, fling their dark shadows around, involving every perception in one promiscuous and undistinguishable chaos.

The appearance of the Cavalier noticed in the preceding chapter, in company with Colonel Mowbray and Sir Patience Ward, invoked this disorder in the bosom of Harold. He had struck his recollection like the wreck of a dream. Every wave of association, as far as the memory could extend itself, was waste and void; but, in the centre of the expanse, that one figure was distinct and prominent. It grounded on the strongest and steadiest aspiration of his troubled heart. It seemed, whether truly or not, to be freighted with the mystery of his existence—to involve the direction of his destiny; and yet, by a singular anomaly, to open to him no track through the flood of difficulties around him.

Passing quickly from the house, he mounted his horse without, and rode slowly away. A short ride, which the activity of his thoughts rendered still shorter, brought him to another

quarter of the city, where, as it now appeared, he had fixed his lodging.

The house was a hybridous kind of structure, between a mansion and a warehouse, and a sign-board in its front, inscribed with the words "SHEPHERD, VINTNER," seemed to denote that its occupier adapted it to both those purposes. There was no light visible; but, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, he had no sooner inflicted a loud knock on the door, which he did straightway, than his summons to the inmates was satisfactorily answered. A sort of supernumerary domestic, who united the functions of porter and watchman—a combination then prevalent, promptly appeared, and gave him immediate admission. This done, he furnished him with a light, and then, leaving him within, passed down the steps, and proceeded to take charge of his horse.

Harold, thus relieved from further care, did not linger in the passage, but walked straight to his chamber. There, having offered his devotions to Heaven, he slowly threw off his clothes, and retired to his bed.

But, anxious and uneasy, his pillow afforded him no solace. In vain he racked every specific for promoting or inducing sleep. He shut his eyes; but, when he least expected it, he found them open; he began to count from one to a thousand, after the custom of the ancients, several times, but in no instance could he ascend higher than fifty. His thoughts involuntarily turned on the one great and engrossing idea; and in spite of his reason, in spite of his very will, he could still think only of that dark-looking and mysterious man, who had so suddenly reminded him of the shadowy past.

It was almost day-break before he fell asleep. After a short and broken slumber, he awoke with a start, and almost immediately arose. But the depression he had suffered from, though it left him grave and thoughtful, vanished before the light and freshness of morning. As he threw open his chamber-window, the balmy air, yet untainted by smoke, or the thousand corruptions of the city, recalled to his cheek a look of cheerfulness, and in his mind, revived that sense of innate energy, which, next to a reliance on Heaven, is undoubtedly the best barrier to difficulty or danger.

There is always hope in a subject, when a man, after an anxious and restless night, can quietly regale himself with a substantial breakfast; and, on this occasion, Harold did full justice to his morning meal. His appetite appeased, he returned to his toilet, on which, contrary to his custom, he bestowed very great and scrupulous attention. He then quitted his chamber; and, descending a neighbouring staircase, sallied into the street.

His mood, though lighter, was still thoughtful, but not so

much so as quite to absorb his attention. As he passed along, he looked observantly about him; and he was not long in discovering, from the aspect of things around, that the city was labouring under unusual excitement. Groups of citizens were assembled in the streets, talking gravely together; and large bands of apprentices, armed with bats and bludgeons, passed to and fro, railing against the Catholics. But what most surprised him, after he had viewed them attentively, was the fact, that almost every individual wore his hat askew, in the style called the "Monmouth cock," a fashion which, however prevalent, had hitherto been confined to the young, and was supposed to be associated as much with politics, as it was with taste.

With a view of escaping observation himself, he now straightened his own hat (for, as will readily be supposed, he also adhered to the Monmouth practice), and passed rapidly towards Temple-Bar. Here, however, his very precaution proved inopportune. As he was passing through the gate, he suddenly came in contact, in the passage, with a large body of apprentices, and, thus rendered more strikingly conspicuous, the straightness of his hat immediately excited attention.

"Ho! ho! I smell a Papist!" cried a voice.

"He won't be a cock," cried another voice, referring to the straightness of his hat, "because he likes not Oates."

"Curse him! hang him!" roared several zealous Protestants.

Harold was himself in a moment.

"Nay, nay, gallants!" he cried, with a good-humoured smile, "I'll cock my hat with you, and that right heartily."

As he spoke, he turned his hat aside, and imparted to it that rakish and dashing air, which was so much in vogue.

"To h—ll with the Pope, then!" cried a bulwark of the Church, in the shape of a young baker; "and a cheer for Monmouth!"

"God save princely Monmouth!" exclaimed Harold, waiving his hat.

As he ceased speaking, his glance, in turning round, fell on a more courtly-looking bystander. Their eyes met; and a quiet, glowering smile, half contemptuous, half triumphant, curled the lip of the stranger. It was the man he had met at Sir Patience Ward's.

Harold had hardly caught his eye, when the crowd, pushing forward, passed between them, and the Cavalier disappeared. Harold did not look after him; but, finding his passage unopposed, walked slowly forward, and proceeded on his way.

A few minutes brought him to his destination, which was in a turning off the Strand, adjoining the river. It was the residence of the Marquess of Halifax.

That nobleman, as will readily be remembered, was one of the most important persons of the time. A favourite with the King, he was yet, by a singular destiny, popular with the people; and while he enjoyed the friendship of the Duke of Monmouth, influenced the counsels of the Duke of York. Thus distinguished, possessing the good opinion, and probably checking the views, of both the Protestant and Popish, the Royalist and Democratic factions, he was naturally haunted by the adherents of each; and though the hour was so early, the hall of his mansion was already well attended. Harold, however, fortunately for his purpose, was known to the servants; and, having previously received an injunction to that effect, they forthwith marshalled him to the presence of their master.

The Marquess, though there was a slight bend in his shoulders, seemed to be but little past the prime of life. He was very richly dressed, in habits of gold tissue, trimmed with ribbons; and his person and air, yet untouched by age, well became his magnificent attire. As Harold approached, he offered him his hand; and they interchanged greetings, after the manner then practised, with the greatest cordiality.

"I had thought to have seen you yesterday," the Marquess added.

Harold turned down his eyes.

"I was held elsewhere, my Lord, by the Duke of Monmouth," he said.

"Monmouth!" cried the Marquess. "But, true! I have heard him speak of you. Have a care of him!"

"My Lord!—"

"Nay, nay, I offer you no questions," said the Marquess. "I have told him, too, to be on his guard. This Dangerfield's business, indeed, has blown over, but——"

"Blown over?" cried Harold, in a tone of surprise.

"You know, then, that he professed to have discovered a new plot," said the Marquess; "and that, in stating this, he brought a charge of high treason against Colonel Mowbray. He has since been arrested; and the whole scheme of the plot, which he had hidden in a meal tub, has been discovered, and will now be brought against him."

"Then, Colonel Mowbray is free?" asked Harold.

"The warrants for his arrest, I believe, have been recalled," answered the Marquess. "But enough of this. Let me now, in fulfilment of my trust, pay you your allowance."

Thus speaking, he caught up a sealed packet, and with a kind smile, which sat well on his noble countenance, extended it to Harold. To his surprise, however, the latter drew back.

"Forgive me, my Lord—my benefactor!" he said; "but before I accept this gift, I must know who is its donor."

"Rash boy!" exclaimed the Marquess. "Have not I often

told you, in answer to this question, that it comes from your father?"

"Let him stand forth, then," cried Harold, "and give it to me himself. I will welcome him—love him, more than words can tell!"

"Thou knowest, he is dead!" said the Marquess. "This small allowance, which arises from the product of his personal effects, it was in my power to preserve to you. But, since you will no longer receive it gracefully, the time seems to have come, at last, when I must tell you your history. Attend!"

Harold, who had turned his eyes on the floor, looked up, and assumed an attitude of fixed attention.

"Know, first," pursued the Marquess, "that your father was my friend. He was a gentleman of estate, and, in the great troubles, followed the fortunes of the King: his younger brother, who is still living, attached himself to Cromwell. Your father, after rendering many services to his Royal Master, was outlawed, and his brother became possessed of his estates."

"The villain!" cried Harold.

"Your father became a wanderer abroad," resumed the Marquess; "but after many years' interval, I was summoned to his death-bed. It was in the house of his brother; but by the contrivance of a faithful domestic, who was in his interest, I saw him alone. He told me of you, who, he said, were his lawful and only son, and ought to be his heir."

"Heaven be thanked!" exclaimed Harold, in a thick voice.

"But we both feared his brother," continued the Marquess, "and, with his last words, he bequeathed you to me. He was giving me the papers relative to your birth, when, to our mutual consternation, we were informed of the approach of his brother. Taking you in my arms, yet but a child, unconscious of your situation, I fled; and, in the hurry of retreat, left behind me the evidence of your legitimacy."

"But surely, my Lord, it cannot be lost?" cried Harold, in broken accents.

"It fell into the power of your uncle," answered the Marquess. "He was, as I told you, a bad and unscrupulous man, and at this time he had a child of his own. Another year, and both child and mother, as if to mock his ambition, were taken from him. They perished of the Plague."

"He, you say, still lives, my Lord," said Harold, passionately. "I pray you, as you love me, tell me his name."

The Marquess, stepping a pace forward, caught up his hand, and looked earnestly in his face.

"Dear Harold," he said, "I love you as my own. Your father and I, in times long past, were fast friends, and he twice gave me my life. Be ruled in this business, then, by me."

"Entirely, my Lord," faltered Harold. "Only tell me the knave's name!"

"'Tis Sir Herbert Symonds," answered the Marquess. "But sit thee down, now, if thou can'st, for a short space, and we will discourse the matter more fully."

Harold with a bow of acquiescence, threw himself into a chair, and, without further preamble, they proceeded to discuss the subject he had so much at heart.

CHAPTER XI.

HAROLD EMBRACES A DANGEROUS COMPANIONSHIP.

THE best evidence of a strong mind, apart from its actual and veritable decisions, is its vigour under difficulty. It may be bent, and, to say the truth, it very often *is*; but, quickly recovering itself, it rises from the pressure with renewed powers. In this steady and felicitous reaction, it seems to present to us, in imagination, both the happy elasticity of the reed, and the sublime energy of the oak: it yields to the impulses of feeling, but it mocks the assaults of despair.

Harold's interview with the Marquess, as has been made manifest, referred to matters of the gravest moment; and, in its concluding communications, afforded him very reasonable ground for anxiety and dejection. But, though the first shock inspired him with a thousand emotions, he left the presence of the Marquess a new and resolute man. He felt a sort of ability, as steadfast as it was becoming, to meet and contend with his fortune—a proud but manly sense of self-confidence and self-control; above all, a reliance on the presiding influences of Heaven, which no emergency could overrule.

Leaving the residence of the Marquess, he bent his steps towards the city, intending, with the cordiality of a frank and generous nature, to pay a gratulatory visit to Colonel Mowbray. The streets, as before, were still crowded with passengers, and, though he incurred no molestation, it was with difficulty that he made his way forward. Ultimately, however, he reached Bishopsgate, and passed to the residence of Sir Patience Ward.

Both Sir Patience and Mowbray, he now learned, through the generous interference of the porter, were abroad—the former, who filled the office of Lord Mayor, being engaged in his civic duties, and the latter having sallied out for an airing. Really desiring to see him, Harold, on being informed of this, expressed his intention of waiting his return.

By a mistake of the porter, he was conducted to a private room, at the back of the house, which, after he had passed in, he found to have another inmate. It was Agatha.

The surprise, though sudden, seemed agreeable to them both; and the eye of each emitted a joyous sparkle. Their greetings over, Harold expressed to her, in earnest but graceful language, his satisfaction and gratification at the release of her grandfather.

"I had hoped," he added, "to have seen him this morning; for I purpose setting out for the country."

"Indeed," replied Agatha, somewhat tremulously. "We, too, are leaving London. My grandfather, on my persuasion, is returning home, and, in a day or two, we proceed to Hereford."

"Hereford!" exclaimed Harold. "That is my destination."

Agatha, in her heart, was well pleased with this intelligence, and, though she made no remark, hoped that they might journey together. She was, however, spared the embarrassment of a reply—which, in her situation, was no slight one—by the entrance of her grandfather.

Colonel Mowbray, though of a severe and gloomy temperament, which rarely broke into an exhibition of feeling, received the greetings of Harold with manifest pleasure. The latter person, having congratulated him on his escape from his late dilemma, and the discovery and frustration of the plot of Dangerfield, thenceforward known as the meal-tub plot, then informed him of his proposed journey to Hereford.

"You, I believe," he continued, "are travelling the same road?"

"Yes," answered the Colonel, "and I shall be right glad, my son, could we go on our way together. Moreover, if it sort with thy convenience, it will be like oil and wine to my heart, in my solitude, if thou wilt sojourn at my habitation awhile."

Both these propositions, though not equally expected, were equally agreeable to Harold, and, in acknowledging this, he awarded each of them a prompt acceptance. His connexion with the Duke of Monmouth, however, precluded his leaving London for several days, and it was also expedient that they should not be seen to travel in company. It was arranged, therefore in the end, that they should defer their journey for three days, and that, on the morning of the fourth, they should join company at a noted tavern, without the precincts of the city.

This settled, Harold took his leave, and, sallying forth, proceeded to his own lodging. Still absorbed in thought, he passed slowly along, through several streets of the city, without observing that he was followed; but, happening to look behind him,

he finally became sensible of this fact. A person was in his rear, a few paces distant, whom he recognised as the mysterious stranger; but, as he saw that he had incurred remark, he now turned away. In wheeling round, he came in contact, rather abruptly, with two other Cavaliers, who also seemed familiar to Harold. He could not fix their identity, but he had indeed, as he suspected, seen them once before. They were the Earl of Oxford and Colonel Blood.

Harold, indifferent to their observation, yet feeling within him a vague and indefinable apprehension, paused, only a moment, and walked leisurely home.

CHAPTER XII.

CONCERNING THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF HAROLD, WITH A MYSTERIOUS REFERENCE TO AGATHA.

THE interval arranged with Colonel Mowbray, in the manner already set forth, quickly elapsed, and, on the morning of the fourth day, Harold was in waiting at the place appointed. Mounted on a strong and handsome horse, with a small valise, containing a change of attire, braced to his saddle, his holsters supplied with pistols, and his belt furnished with a trusty rapier, his equipment put forward but little pretence; but, simple though it was, yet marked him out as a gentleman and soldier.

He had not been long on the ground, when a heavy looking coach, such as were now coming into pretty general use, with a team of four horses, and the usual attendants, made its appearance; and, advancing to meet it, he discovered that its inmates were Mowbray and Agatha. Mounted on his horse, he was on a level, when erect, with the height of the coach, and, as he came up with them, he found that he could greet them through the coach-window. This coincidence, previously unthought of, proved very agreeable, and, in their journey onward, they were able to maintain a regular conversation. Their progress, however, though steady, was excessively tedious, and, from the ruggedness of the roads, even tiresome. Its most pleasing association was their attention to each other. At night, too, stopping at some roadside inn, they each more fully enjoyed the other's society. Nor was their actual progress itself unwearied. Sometimes, charmed by the aspect of the surrounding country—in which Harold was continually pointing out some new and half-hidden beauty—they all alighted, and proceeded a short distance on foot; sometimes Mowbray and Harold would change places, and once every day, at noon, they came to a halt, and,

conformably to the custom of the Puritans, offered a prayer and thanksgiving to Heaven.

Thus—journeying slowly on—nearly a week elapsed before they reached Mowbray's residence. This was an old manor house, called, in the sectarian idiom of the Puritans, the Shepherd's Chase, and was situate about a dozen miles from Hereford. On their arrival thither, Harold learned, by accident, a particular of its situation that was still more desirable; it adjoined the estate of Sir Herbert Symonds, to visit which, for a purpose hereafter to be disclosed, was the special object of his expedition.

But once an inmate of Mowbray's mansion, he seemed to forget his real purpose. The situation, so foreign to his usual habits, certainly offered him much to dwell upon. He found Colonel Mowbray, though himself abstemious, embracing in his hospitality a lavish abundance—though cramping his discourse with the canting phrases of fanaticism, to be a man of letters and sense—though wearing the semblance of the Pharisee, to be animated by the spirit of the Publican—and, in fine, though infected with certain rigid and irregular principles, which were not free from a pernicious influence, to be capable of high and generous impulses.

But, mingled with so much that was amiable, his character exhibited, on a close survey, a stern and habitual gloom, which addicted him to seclusion; and, as a consequence, Harold was chiefly associated with Agatha. He did not lament this happy effect; on the contrary, indeed, he sought her continually, and, without pausing to ask himself wherefore, began to find a charm and fascination in her society. Lightened by this infatuation, the time passed unheeded. Several weeks expired, and Harold, charmed with his situation, was still the recipient of Mowbray's hospitality. At last, however, delicacy suggested to him the seemliness of departure. He was walking in a neighbouring wood, with his eyes bent on the ground, in deep and earnest meditation, when this unwelcome reflection occurred to him; but he had hardly time to recognise its propriety, when, he was interrupted by the approach of a footstep.

Turning round, he discovered Agatha.

"Captain Gresham," cried Agatha, who, like himself, was evidently taken by surprise, and revealed her confusion on her fair cheek, "how wrong of me thus to break in upon your thoughts."

"Would that they might always be as pleasantly invaded," exclaimed Harold. "But, in your way hither, you seem to have fatigued yourself. See, here is a seat!"

Indeed, a felled tree, stripped to its trunk, which lay at their feet, under a bower of overshadowing foliage, through which the morning sun of April might be distinguished, seemed

to offer her a suitable resting place. As he pointed it out to her, Harold, with a graceful bow, caught up her hand, and assisted her to seat herself.

"There is an enchantment," he said, bestowing himself beside her, "in such a scene as this, that one cannot manfully or safely approach."

"By one like you," remarked Agatha, falteringly, "who have been reared in the practice of arms, the enchantment can hardly be felt."

"I am even enchained by it," returned Harold. "Seated here, I could forget, in idle and aimless enjoyment, that man was made for action; and, fascinated by the passing moment, neglect the purpose of my creation. Say not, then, that the spell of the scene does not affect me."

"I hope it does," said Agatha; "then, on thy departure hence, thou wilt carry away with thee, in remembrance, at least one refreshing image of our happy friendship."

"Indeed, a fixed and indelible one," answered Harold, mournfully; "and, sad as parting will be, I must go hence to-morrow."

}} "To-morrow," faltered Agatha, turning pale; "oh! surely—"

But whatever she was about to say—whatever dictated her broken but eager accents, she paused; her voice, indeed, refused to articulate. Her sudden hesitation arose, in reality, not only from a prompt interposition of recollection, but from the more apparent influence of emotion. She averted her face, however; and her discomposure, though decided, was thus partially concealed.

"We shall greatly miss you," she said, at length.

"And how greatly shall I miss you," exclaimed Harold.

In thus expressing himself, he unconsciously clasped her hand.

"Never, indeed," he added, in a sad and mournful tone, "can the happiness you have extended to me be restored."

Here, though with no proud or ungraceful motive, Agatha sought to draw away her hand; but, whether wittingly or not, she executed her purpose with such marked agitation, that Harold was emboldened to retake it. For the moment—perhaps, under this impulse—the strong feelings of his heart disdained control; his dream was dispelled. On the withdrawal of that hand, he seemed to lose, in effect, the master-principle of his existence. The great secret of his willing inaction was here opened and displayed. Life, the world, ambition—every high and aspiring sentiment of his nature—every recollection of the past, and every expectation of the future, offered him only a blank; but that hand—that dear bewitching hand—was like the spring of his being: in his estimation, its magic touch could ennoble a cottage, and make a paradise of a wilderness.

"Couldst thou tell what this hand hath grasped," he said, "thou wouldst not so hastily withdraw it. Didst thou know, as thou now shalt know, that it may brighten, or blot out, the ambition of a life—that it may turn the impulses of an immortal soul—in few, that it hath fastened itself, by degrees, on every affection of my heart, thou surely wouldst suffer it to pause awhile longer."

With these words, he raised his eyes, purposing, perhaps, to appeal to her with his looks; but, if such were the case, his purpose was defeated. Agatha, but too happy in his love, had already answered his protestations, and, as he raised his eyes, she hid her face on his shoulder.

With her trembling waist circled by his arm—her heaving bosom clasped to his—her cheeks, though screened from observation, glowing with blushes, and her eyes streaming with tears, she tasted the first rapturous effect of her long cherished passion.

For a few moments they were silent: their feelings, so suddenly and simultaneously unlocked, were too impassioned for utterance. Harold, however, recovering his self-command, shortly essayed to speak.

"Dearest Agatha," what ecstasy is this!" he exclaimed. "Are you — oh! tell me in words, as well as in your dear face, that you are verily mine."

"Oh, yes! yes!" murmured Agatha, "yet, I beseech you, as you love me, leave me now; I will join you anon."

Harold, though it cost him an effort, hastened to obey her; and, having first pressed his lips to her's, turned slowly away. As he disappeared, Agatha half regretted that she had dismissed him. The delicious emotion with which he had inspired her, though embracing her every affection, existed only in his presence; and, in the very height of her transport, she began to encourage dejection. While she was pondering whether she should recall him, she heard another step approach, and, looking up, her glance fell on the person who, in a former chapter, has been designated as the mysterious stranger.

"Good-morrow to you, Mistress Mowbray," he said, with a bow.

"I give you good-morrow, Sir Herbert Symonds," answered Agatha, rising.

She was passing him; but Sir Herbert Symonds—for the stranger was no other—held her back.

"Nay, good mistress, "I must pray your patience a space," he said, "I have that to say to you, in your private ear, that may requite the courtesy."

"I must crave you, then, to name some other time," returned Agatha, "I am now but ill at ease."

Sir Herbert's lips, previously quite compressed, curled contemptuously.

"Be it here, then, at sunset," he replied; "fail me not; for it concerns *him*."

And, with a marked emphasis on his last word, he pointed in the direction taken by Harold.

"Whom mean you?" faltered Agatha, with a deep blush.

"Harold Gresham," said Sir Herbert.

With this explanation, and without waiting for a reply, he turned slowly round, and broke away.

Agatha gazed after him with a look of dismay. Although, as she well knew, he enjoyed the confidence of her grandfather—which even his reputed connexion with the Court did not diminish—although he was locally looked upon as the head and hope of every separate sect—although he was punctual and rigid in his observance of religion—she had always regarded him, in secret, with an instinctive and rooted dread. What could he mean? His reference to Harold, and even to her attachment to him, which had but that moment been manifested, was plain and undisguised; and, by implication, seemed to point at some impending mischief. Should she meet him? In her native instincts, she was, more truly than can be expressed, of a gentle and retiring disposition; but, if occasion demanded it, she could be energetic and resolute. It was this spirit that, after a moment's reflection, now prompted her to acquiesce in the proposition of Sir Herbert.

She passed the interval in the most anxious meditation. At dinner, according to her invariable custom, she met her grandfather and Harold; and again encountered them at their afternoon repast; but, with a maidenly timidity, she avoided communion with either of them. As sunset drew nigh, she sallied stealthily forth, and proceeded to meet Sir Herbert.

She did not order her movements, in her progress onward, with such unbroken caution, as to escape the observation of Harold. Before he discovered her, however, she had gained considerable headway; and, in the distance, only a lover's eye could have fixed her identity. Almost as he fairly recognised her, she disappeared in the wood.

It suddenly occurred to him, in connexion with this locality, that she was repairing to the spot they had visited in the morning. The reflection, recalling the tenor of those precious moments, was at once welcome and flattering, and filled him with the liveliest transport. With the eagerness and impetuosity of a lover, he resolved to follow her.

He was still some distance from the wood, when, to his dismay, he heard a cry for help. He was seized with an apprehension, by no means unreasonable, that the cry was uttered by Agatha, and,

thus invaded, his sensations of pleasure gave way to alarm. Regardless of appearances, he broke into a run, and shortly gained the wood.

The spot where they had sat in the morning, and which he had supposed to be Agatha's destination, was some distance inward; but, maintaining his increased pace, he soon arrived thither. Agatha was not there. Harassed and alarmed, he was about to push on further, when, looking more accurately round, he discovered the marks of a struggle, or what appeared to be such, with several heavy footprints on the ground. A few paces further forward, on the very tree where they had sat, he found a red scarf, or neckerchief, which he at once recognised as Agatha's.

CHAPTER XIII.

CONCERNING HAROLD'S PURSUIT OF AGATHA, AND HOW HE FARED.

HAROLD's heart seemed to turn with him. He was satisfied that some accident, as serious as it was unexpected, had befallen Agatha; yet, in the absence of every information, he knew not how to fly to her relief. Had she been forcibly carried off? There seemed, indeed, on consideration, to be but too much ground for such a supposition; but, turn where he might, there was no clue to her track. In vain he sought to trace the direction of the footsteps; in vain he looked, with the eagerness of distraction, first on one side, and then on the other: there was nothing to guide or requite his search.

He paused to consider what could be done. The thought occurred to him, that while he was deliberating, Agatha might be struggling for her life—for her honour! In the frenzy of the moment, he burst into an exclamation of despair; and then, seized with a new resolution, hastened to alarm Colonel Mowbray.

He had gone but a short distance, when, in turning an angle of the wood, he nearly ran against another passenger; and, raising his eyes, found himself confronted by Sir Herbert Symonds.

They both were betrayed into a slight start.

"I must crave your ear a moment," said Harold, recovering himself, "have you, in your way hither, seen aught of Mistress Mowbray?"

"Sir," said Sir Herbert, proudly. But whether it was that eyeing him more accurately, he now first noticed Harold's agitation, or merely affected this tardy perception, he added, "But you look disturbed. No ill hath happened her, I hope?"

Harold, without noticing his abrupt manner, hastily explained.

"This may easily be true," said Sir Herbert, with an appear-

ance of anxiety, "but may yet be remedied. My horse there, without the wood, gives you the means of pursuit. Meanwhile, if you embrace the occasion, I will hie to Colonel Mowbray, and, once mounted, we will scour the country."

His proposal, though somewhat authoritatively tendered, was too much to Harold's taste to be refused, and, with a brief acknowledgment, he proceeded to avail himself of it. Turning quickly round, he soon cleared the wood, and gained the spot where the horse was secured.

Though it has not been deemed advisable to follow his movements, which would have been both tedious and irrelevant, his stay at Shepherd's Chase had not been entirely consumed in love-making; and, in prosecution of the enterprise which had brought him thither, he had acquired considerable acquaintance with the surrounding country. As he sprang to his saddle, he called to remembrance, in succession, the several roads and thoroughfares in the immediate vicinity. They all formed a junction, or cross, as it was more commonly called, about three miles distant; and thither he instantly repaired.

There was an alehouse at the Cross, rented by an old Cromwellian, who, in deference to the puritanical sentiments of the neighbouring landholders, Colonel Mowbray and Sir Herbert Symonds, had taken up with the Fifth-Monarchy fraternity; and, dropping the name which he had derived from his mother's husband, had assumed the designation of "Tobias Fight-the-Flesh-with-a-good-courage." It was to this hostelry that Harold wended his way.

The clatter of a horse's hoofs, in full gallop, announcing the approach of a traveller, quickly drew from the hostelry a gaping ploughboy, who officiated as ostler, and who, with one hand grasping his hat, and the other buried in his long red hair, stood stock still in the doorway, in an attitude of rapt admiration.

"Soh, boy!" cried Harold, "have you seen any travellers pass this way?"

"Zoikey," exclaimed the boy, rushing off, "M-yeaster, m-yeaster!"

M-yeaster, who was no other than Tobias Fight-the-flesh-with-a-good-courage, aroused by his outcry, here advanced to his rescue. He was a tall, bony man, who, to judge from his lean and meagre appearance, had fought the flesh manfully, but, melancholy to relate, had not been equally successful in his struggles with spirits: he was half inebriated.

"Smite the enemy," he cried, dealing the boy, whom his observation appeared to refer to, a hearty cuff on the ear. "Yea, verily, the fiend waxeth strong within thee, and must even be rebuked."

Under this impression, he was aiming another blow at the

boy, when, with admirable agility, he rushed nimbly past him, and escaped. Thus baffled, Tobias, after a preliminary execration of the Evil One, advanced to Harold.

The general appearance of the latter, but particularly his long curly hair, reminding him of the love-locks of the old Cavaliers, evidently inspired him with no prepossessions in his favour.

"Get hence, Satan!" he cried.

"Peace, thou crop-haired knave," exclaimed Harold, "or I will cudgel thee into civil words anon. Take this;" and here, to conciliate him, he tossed him a piece of silver,—“and, if thou canst tell the plain truth, let me know what travellers have lately passed this way.”

Tobias, previous to further proceedings, first secured the piece of silver.

"Is it lawful to take money from Amalek?" he cried, thrusting the coin into his pouch. "Yea, verily, for the people spoiled the Egyptians. Thou art a foul-tongued son of Baal; but shall we not, as saith that worthy saint, Jeremy Pray—seven times-a-day, reward good to the trespassers? Verily, nothing hath passed this gate, of any note, since yester-night, except a coach, as ye name your wicked vanity-carts."

"Which way did it go?" demanded Harold, anxiously.

Tobias, after another long speech, deigned to point out the road, and, without further words, Harold clapped spurs to his horse, and broke away. He had a firm persuasion, on reflection, that the coach contained Agatha, and, though it was so much in his advance, he had every hope that he would be able to overtake it. Yet he was not free from the most harassing apprehensions. These, indeed, arose as much from uncertainty, as from absolute alarm; and the danger appeared greater to the eye of conjecture, than it might have been represented by reality. In his ignorance of what had occurred, the dearest affections of his nature, all centred on the one object, were racked and violated; had he known what had happened, he might have approached it with solicitude, but he would have been firm and collected.

He had not an opportunity of making further inquiries, which he earnestly longed to do, till he had ridden a considerable distance, when, at a sudden division of the road, he arrived at another ale-house. Here, to his great mortification, he learned that no such vehicle as that he was pursuing had lately been seen there.

He had now no doubt, from all that he could learn, that the abductors of Agatha had taken the other road, and, consequently, that the devout Tobias had wilfully misdirected him. Mentally resolving to administer him a sound cudgelling for this imperti-

nence, he wheeled round his horse, and hastily retraced his steps.

Night, which had long been hovering above, now began to close around him; and his horse manifested symptoms of fatigue. Moreover, it came on dark; and partly from this cause, and partly from the ruggedness and obscurity of the road, he was obliged to proceed more warily. But he was supported by the reflection, that the same circumstances would retard the progress of the coach. He pushed on, therefore, with unabated resolution, though with diminished confidence; and finally arrived at the other road.

But here he encountered an unexpected interruption. He was still pushing forward, when he came in contact, at an abrupt turn of the road, with several other horsemen, and, almost before he could rein up, found himself confronted by Colonel Mowbray.

"Soh! soh! hath the fox broken cover?" cried Mowbray.

"Refer you to me, sir?" answered Harold, in amaze, yet not without a savour of indignation. "But no! I do you wrong! Have you any tidings of Mistress Mowbray?"

"More than thou might'st be pleased to hear," returned Mowbray, significantly.

"Colonel Mowbray, I have overstrained your courtesy," said Harold, proudly. "I bid you farewell; but, before we part, tell me, at least, in mere compliment, if any harm hath happened your daughter."

"Trouble not thyself in that matter," returned Mowbray, sneeringly. "Elisha will care for the Shunamite."

Thus speaking, he clapped spurs to his horse; and Harold, as confounded as he was amazed, was left in the road by himself.

He had that day tasted the highest and most enviable happiness, and, in a few short hours, had been overtaken by the greatest misery. Well might he exclaim, in the anguish and bitterness of his heart,—*"Vanity of vanities: all is vanity!"*

But how was he to act? Whatever might have happened to her, Agatha, he had no doubt, was now in safety; and, after a moment's deliberation, he resolved to return instantly to London. Miserable error! the mistress of his heart, whom he thus virtually abandoned, was then in the power of a merciless ruffian.

SONNETS FOR THE TIMES.

NO. II.

*(By the Author of "Rural Sonnets.")*A PLEA FOR THE BETRAYED THAT THEY BECOME NOT
THE DESERTED.*"And now he urges the disparity of our ranks."*

ARE you a man ? if such you be, repair,
 Fully, at once, the wrong that you have done :
 Drive not a gentle Creature to despair,
 Break not her heart, because that heart is won.
 If she was fond—the fondness was for thee !
 If bountiful—the bounty was thine own !
 Forsake her—and remorse thy lot shall be ;
 Save her—and peace shall fill thy spirit's throne.
 These are not times the People will look on
 While heartstrings rend beneath the hoofs of pride :
 Be false—when pander, parasite, are gone,
 God's and all good Men's anger will abide,
 And brand thee for a fickle, dastard thing
 Who, in a Virgin's breast, hath left a Viper's sting.

Be frank, and principled, and *truly* wise ;
 For worldly views, refuse not to be just :
 The *callous-hearted*, and the *coarse*, despise !
 And in thy better feelings put thy trust :
 They will endure, to comfort and sustain,
 Henceforward, as their promptings are obey'd ;
 And mostly then, when earthly gauds are vain,
 In sickness, or in death, to bring you aid.
 Conscience is only *noble* when sustain'd
 By pure humanities, and virtuous deeds ;
 The more the rank by which it is profan'd,
 The deeper on itself the Vulture feeds ;
 For it is Vulture-fang'd, or Halcyon-bright,
 As each man, by his kind, shall do, or not do, right.

Heed not the Formalists—the Proud ones—heed
 The voice of nature, and the might of truth :
 Since thou hast made a trusting bosom bleed,
 Be thine, with constancy, its pangs to soothe.
 Doth not that bosom's anguish form a spell
 Constraining thee to cherish and protect?
 Would'st thou for pomp's ephemeral sake do well
 That spell to break ; that bosom to neglect ?
 Wed her !—and love her, all the more for this ;
 She trusted thee, where trust like her's was fate !
 Consuming torment—or enduring bliss—
 As thou art treach'rous to so fond a Mate ;
 Or, prompt to quench the mis'ry of her heart,
 By holy, happy rites which pledge ye ne'er to part.

Inner Temple.

OUR CASKET OF GEMS.

A May-garland for May-day.

ERE yet “ the lark at heaven's gate ” sang, the Choristers of
 Magdalen College, “ doing observance,” according to im-
 memorial custom, “ to the morn of May,” sent forth from the
 turret of their tower over dreaming Oxford, and through all her
 “ Groves of Academe,” their chant of welcome to this new born
 month. We too would do observance to the time, and by going
a maying in the realms of Poesy and Song, gather up for our
 friends a garland worthy of the festival we are all so rejoiced
 to celebrate. For fit “ matter,” then, “ for a May-morning,”
 and as “ full of spirit as the month ” itself, proceed we, forth-
 with, on our delightful ramble, and lay hands, as a first offering,
 on the following old-dated, but not less delicious tribute to the
 season of exhilarating influences and ever fragrant hours.

Early on the 1st of May, “ Fourth goeth at the Court, both
 most and lest, to fetch flowris freshe, and branche and blome.”

CHAUCER.

May is in his prime, and youthful Spring
 Doth clothe the tree with leaves, and ground with flowers ;
 And time of year reviveth every thing,
 And lovely Nature smiles, and nothing frowns.

WATSON'S PASSIONATE CENTURIE OF LOVE. (1581).

As full of spirit as the month of *May*,
 And gorgeous as the sun at Midsommer.—
 Love, whose month is ever, *May*.—
 — in a wood, a league without the town,
 Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
 To do observance to a *morn of May*,
 There will I stay for thee.—

Such a storm
 As oft twixt *May* and April is to see,
 When winds breathe sweet, unruly tho' they be.

SHAKSPERE.

IN the merry month of *May*,
 Sitting in a pleasant shade
 Which a grove of myrtles made,
 Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
 Trees did grow and plants did spring :
 Every thing did banish moan.

BARNEFIELD. (1598.)

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
 Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her
 The flow'ry *May*, who from her green lap throws
 The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
 Hail, bounteous *May*! that dost inspire
 Mirth, and youth, and warm desire ;
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing :
 Thus we salute thee with our early song,
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

MILTON.

May shall with pomp his wary wealth unfold,
 His fruits of gold,
 His fertilizing dews, that swell
 In manna on each spike and stem,
 And, like a gem,
 Red honey in the waxen cell.

Rev. H. Cary's Early French Posts

REMY BELLEAU.

AN ITALIAN MORN OF MAY.

THE sun is up, and 'tis a morn of *May*
 Round old Ravenna's clear-shewn towers and bay ;
 A morn, the loveliest which the year has seen,
 Last of the Spring, yet fresh with all its green ;
 For a warm eve, and gentle rains at night,
 Have left a sparkling welcome for the light,
 And there's a crystal clearness all about ;
 The leaves are sharp, the distant hills look out ;
 A balmy briskness comes upon the breeze ;
 The smoke goes dancing from the cottage-trees ;
 And, when you listen, you may hear a coil
 Of bubbling springs about the grassy soil ;
 And all the scene—in short, sky, earth, and sea—
 Breathes like a bright-eyed face, that laughs out openly.

'Tis nature, full of spirits, wak'd and springing :—
 The birds to the delicious time are singing,
 Darting with freaks and snatches up and down,
 Where the light woods go seaward from the town ;
 While happy faces, striking through the green
 Of leafy roads, at every turn are seen ;
 And the far ships, lifting their sails of white
 Like joyful hands, come up with scatterry light,
 Come gleaming up, true to the wish'd-for day,
 And chase the whistling brine, and swirl into the bay.

LEIGH HUNT.

THEN came fayre *May*, the fayrest mayd on ground,
 Deckt all with dainties of her season's pryde,
 And throwing flow'res out of her lap around :
 Upon two brethren's shoulders she did ride,
 The twinnes of Leda ; which, on either side,
 Supported her, like to their souveraine Queene.
 Lord, how all creatures laught, when her they spyde,
 And leapt and daunc't as they had ravisht beene !
 And Cupid selfe about her fluttred all in greene.

SPENSER.

TRUTH, whose first steps should be always vigorous and alone,
 is often obliged to lean, for support and progress, on the arm
 of Time, who, then only, when supporting her, seems to have
 laid aside his wings.—*Preface to Philosophy of the Human*
Voice, by DR. RUSH.

THRICE welcome, genial Month ! whose balmy sway
 Hastens to full development the show
 Of blossoms that make glad the face of day,
 And in the fructifying sunlight glow.
 Thou on health-stirring odours dost carouse ;
 And robes immaculate are there to wear
 The dazzling promise of the embryo-pear ;
 The milk-white favours of the cherry-boughs.
 The pink-eyed apple's cup prolongs thy reign—
 The cowslipp'd mead—the tulips' pick'd display—
 The hawthorn's hedge—each songster's gushing strain—
 The lilacs' plum'd, the chesnuts' trim array—
 And o'er the daisied sward joy frisks, as thou
 The Queen of rural sports, with wreaths adorn'st thy brow.

“ *Rural Sonnets.* ”

May is in the earth and sky :
May, Time's young darling, with the mirthful eye ;
 With whose light locks, flower-crown'd, the grey-beard toys,
 And half forgets his mission in her joys ;—
May, with her choir of happy birds above ;
May, whose least whisper wakes the world to love ;
May, when the young see hope and pleasure flower
 Out of each leaf that weaves her bridal bower.

The New Timon. (3rd Edn.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Father!—Oh, there is a magic charm
 In the mere name of kindred, other words
 Cannot supply—How have I stood and watch'd
 Where Elmore gaz'd upon his Daughter's face,
 While their souls seem'd tocling about each other,
 And from their eyes, like two opposing mirrors,
 The images received were given back,
 Again to be return'd, again reflected,
 In endless interchange.

— All that is bright
 Trembles in quick and sensitive vibration :
 All that is beautiful moves to a change.

The varying Seasons shadow in their course
 The sympathising earth—suns rise and set—
 Clouds skim the azure sky—the light of day
 Mellows to evening—evening into night—
 Night into ruddy dawn—dawn to new day.
 All life is ceaseless motion. To stand still
 Is but a term for death.

LOVELL's *Love's Sacrifices*.

THE INTELLECTUAL DRAMA.

THE ANTIGONE OF SOPHOCLES,

As originally represented in England, at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

"The Drama's dead," a swarm of Pigmies cries;

"The Drama lives," the Drama's self replies.

The Drama sometimes droops; the Drama never dies. MS.

WE beg of our courteous readers, not only to notice with precision, what we undertake to set forth in this present article which we are penning on "The Antigone of Sophocles, *as originally represented in England, at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden*;" but to call to mind, furthermore, that we are simply contributing to the light reading of a Monthly Miscellany; wherein an elaborate essay, fit for separate publication, or the erudite pages of a quarterly classical review, would be utterly out of place. We neither profess to be *Porsons*, nor *Athenian Blacksmiths*;* though laying claim to a fair knowledge of the Greek language, and considerable familiarity with the writings of the Greek dramatists. It was a rule of *Porson's*, whenever, through his affluence of ligual knowledge, he quoted from the dead languages, to accompany his quotations with a translation into his mother tongue. We know not whether the course of our remarks may thrust an elucidatory quotation or two upon us, but, if such prove the case, we will, at least, imitate the celebrated scholar we have just named, and atone for our Greek or Latin flourish in its corresponding English. And now to our above-defined task. It was on the 2nd of January, last year (1845), that the Antigone was first produced before an English audience, on the boards of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. We were present in the critic's proper place, the pit

* The most learned Grecian of our College days at Oxford, in consequence of a certain unpolished and Vulcanic exterior, with gait and carriage to boot, was distinguished by the cognomen of the Athenian Blacksmith.

of the theatre, seated at the exact elevation which brought our eyes to a level with those of the chief performers on the scene. The audience was a very mixed one, combining not only classical scholars, but unclassical ones; musical critics, and musical pretenders; parties of much learning, others of less, and others of none at all. But the fame of the revival of the tragedy in foreign lands had, alike, reached all, and all seemed anxious and expectant. This very disposition itself formed a slight drawback on the possibility of this whole audience being *perfectly* satisfied, and of one mind. The elements for entire unanimity were not in amalgamation. There were modern *Orpheuses* abiding, in god-like self sufficiency, the evolution of the *subordinate* accompaniments of the tragedy, and prepared, from a "perfect love" of their art, to sacrifice the play itself—Sophocles; Tieck, the King of Prussia; and the Vandenhoffs, into the bargain—in case the music did not flow to their liking; or worse even than that, provided the chorus, from not having sufficiently rehearsed and mastered it, were guilty of the unpardonable crime of singing out of tune. Again, there were some precisionists within earshot of us, who, because they had the best place in the house for hearing and seeing the play—in the pit—would have consigned that very play to the pit below, because—will the rational reader believe it?—they had no business in such pit on the presentation of a Greek tragedy, but the chorus should have been there instead of them. We are now, in little, typing out, as far as in us lies, some of the resistance, and the either frivolous or inadequate motives for it, which the Antigone encountered on its first representation, and which nothing but the superb and magnificent acting of Mr. Vandenhoff, and the perfectly enchanting impersonation of his daughter, saved from summary, though *is no respect* deserved, extinction on the spot. Supposing a chorus to be somewhat out of tune on the first singing or chaunting of some very difficult music—to be a trifle in discord, in lieu of entirely in concord—is no respect to be had to the music itself? are we to lose Mendelssohn's inspired strains, because, on a first hearing, they are somewhat mistreated and marred? The principle of the attempt which we witnessed, and resented too, at the time and place, to crush Antigone on account of the first night's imperfection of the chorus, would go to blot the very sun from the heavens because of the spots on his glorious disk. Audiences should, as an invariable rule, be tolerant to all first essays.

Our motto in all things is

παρταίνε πόρσιον :

Look beyond the immediate present—look forward—or, in the vulgar tongue, look ahead.—Examine every thing, not only in

its lineaments or proportions of the moment when originally presented to your view, but in its capabilities and possibilities of expansion or improvement. We, who witnessed the presentation of *Antigone* no less than thirteen times, and in whom the "appetite did grow with what it fed on," can testify, that the *Antigone* of the first night's performance at Covent Garden, *as a whole*, was no more like the *Antigone* of the thirteenth time on which we subsequently attended, than the picture to which a master-hand has put its finishing touches is like the same before it be so mellowed and made harmonious.

The force of these preliminary remarks is particularly directed to prove, by a recital of the difficulties of different and very dissimilar sorts with which the *Antigone* had to contend, the amount of triumph and success which it achieved. Not only was it imperilled at its start by musical malcontents, who occasionally transformed themselves into serpents—if not critics—of the first magnitude, and of most sonorous powers of sibilation; but the hero of the piece, Mr. Vandenhoff, was labouring under so severe an attack of gout, that he was only able to rehearse his part of Creon three times, and twice out of these three times was compelled to do so seated throughout. Add to this—that a provincial tour with his daughter, to Manchester and the neighbouring towns, only brought to a close within a few days of their appearing on the Covent Garden boards, had exposed him to the drawback of a very severe cough; we think will have trebled in the esteem of our readers the triumph which these great performers achieved in the *Antigone* of the ancient boards.

Had Mr. Vandenhoff's own will and taste altogether presided over *the getting up* of the play, he would have been throned—if we may use the expression—on Theban sphynxes—i. e., the support, on either hand, of his throne would have been that fabulous but appropriate animal. As it was, his throne, when unfilled by the royal Creon, looked mean and meagre—planky and whitewashy—as did the subjacent altar; and the lights were so badly arranged for the elevated platform on which *Antigone* chiefly presented herself, that her beautiful new Grecian dress, instead of gleaming, as it was, of a chaste white, appeared discoloured, ay! even to a tinge that can only be honestly described by the epithet—sooty.

All these drawbacks had the play and the chief players to contend withal: but against all they bore up gallantly; and by the dint of consummate energy, art, and *genius*, converted their very disadvantages and obstacles into elements of their success.

But for "the Vandenhoffs" the attempt would have been, from the opposing causes enumerated above, a dead failure; and then in no other town of the empire would the play have been

seen or heard: no Provincial manager would have had the temerity to bring out that which had proved a failure in the Metropolis.

The Times, in a very able and discriminating account of the first performance, with which it furnished the public on the ensuing morning, said truly, and almost "totidem verbis," in as many words—THE VANDENHOFFS DID IT ALL. The acting of the play, for its triumph or failure, depended so much, from the very consequence and involvement of its two chief personages, on them, and on them alone, that no possible amount of excellence in the subordinate agents could have given it one moment's chance of success. This will account for our hitherto omitting to mention the remarkable point and elocution with which Mr. Archer placed before us the blind Old Seer, Teresias. We do not believe that the character, either in appearance, gesture, solemnity and management of voice, or general carriage and bearing, could have been better portrayed. Mr. Vining, too, looked and enacted the short part of Hæmon, the son of Creon, yet the lover of Antigone, very satisfactorily. Still, the part was so short as to be but a make-weight, with little or no influence over the fate of this great experiment. Mr. Vining might have been deficient, which he was not, and yet the play would have succeeded; but in the case of the Chorus, and the first night or two's misdoings, which they afterwards rectified, the whole entertainment was endangered; and nothing but the force of the most unequivocal genius and accomplishments, in the hero and heroine, carried it through the threatened crisis to an unmistakeable triumph.

A great deal of learned criticism has been thrown away upon the supposed *Grungedanke*, or fundamental idea, to illustrate and develope which, Sophocles is supposed to have written this and every other of his tragedies. We believe that Sophocles by no means went to work with the method, measure, and rule of many of his ponderous, and at the same time hair-splitting, commentators. We believe, true poet as he was, he looked to tradition for his stories; to his fellow-citizens in reference to a certain degree of aptability and adaptability with which to imbue his writings; and to his own self-reliant genius, and love of truth as to him revealed, for the grand flow of poetic inspiration, human pathos, and sententious wisdom which he threw into his lofty, purifying, and imperishable dramas. We have no doubt whatsoever that the master-dramatist of Greece, in his time, without either swathing his forehead or wrists in Phylacteries, after the fashion of the Pharisees and others of old, without even scratching texts for dramatic elucidation on the walls of his domestic interior, wrote very much in accord with the sort of impulses which set the master-

dramatist of England (to whom alone he must yield the palm, as Euripides yielded it at Athens to him) to work with his glorious outpourings. Shakspeare did not write the very best *sermon* against *murder* that was ever delivered or penned—viz., *Macbeth*, to enforce the injunction of the decalogue, "Thou shalt do no murder;" but, having to deal with a most dramatic theme, in which evil ambition seduced his hero into the commission of that crime, the instincts of his truthful nature as effectually and prominently held it up to universal abhorrence as if he had really taken his cue from the commandment, in order to oblige sundry aftercoming commentators of German extraction and renown.

The story of the *Antigone*, in its main features, lies in a very small compass. After the death of *Œdipus*, king of Thebes, his sons, *Eteocles* and *Polynices*, agreed to reign by turns: but the former having acquired the sceptre, resolved to retain it. *Polynices* in consequence, supported by his father-in-law, the king of *Argos*, and his army, laid siege to the city, but was overthrown, the brothers falling in battle by each other's hands. *Creon*, their uncle, forthwith ascended the throne: and, wroth against *Polynices*, forbade the rites of sepulture to his corpse, which he decreed should be exposed to be devoured of dogs and birds obscene. *Antigone*, piously daring to break this edict, was discovered in the act of burying her brother, and was condemned to die of starvation in the tomb of a rock.

The blind Seer, *Tiresias*, denouncing the ills that would follow from this unjust sentence, so alarms *Creon*, that he inters the corpse, and hastes to the cavern to set the maiden free. There he encounters his son *Hæmon* (who was betrothed to *Antigone*) bewailing her untimely end; for she had strangled herself to avert the terrors of a lingering death. In a frenzy, the youth destroys himself upon the body of her he loved; while *Eurydice*, his mother, on hearing of his fate, plunges a weapon in her bosom, and expires. The tragedy concludes with the anguish and remorse of *Creon* over the dead body of *Hæmon*, and within presence and view of the yet warm remains of *Hæmon's* mother, the queen of Thebes, and the unhappy *Creon's* wife.

To enter fully into the force of the *ἀρχή*, or ruling impulse, which induced *Antigone* to disobey the mandate of her lawful sovereign, and stake her life upon the act, we must recollect that the theology of her age excluded from every chance of crossing the river *Styx*, and thereby reaching the abodes of the blessed in *Elysium*, all spirits or souls, whether of highest or lowest degree, whose corpses were left unburied and without the needful rites of sepulture. "*Pererrare ripas Stygias*"—to

wander about the banks of Styx, wailing and lamenting that its passage was barred against them so long as their earthly remains were unhonoured with the rites of interment, was, in heathen mythology, the lot of the unentombed. Such would have been, but for his sister Antigone's pious self-sacrifice, the miserable doom of her brother Polynices. However we may dispute the deliberate *grungedanke* or fundamental idea which Sophocles, "ab initio," at starting, and throughout the composition of the Antigone, kept in main view, there can be no dispute as to the moral—the nobly humane moral—which the conduct and catastrophe of his play inculcates. It is the "stare per antiquas vias"—the abiding by the time-hallowed customs of his religion and his age—the inhumanity, as well as the impiety, of warring with the dead, even though that dead be a traitor to his country, and a mortal foe. The higher the human authority which would supersede, or rather come into collision with, the immutable requirements or decrees of the powers divine,—the more dramatic the struggle, and the more notable the ultimate triumph of what was right in its very essence, over what was only an emanation, though in legal form, of mere human self-will.

In our opening remarks, we set forth some few of the more prominent dangers and disadvantages with which the two great artists, the Vandenhoffs—father and daughter—had to contend, in establishing, "as a stock piece" of the English Stage, for all future seasonable opportunities, the more-than-2000-years-old tragedy of the Athenian era.

They achieved this memorable result jointly—each contributing a *first-rate* performance of its kind, which, necessarily different in features and degree, was, as far as completeness and finish were concerned, the equal of the other.

Mr. Vandenhoff, as the Imperial Creon, both robed and looked the regal potentate to perfection: his attitude, on fulminating his royal will from the throne of Thebes, reminded us of the Phidian Jove. Any thing so really majestic we never witnessed before. This of his attitude and bearing, *as he spoke*; but what of his Creon, *when he spoke*? 'Twas then, indeed, that all his unapproachable—as far as any known living actor is in the case—powers of elocution and declamation, were allowed fair play, and by the nature of the glowing and sententious language he had to deliver, indulged with fair scope. We have heard him deliver the text and dialogue of very many characters, but never on any occasion whatever found him to be so thoroughly suited, and therefore so perfectly in his element, and on that account so wonderfully impressive. As to the mainly pathos which he threw into the lamentation over the

dead body of his son Hæmon, we will first testify for it in the words of a contemporary critic, to every item of which we give our most cordial assent; and then mention an anecdote which stands out, *per se*, from those tributes of tears which were nightly awarded by many a fair eye to his so well portrayed grief. Thus speaks a very competent judge:—"His submission to the will of Heaven, when he stripped himself of the royal insignia, and sank broken-hearted under the ills which in their awful accumulation had reduced him to 'nothing,' was as pure an exhibition of unaffected pathos as we ever remember to have witnessed." Our anecdote records the fact,—that a female in the pit was, one evening of the representation, thrown into shrieking hysterics, by the force and truth with which Mr. V. portrayed the parental anguish; and was in that state obliged to be carried out of the theatre. Doubtless some chord of memory had been touched, by the performer's skill, in her bosom; and the poor lost ghost of some dear husband, lover, child, or friend, was evoked, by the wail of woe, to rise on her vision and deny self-controul to her resuscitated grief.

We have already spoken of the excellent Tiresias, the blind and aged prophet, of Mr. Archer's portrayal; and the Hæmon of Mr. J. Vining; now, therefore, of the Antigone of Miss Vandenhoff, which, as we have said before, rose upon our vision no less than thirteen times,—and, by repetition, only created a stronger desire to see it repeated! Of this masterpiece of the fair young tragedian, which has acquired for her not only an English, but a European, and a Transatlantic fame, we will first speak in a few terse words of the able writer, whose comments on the Creon of her father we have already recorded: "Miss Vandenhoff awakened our tenderest sympathies, by the exhibition of the true *womanly* attributes which, or we are in error, will render her *one of the main pillars of the dramatic edifice* yet to be erected upon the ruins of a vitiated national taste." Never were truer words spoken. They present her, at this present writing, to our mind's eye, stalking in beauty across the scene, a perfect model of the symmetrical and the soul-illumed. We, whose sight, thank God (if nothing else be so), is first rate, watched the spirit which indwelleth, flashing and playing over her noble features from "its throne of light," and nicely indicating every impulse of affection, defiance, and scorn—(How beautiful is a beautiful woman's scorn!)—regret, anguish, and resignation, as each arose successively in her agitated breast. Her ever varying "poses," or attitudes, were studies for the chisel of a Praxiteles, or the pencil of the prize-winner of old—Timanthes, the painter of the world-celebrated Iphigenia in Aulia. So much for the glorious, the truly genuine, and the unequivocally interesting stage presence which

Miss Vandenhoff's conception and execution of *Antigone* enchanted us withal: but what of the voice—the melody—the music—with which she endowed this presence—this piece of breathing beauty—for the eye? In this performance, we have already had the

στερνα ὡς ἀγαλματος

the bosom as the bosom of a statue: the symmetry, well covered, of ripe young womanhood; but now, without let, or lisp, or hindrance; unmarred throughout by the slightest straining, or approach to huskiness; perfect in all the cadences of its intonations; we come upon her voice—still ringing in our ears—

ὡς ἀηδόνος στόμα

like the voice of a nightingale—clear, plaintive, wild, mellifluous, and strong, as the requisitions of the different phases of her emotions required, and ever and anon

With many a bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out.

We know of nothing in the whole range of our experiences comparable to the effect produced upon us by the exquisite intermingling of voice and music, (a feature, by the way, which the Northern critic—of whose sins of omission, if not of commission, more on some early and fitting occasion—never mentions at all) in which Miss V. took part, in the strains which commence with

"Behold me now, my native citizens,
Treading the pathway to my father's home;
My last bright beams of golden Helios
Will set for ever! Death leads me on.
To Acheron, whose dismal stream I cross
To peaceful Hades: there I soon shall rest.
Hymen's hymn never there will sound;
There, no bridal chorus will ever greet me,
I am betrothed to Acheron!"

The antiphonous wail of voice and music throughout this fourth epeisodion, in which Miss V., as *Antigone*, (responding also to the chorus, in addition) deplored her doom, was to us "so musical, so melancholy," that no words can do justice to the sort of dreamy intoxication with which we drank in—with which we devoured—those sounds and accents of prevailing woe. A writer of erudition, in Parker's London Magazine, speaks of the effect of this portion of the performance, in these tributary terms:—"Little as the majority of hearers knew or cared about the history of *Œdipus*, there were many eyes wet with tears when *Antigone*, alternating with the chorus, bewails her untimely end in accents of most touching, and at the same time most graceful sorrow."—Again: Miss V. is no ordinary artiste—there were some pieces of her elocution beyond all praise—it would have been

impossible to express more by the enunciation of a few simple words than she did, by her delivery of the laconic answer,

"That which was known to all *was* known to me."

Her tone and emphasis seemed to express, at once, resignation and defiance, satisfaction and despair. On the other hand, there was unmixed sorrow in her concluding words:—

"O my country! Thebae! Home!
And ye, who from her bosom come,
Behold my forc'd—my dreadful doom.
Ye Theban rulers, see, in mine,
The last blood of your royal line!
Behold the dire unjust decree,
For what was good and just in me."

Papaver the first, prince of Poppydom—not *Popedom* (in literature at least), but the land of forgetfulness—the realm of Nod—this celebrated Opium-eater and Critic of the North, was not content, in a late effusion on *the Antigone of Sophocles, as represented on the Edinburgh Stage*, to be oblivious of the wide-world-known fact of Miss Vandenhoff's previous success on another arena, and in another sphere, in the character which he falls down to, and worships *exclusively* through the medium of Miss Faucit—to whom all due honour and greetings, on our humble parts—but he must fain break poor Mendelsshon's head with his Thyrus; swearing all the time, by his own sensitive aural organization, and the outraged Polyhymnia into the bargain, that the sturdy old German composer is Jew-descended—very bad taste that!—and synagogic in his Antigone-choruses.

Thus, on the entire *London* performance, holds forth our by no means wide-awake friend—"This Tragedy, in an English version, *whose I know not*, and with German music, had first been placed before the eyes and ears of our countrymen, at Covent Garden, during the winter, 1844—5. *It is said to have succeeded.*"

That "it has said to have succeeded," from a holder forth on the Antigone modernized, is perfectly sublime! The nonchalance of it is utterly unmatchable, unless it be by his own—"whose I know not," which so effectually puts the Extinguisher on Mr. Bartholomew; that wight not known beyond the Tweed, but who in the esteem of all familiar with the subject, has adapted to preexistent music, be it always remembered—a very fair and spirited translation of the original Greek. So much for Mr. De Quinsey's knowledge of the *London* doings, and, now, as to the music, which, Germany, Paris, and London aforesaid, have, with a consent, all but unanimous, pronounced to be of sterling value, and most masterly pretensions.

We will, *pro hac vice*—on this particular occasion—place him at issue with a musical critic of our modern Babel, by whose

judgment we will corroborate our own; and let those who have heard Mendelssohn's classical strains, *properly executed*, say who is right—ourselves, and our musical friend, who maintain that they are massive, rich, grand, stirring, and appropriate, throughout; or the Prince of Poppydom, whose teeth they set on edge, and to whom they proved a dish of discords. Hear our spokesman. "The musical poet is not of the herd of musical professors; he holds communion with the same spirit which is the guiding star of the poet, painter, and architect; the same broad elements of art are brought to bear on his reason and imagination, and the same result, the creation of beauty and truth, attends his labours. Such a poet is Mendelssohn, who, in addition to his vast conceptions in the regions of musical expression, combines a perfect acquaintance with the philosophy and poetry of ancient times; and, by the consent of the learned, would be singled out as the man qualified by transcendent genius, and a well-informed mind, to undertake the enterprise of reuniting the long-divorced strains of the prince of Greek tragedians to the analogies of a kindred but equally enduring art. This task he has accomplished; and, as far as respects the spirit, with a perfect success. The principal features of *his musical poem* are unimpeachable; it is only in minor and unimportant details, that exceptions can be taken to his modes of thought and execution.

"It was evident the work must be in a style peculiar to itself. To attempt a revivification of the Greek system of melody, would be, if not impossible, altogether hazardous. Its symbols are lifeless, and appertain to artistical associations long passed away, and as little intelligible to the emotions of the general mind, as the hieroglyphics of Egypt, or the accent of the Canaanite or Philistine. To adopt that style which belongs specifically to the ancient church, would be no less erroneous. The Christian music of olden times would be too full of religious reminiscences to admit of such a transition. The use of the modern operatic style would be as objectionable. The strains of the present epoch, combined with the ancient tragedy, would destroy unity of feeling, and excite conflicting associations, seriously detrimental to the end in view. The right method would be to create a broad and national style out of the elements of melody existing in Pagan and Christian airs; so as, on the one hand, to secure a secular tone and character, and on the other, to avoid the phrasing of any given school of past or present times; and thus to create such new forms of composition as shall raise up the passions of the poetry, and clothe them in the harmonies belonging to such national and secular modes of melody. Combined with this must be the most finished execution—an elegance, purity, and a classical tone—all of which the refined taste of the

Grecian auditor would have required. The accomplishment of these things was of great difficulty; the more so, as the composer was denied, in the choruses, the relief of female voices—was deprived of the mechanism of solos, cavatinas, scenas, duets, trios, canons, rounds, quartets, and the usual movements of the operatic form, and had to keep clear of all the generally-received notions of the play-going public. To create a new secular style, thoroughly vernacular, and of Doric grandeur and simplicity, with such limited resources, and yet one to breathe an air of a high state of civilization and fastidiousness in art, was a labour which only the endurance of genius could achieve.

“There are seven movements, besides the overture. The latter is a forethought of the first scene: it consists of two parts, the former illustrative of the proclamation forbidding sepulture to the corpse of Polynices; and the latter, of the monologue of Antigone, expressing her resolution to disobey it.”

Again, let *our* thinker, whom we prefer to all the Nid-Nid-Nodders in all the world, speak and vindicate his own taste and ours. We may add, as an insignificant makeweight, all Germany's, and nearly all Paris and London's to boot.

“With the sixth scene commences the music which is the more popular and generally intelligible. The theme of the chorus,

“Royal Danaë long lived in a tower.”

is very quaint and appropriate, and the whole movement is sustained with freedom and power. This is succeeded by the masterpiece (in this style) of the composer, the celebrated “Hymn to Bacchus,” a revelry of immense strength and dignity, and which will live as long as the symbols of music carry any meaning with them. The form is that of a vocal scherzo, in the energetic fashion of its author, hurried onward in a full stream of melody and harmony, with a fervidness of purpose and integrity which is astonishing. The contrasts also are great. The open points,

“Thy praise!

Vine and tree, warble to thee!

and those on the words, “Hear us, Bacchus,” tell magnificently against the rapid and merry troll which comes out on the commencement of the *vivace*. We have already quoted the noble point on the basses (our fifth example), and no one can hear the solid sevenths in the accompaniment running throughout the ooda, without feeling that Mendelssohn, like Handel, has a thorough knowledge of the great power of reserve, and, when he strikes, there is, there can be, no mistake. The concluding bars are very grand.

“As a whole, it is a most extraordinary composition of daring enterprise and happy achievement; contains some of the most

brilliant imaginings of its highly-gifted composer; is a valuable manual to the musical student; and an interesting record of the birth of a new school of composition, which, in Mendelssohn's hands, may be made to produce most important results on the tastes of both amateurs and artists."

Having now, however rhapsodially we may appear to those who had not the good fortune to come within the sphere of the enchantment at whose fountain-head we drank so deeply and so oft, said as much as our space will allow, though not a tithe of that with which we are overfraught, on the terrific perils the revival of *Antigone* had to fight through, and the genius and accomplishments to which alone its salvation, and subsequent establishment, both for the metropolis and the provinces, were owing; and having taken a rapid glance at the quality and nature of the music to which Mendelssohn has married old Sophocles' immortal verse, we must bestow a little attention on the final tableaux on which the curtain descended nightly, in *London*, amidst the most tumultuous applause.

The John-Martin sort of grouping and *ensemble*—in the foreground of which Creon, having thrown off, in despair, his robes of royal dye, and the other insignia of sovereignty, appears colossal, yet crushed in heart, in his saffron-coloured close-fitting vest; in which the corpse of his deeply bewailed Hæmon lies before him; and the corpse of his wife Eurydice, surrounded by her weeping maidens, in the distance behind; and over the whole of which, including the chorus of nobles, the thunders of Jove suddenly break forth, throwing the entire mass into all the attitudes of terror, confusion, and despair; this sublimely pictorial close of the tragedy, as executed on the capacious Covent Garden stage, can only be conceived in its effect, on the part of those who did not witness it, by their calling to mind the affrighted groups of Belshazzar's feast; or any similarly great pictorial display of vast multitudes in a state of terror, excitement, and superstitious consternation: a nation's panic, amid signs in heaven and signs on the earth, was well placed before any poetical eye, in the London-catastrophe of the tragedy of the real Athens.

Having now, in the language of an authority not yet referred to by us, recorded "*the most remarkable event in modern theatrical history*—the production of the *Antigone*, one of the seven extant tragedies of Sophocles (who is said to have written 120 such compositions), performed in a single scene, and materially assisted in its progress, as in the days of the great rival of Euripides, by the aid of a chorus;—having attended this important revival, as already stated, no less than thirteen times, and labouring under no indistinctness of sight for distant faces; we feel ourselves competent to reply to the question

asked, with respect to the modern Athens-exhibition—viz., “did it succeed in realising, for a moment, the awful pageant of the Athenian stage?”—and to reply, for the *metropolitan* representation, in the heartiest affirmative upon which we ever staked our critical reputation. On the Covent Garden stage, if no where else,

“Gorgeous Tragedy,
In scepter'd pall came sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes” and Laius’ line,
And Antigone divine.”

There, in spite of musical Boa Constrictors, who were ravenous for their prey, and ready to make a companion group to the Laocoon out of the two most accomplished artists of our times—the Vandenhoffs—there, Tragedy, in the Antigone, vindicated its inextinguishable vitality, and its everlasting hold on the passions and the affections of mankind.

A success, therefore, we pronounce the Antigone of our Queen of Cities—a success which we hope to live long enough to see very often repeated; and at some early repetition of which, we flatter ourselves, we shall behold the Majesty of England, in emulation of that of Pussia, doing homage to the accumulated genius of ancient and modern times.

From this elaborate and yet very inadequate summary, our readers will be prepared for the following conclusion of our own minds, arrived at after due investigation and comparison, and believed in with immutable faith—viz.: that since it was first written, 2000 and more years ago, in Athens, till its production in the Metropolis of England in January, 1845, *the Antigone of Sophocles* was never done that justice to, of which it was then proved capable; and which, could the fine old nonagenarian Bard who wrote it arise from his grave, and witness it throughout, would almost cause him not to know his own offspring, in the beatification which the improvements of latter ages in natural acting, and harmonious music, and singing, had conferred upon it. *A Sonnet to Miss Vandenhoff*, as the original English Antigone, without further comments of our own, contains the kernel of what we mean by *natural* acting; and with respect to the mastery of the moderns, compared with the ancients, over the resources of music, both vocal and instrumental, we take it for granted there can be no dispute.

TO MISS VANDENHOFF.

On her personation of “Antigone” at the Theatre Royal Covent Garden.

Honour to her who first on British ground
Pourtray’d the sorrows of the Theban Maid;
And, when the thoughtless on the Drama frown’d,
Its vital claims in magic re-array’d;

Who, from the phantom'd past, illum'd a theme,
 To rouse with passion's spells the public mind;
 To bid the sacred fount of tears to stream;
 To purify the ways of human kind.
 Oh, could the Bard, two thousand years inurn'd,
 Wake from his sleep to read thy meaning face,
 How were the triumphs of his Athens spurn'd!—
Its mæle "Antigones," devoid of grace,
Its masks, which, in the features and the eye,
 Eclips'd the soul,—that power which thrones thy fame so
 high.

Literature.

ROSCOE'S LIVES OF THE KINGS OF ENGLAND.*

WHILST Sir Walter Raleigh, when confined in the Tower, was writing his History of the World, a disturbance took place in the fortress. Wishing to know the exact circumstances, he questioned several persons who had been present; and finding that of their several statements not two of them agreed, he is said to have dilated on the hopelessness of attempting to give a faithful narrative of the events of a remote period, when such difficulties lay in the way of obtaining indisputable evidence of an occurrence that took place in his own neighbourhood—almost within his own observation. These stumbling-blocks in the path of truth are, unfortunately, too common to the historian; every writer of the early annals of a nation, particularly, choosing to see with his own eyes, and insisting on having the objects in a focus that agrees only with his own vision. This cannot be made more conspicuous than it is in English history. The historical scholar, who endeavours to make himself acquainted with the progress of events that have made England the greatest nation in the world, finds—on the very threshold of his task—so many contradictions, conflicting statements, and incredible accounts, that a very extraordinary degree of patience is requisite, to prevent him giving it up in despair. Nowhere is this more evident than at that remarkable epoch which is usually called "the Norman Conquest;" and Mr. Roscoe—an historical name, in which we can place implicit confidence—has done well in selecting it as a starting point for his projected "Lives of the

* Lives of the Kings of England, from the Norman Conquest, with Anecdotes of their Courts, now first published, from Official Records, and other authentic Documents. By Thomas Roscoe, Esq. Vol. 1. Colburn.

Kings of England," in preference to the more obscure, and less interesting, period of Danish and Saxon rule, which preceded it. The *Life of William the Conqueror* has, hitherto, never received, in this country, the attention it deserved. The one now before us is the first biography of that illustrious commander which is worthy of its subject. It enters fully, and clearly, into all the details of his career, which, in ordinary histories of England, are glanced at so imperfectly; and we have the invaluable advantage of being led through the maze of our early Norman and Saxon annals, by a narrative apparently as infallible as the thread that guided Queen Eleanor to the bower of her unfortunate rival. The work is produced as a companion to Miss Strickland's popular "*Queens of England*;" and it is scarcely possible to imagine a production at once so worthy of, and so necessary to it. As a specimen of the entertainment to be found in this admirable *Life of the Conqueror*, we quote the following pages:—

"So fond, indeed, were the old Normans, when once accustomed to the refinements of the South, of engaging in 'the keen encounter of the wits,' as already shown in the wars of William, that the greatest enemies, in the very heat of a siege, sometimes suspended their hostilities, in order to engage in a less dangerous combat of repartee. When one of the contending parties gave this challenge, he appeared arrayed in white, the acknowledged livery of peace, and the opposite of the red ensign, denoting the hue of brute battle and of blood. The Normans were also a more economical people, and lived at less expense, as well as with more elegance than the English. They had the greatest reverence for the laws of feudal chivalry; the honour of knighthood was then an object of ambition to the greatest princes. The noblest began their career in this feudal school as pages or valets. Names now appropriated to domestic servants were then often given to the sons and brothers of kings. They were next advanced to the more honourable rank of esquires, admitted into more familiar intercourse with the knights and ladies of the court, and perfected in dancing, riding, fencing, hawking, hunting, tilting, and other popular exercises, the accomplishments of the day.

"Soon the courts of kings, princes, and barons, became colleges of chivalry, as the universities of arts and science. Many of the young nobility, before knighthood, adventured from the king's court, and from the houses of bishops, earls, and barons, to make trial of their strength and skill in arms. At length, the signal was given, and the sports began. The youths, divided into opposite bands, encountered each other; some fled, others pursued, and sometimes the one party was made to overtake and put the other to the rout.

"Not unfrequently, from the rude or refined sports pursued in early life, brotherhoods and societies were formed, which became distinguished in European annals, and some of which exist to this day. Soldiers, knights, or vassals, before strangers to each other, would become what

is termed 'sworn brothers;' shared the same dangers, and divided equally all their possessions.

"Thus, when King William, after the Conquest, granted the two great honours of Oxford and St. Waleries to Robert d'Oyley, the latter immediately bestowed one of them on his sworn brother, Roger d'Ivery. In Wales, and other parts, this custom frequently led to the most deadly feuds, each of the great families, with whom a royal scion had been brought up, endeavouring with all their power to raise 'their sworn brother' and favourite prince to the government.

"Devotion towards the ladies was esteemed by the Normans among the most indispensable qualifications of a true and gentle knight. In this school of chivalry, the youth were carefully instructed in the arts of love, and all the nicest rules and punctilioes of a virtuous and honourable gallantry.

"The Anglo-Normans invariably selected the fair objects of their devotion in the same courts where they were brought up. Upon these they lavished all their vows, and often, with rather more sincerity, all their money, to give greater zest to their newly-acquired arts of pleasing.

"The serious preparations connected with receiving the honour of knighthood, were more imposing even than those introductory to Freemasonry at any period. They had their peculiar noviciate, rigid discipline, services, and most singular penances, too numerous to dilate upon. But, for men of spirit, no institution could be better adapted to excite the ardour of the young, whether nobles or commoners, and for acquiring the accomplishments necessary to obtain an honour courted by the greatest monarchs.

"Such an institution necessarily led to the more general adoption of the use of surnames, chiefly from the date of the Conquest. Like family arms, they were at first confined to persons of rank, as we may perceive from the Conqueror's rolls; or of newly acquired fortune, who assumed their surnames from their castles or their estates.

"Hence the great coincidence between those of so many noble families in England, with several towns, castles, and estates in Normandy, France, and Flanders, whose possessors retained the same names subsequently to their settlement here at the Conquest. It was not till some time afterwards that surnames were generally assumed by the people. Individuals were designated merely from some quality, office, or occupation; and sometimes from personal peculiarities, as the Black, the White, the Long, the Strong, the Swift, the Lightfoot, or the Heavyside; by which kings also were occasionally distinguished, as Edmund Ironside, Harold Harefoot, &c.

"Contemporary with the camp and court of William, was likewise introduced a more magnificent and splendid style of living, with a greater regard to state, dignity, and elegance. The English nobles were thought to be too much addicted to feasting and drinking, and spent their ample revenues in comparatively mean and lowly dwellings. The Conqueror, on the other hand, brought a taste for stately edifices, both public and private, and for more costly tables, splendid dress, and elegant equipages. William's own hunting seats and great vassal farms were almost innumerable; many of his great barons held counties as well as castles;

the Earl of Shrewsbury nearly the whole of Salop, and the Earl of Chester all the rich and powerful districts in Cheshire.

"Nor were the establishments of his great prelates upon a scale of power less extended and grand, combining, as they did, both temporal and spiritual dignities. Bishop Odo had immense possessions in different counties, and Longchamps, Bishop of Ely, had 1,500 horsemen to form his retinue, while his open house and table exhibited all the abundance and luxury that art or nature could supply—every delicacy that a Roman emperor or pontiff could have desired.

"The Conqueror set the example for this studied magnificence and show, by his stated progresses, and the royal feasts which he held at the recurring seasons of Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide; as if preparatory to ushering in the dawn of the gorgeous tournament, the holy festivals, and the magnificent array of the first Crusades.

"Still the interior of this gay, chivalric, and truly baronial life, could lay claim to few of the polished refinements, or even the accommodations, enjoyed by the middle ranks in modern times. Several estates, for instance, were held in England upon the tenure of finding clean *straw* for the King's dormitory, and *litter* for his rooms, as often as he had occasion to lodge out of his own residences. Even at a subsequent period it is alluded to, as a proof of the growth of luxurious manners, in the case of Thomas à Becket, 'that he commanded his servants to cover the floor of his dining room with clean straw, or hay, every morning in winter; with fresh bulrushes and branches of trees every day in summer; that such of the knights and small gentry as came to dine with him, and could not find room on the benches, might sit upon the floor comfortably, without spoiling their clothes.'"—pp. 312—3. 8.

SHELLEY'S MINOR POEMS.*

SHELLEY is no more; and with the flight of years, the spirit of rancour or of blind idolatry with which his poems were once received has merged into a calm and due appreciation of his merits, and a softened regret that so much of true beauty and excellence should have been marred by the exhibition of that unregulated feeling and freedom of expression which ever excited the disapprobation of the wise and the good. To the fame of no modern poet, perhaps, has the lapse of years been more beneficial: when the productions of his meteor-like genius burst upon the world, men shuddered at the daring recklessness of isolated passages, and laid his whole works under an interdict; or (not less falsely), adopted his creed with his poetry, and made him at once their priest and their muse. He died ere the fierce and untamed feelings of ardent youth had had time to calm themselves under the sobering influence of

* The Minor Poems of Percy Bysshe Shelley. A new Edition. Moxon.

maturer years; but he left us a legacy which we can, at length duly appreciate,—a legacy which, with all its faults, demands for him an honoured niche in the temple of fame.

Shelley was pre-eminently *born* a poet. Every page of his works teems with evidence of true poetic spirit, while the wild and sometimes rude melody of his verse, uncramped by critics' laws, harmonizes wonderfully with the brilliant and glowing conceptions it embodies. His soaring genius exhibits itself in the themes of his most elaborate productions, wherein he dares to grapple with subjects of fearful and terrific interest, in a style of grandeur which disarms criticism, and leaves us lost in wonder. To enumerate his finished compositions, were but to point out so many examples of the powers of a great, ay, and a *good* mind, unhinged by casual circumstances: *good*; for all his sympathies lie with goodness; all his eloquence is exerted in the cause of oppressed innocence; and (unlike *many* of our moral writers), Shelley never paints vice in a form resembling virtue; he never throws a halo around the evil deeds of the wicked, because they happen to rank among the great. But, though the Cenci, Queen Mab, and other works, command our admiration, it is in his minor poems we learn to love the writer. It is impossible to dwell on the beauties even of one short piece without feeling the chords of our own hearts echo to his descriptions—without being convinced that nature, in its best and purest forms, was familiar to his mind. No wonder, then, that his poems, in striking contrast to those of his friend Byron, breathe the very spirit of purity; that with all his depth of passionate feeling, he never outrages or wounds the heart—he himself was too sensitive to be capable of violating the feelings of others. He gives the secret of this in his Julian and Maddalo, where he observes,

“ Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong;
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.”

This will perhaps in part account for the striking variety which Shelley's poems present to the reader. Like nature itself, they exhibit burning volcanoes, stern and rugged mountains, and terrific cataracts; but there are also sweet gardens, green and animated valleys, and limped streams. The “Ode to the Skylark” alone, contains a fund of brilliant poetic thought and feeling, sufficient to rescue the name of *Shelley* from oblivion. It is almost invidious from such a poem to select any part; yet we can only present the following stanzas to the reader:—

" Waking or asleep,
 Thou of death must dream
 Things more true and deep
 Than we mortals dream ;
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream ?

" We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not,
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught.
 Our sweetest songs are those which tell of saddest thought."

To speak more immediately of the little volume before us ; it is greatly superior to previous editions of "selected poems"—presenting many which did not enrich their pages ; the type, too, is exceedingly good and clear, and the price moderate. All lovers of poetry are therefore indebted to the spirited publisher, who makes these gems of literature so easily attainable.

SCHLEGEL'S PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY.*

THE public are much indebted to Mr. Bohn, for presenting them, in so excellent a form, and at a price so very moderate, (3s. 6d.) with a work of the striking and valuable character of the one before us.

Schlegel's works are already too well known to require much comment, but we owe it especially to our scholastic friends to give the 'Philosophy of History' all the recommendation in our power.

The translator has admirably done his part in transfusing the *spirit* as well as the *substance* of the great original : and we should be g'ad to see this valuable book in more general circulation.

Our brief limits prevent us from doing more than glancing over the contents of the Lectures before us. Beginning with the primitive history of mankind, the records of the principal nations that have from the earliest ages held a conspicuous place on the theatre of the world, are discussed separately, and with that profound knowledge and minuteness of detail which characterize so peculiarly the deep thinking of the German School. The Chinese Empire—its history—its moral and po-

* A course of Lectures, delivered at Vienna, by F. Von Schlegel. Translated from the German, with a memoir of the Author, by James Baron Robertson, Esq. Second edition, revised. London, Bohn.

litical condition—its literature and science—takes the first rank, and is followed by equally elaborate notices of the other ancient nations. Greece and Rome take the next place, and terminate with the commencement of the Christian era; and thence we are led to the various species of Christianity, which have from time to time appeared—to the wars between the Eastern and Western Empires—the Saracenian and Christian Potentates—until in the final lecture, we have a most clear and luminous dissertation on the 'Spirit of the Age,' and the universal regeneration of society.

Among the most interesting topics to the student, will be found a critical examination of the origin of the Chinese characters, and those of other Eastern nations. The following passage is so curious to be omitted.—

"The celebrated French orientalist, Abel Remusat, who in our times has infused a new life into the study of Chinese literature, and especially thrown on the whole subject a much greater degree of clearness than originally belonged to it, has, in his examination of this first very meagre outline of the infant civilisation of China, wherein he discovers the then very contracted circle of Chinese ideas, passed many intellectual observations, and drawn many historical deductions. And if, as he conjectures, the discovery of Chinese writing must date its origin from four thousand years back, this would bring it within three or four generations from the Deluge, according to vulgar era—an estimate which certainly is not exaggerated. If this European scholar, intimately conversant as he is with Chinese antiquities and science, is at a loss adequately to describe his astonishment at the extreme poverty of these first symbols of Chinese writing, so no one, doubtless, possesses in a higher degree than himself, all the necessary attainments to enable him to appreciate the immeasurable distance between this first extreme jejuneness of ideas, and the boundless wealth displayed in the latter artificial and complex writing of the Chinese.

"But when, among other things, he calls our attention to the fact that, in this primitive writing, even the sign or symbol of a priest is wanting—a symbol which together with the class itself must exist among the very rudest nations—I cannot concur in the truth of the remark; for he himself adduces, among other characters, one which must represent a magician. Now among the heathen nations of the primitive age, the one personage was certainly identical with the other, as even among the Cainites was very probably the case. Even the combination of several of those simple characters, which generally serves to denote the more abstract ideas, seems often, or at least originally, not to have been regulated by any profound principle of symbolism, but to have arisen merely out of the vulgar perceptions or impressions of every-day life. For instance, the character denoting happiness is composed of two signs, of which one represents an open mouth, and the other a hand full of rice, or rice by itself. Here we see no allusion is made to any very lofty or chimerical idea of happiness, or to any mystic or spiritual conception of the same subject: but, as this written character well evinces, the Chinese

notion of happiness is simply represented by a mouth filled and saturated with good rice. Another example of nearly the same kind, is given by Remusat with something of shyness and reserve ;—the character designating woman, when doubled, signifies strife and contention, and when tripled, immoral and disorderly conduct. How widely removed are all these coarse and trivial combinations of ideas from an exquisite sense—a deep symbolism of nature—from those spiritual emblems in the Egyptian hieroglyphics, so far as they have been deciphered ; although these emblems may have been, and were in fact, applied to the purpose of alphabetic usage. In the hieroglyphics there is, beside the bare literal meaning, a high symbolical inspiration, like a soul of life—like the breathing of a high indwelling spirit—a deeply felt significancy—a lofty and beautiful design apparent through the dead character denoting any particular name or fact.”

Among the most striking merits of the work before us, we would notice that every subject discussed is proved to be in accordance with divine revelation ; it is the production of a mind deeply imbued with piety as well as learning, and sincerely desirous of benefiting the hearts as well as the heads of the readers.

SISMONDI'S LITERATURE OF THE SOUTH.*

THIS is another of the valuable re-publications issued by Mr. Bohn in his Standard Library, and we can scarcely conceive any work more acceptable, either to the student or the general reader. The high price at which former editions of this work have been published, has confined it almost exclusively to the libraries of the wealthy ; but the present translation is brought within the reach of all book-buyers ; and is positively the cheapest work we ever remember to have seen published. Each volume contains an elegant illustration, and nearly six-hundred pages of closely printed letter-press, for *Three and Sixpence!* The work contains an exceedingly interesting life of the Author by Mr. Roscoe, (by whom it has been translated,) and includes all the notes from the last Paris edition.

LETTERS OF THE KINGS OF ENGLAND.†

THE general reader, quite as much as the historical scholar, owes an infinite debt of gratitude to the enterprising publisher

* Historical View of the Literature of the South of Europe. By J. H. J. Sismonde de Sismondi. 2 vols. Bohn.

† Letters of the Kings of England, now first collected from the Originals in Royal Archives, and from other sources, private as well as public, edited, with an Historical Introduction and Notes, by J. O. Halliwell, Esq., F.R.S. 2 vols. Colburn.

and talented editor, for the publication now before us ; not only for placing within their reach a work of such sterling interest, but for putting it before them in a manner that renders its recommendations appreciable by the mass. It has hitherto been the rule, when documents, illustrative of any remote period, have been brought before the eye of the public, by printing them *verbatim*, to render them almost as useless as they were in manuscript. It was only the antiquary who could comprehend their obsolete words, uncouth spelling, and puzzling contractions, even when they happened to have been written in the vernacular. But, as it occurs with almost all documents of any antiquity—when they had been written either in Monkish Latin, or Norman French—to the general reader the advantages of the Press afforded no assistance whatever. Former publishers, and former editors, have made a vast mistake in this—they have been employing their capital and talent for the few, instead of for the many. It has been left for so clear-sighted a publisher as Mr. Colburn, and so excellent an historical scholar as Mr. Halliwell, to collect, and throw open, to every English reader, the epistolary treasure of our sovereigns, which lay scattered, and almost unknown, in some twenty different repositories of ancient MSS., in which it was quite out of the question he would look for them ; and equally clear he could not profit by it, if he did. In an admirably written introduction, in which he shews the extraordinary interest, and great value of this unique collection, the editor enumerates the following places whence he obtained the rare specimens of which it is composed.

“ The British Museum ; the Bodleian Library, Oxford ; the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford ; Strawberry Hill MSS, (lately dispersed) ; Archives of the Heriot Schools, Edinburgh ; University Library, Edinburgh ; Advocates' Library, Edinburgh ; Corpus Christi College ; Cambridge ; St. John's College, Cambridge ; Lambeth Palace Library ; Library of the Society of Antiquaries ; Archives of Oriel College, Oxford, MSS. in the Herald's College, London ; Vatican Library, Rome ; Bibliothèque du Roi, Paris ; The Mordaunt Family Papers ; Archives of Sir H. Bedingfield, Bart ; The State Paper Office ; Archives of the City of York ; Chapter House Record Office ; Archives of the City of London ; Archives of the City of Durham ; The Record Office, Tower of London ; The Roll's House, Chancery Lane ; The Office of the Duchy of Lancaster ; The Archives at Hatfield House.

We shall return to this interesting work in our next.

HOOD'S MAGAZINE.

IGNEZ DE CASTRO,

A Tragedy in Five Acts.

CHARACTERS OF THE TRAGEDY.

AFFONSO IV., *King of Portugal.*

DOM PEDRO, *his only Son.*

ALVARO GONÇALVES,

DIOGO LOPES PACHECO,

PEDRO COELHO,

Chief
Counsellors
of the King.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF BRAGA.

A SPANISH CAVALIER, a natural Brother
of Iñez.

GIRALDO, a ruined Gentleman.

A SERVING MAN.

The great Officers, Courtiers, Guests, Pages, Guards, Attendants, and others of the Portuguese Court.

The Ambassadors of France, and their trains.

BEATRIZ, *the Queen of Portugal.*

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO, *the Wife of*
Dom Pedro.

DINIZ,
BEATRIZ, } *her Children.*

THE SUPERIOR of the convent of Santa
Clara.

ZENETTA, *Companion of Iñez, and*
Governess of the Children.

Nuns and Attendants.

CHIEF LOCALITIES OF THE TRAGEDY—

Lisbon, its Bay; Royal Palace; &c.

Coimbra, its Streets; outskirts; and Convent of Santa Clara.

TIME OF THE TRAGEDY—The middle of the Fourteenth Century.

DAY OF THE CATASTROPHE—January 7th, 1355.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Bay of Lisbon. In the distance, a fleet of French galleys. The royal ensign of France flying from the principal vessel. A barge is seen approaching, in another direction, from which PEDRO, his Pages, and others of his train, land. PEDRO is received by a Spanish Cavalier, with attendants bearing torches. PEDRO and the Cavalier draw forward, apart.*

PEDRO.

My truest friend of Spain, my dear wife's land,
For her, thou'rt trebly knit to my regard,
'Tis plain my missives reach'd you—

CAVALIER.

Yesternorn;

As safe and unobserv'd as you could wish.
The route is shorter, Prince, by land than sea!

PEDRO.

Enough to give my messenger the start,
Say, a few leagues; and, then, more sure to thread.
I found the winds would serve; and we have hit
The time, with fair precision. One short hour
Will bring us to the palace; half that time
Repair us, robe us, sort us 'mid the throng,
Where all my *thoughts* will be—my gentle wife!
My *wishes*—she were by.

CAVALIER.

Forgive the zeal
Which moots the question, whensoever we meet,
Why not divulge your marriage to your sire?

PEDRO.

Not yet! not yet! I dread his dogged wrath,
And hate his ministers. Enough—not now.
But, teach me—yonder ships—the flag of France—
What mean they?

CAVALIER.

Some state-exigence; its drift
Our gossips have to probe; for none are wise,
Except his council, and the King,

PEDRO.

Is't so?
How long have they arriv'd?

CAVALIER.

The fleet was moor'd,
Three days ago, at Noon. A transient sun
Lifted its mask of vapours, as to watch
Their progress, and the instant that their freight
Touch'd land, redropt its vigour. It was clear
They were expected; for the beach was swarm'd
With troops to heap them honours.

PEDRO.

I give heed.
Either his Pedro is devoid of wits, [*to himself*]
Or my sire's plans are fathom'd. If they tend
As I surmise—'tis strange, surpassing strange,
I must be pester'd, still—I take a step
To put to shame dictation, fall what will.

CAVALIER.

Why came my Prince by sea?

PEDRO.

Observe my "why!"
Chalk me a route, I'm old enough to choose,

If I can shun it, not to wend therein.
I heard of relays, and I, straight, took ship,
And furnish'd you alone, which way I sail'd.
Mondego swiftly shot us to the main,
We coasted bracingly, and keep our word.

CAVALIER.

Are you distrustful ?

PEDRO.

Never, of my sire !
But my sire's counsellors, whom I detest,
(And, chiefmost, that Gonçalves at their head,)
Detest me in return. I fear no harm,
Nor will I risk it. I am shrewd, I trust !
They dread me for my Ignez : it is best
To guard, on every point, whom *such* men dread.

CAVALIER.

If dang'rous on the road, why not at court ?

PEDRO.

I said not they were dang'rous ; but, myself
Cautious—perhaps, overmuch—far better that,
Than ne'er suspicious, to repent, at last,
Oneself hath been self-blinded.—At the court ;
Abroad upon the streets ; I'm safe as you.
At home, we're sanctuaris'd ! If danger be,
(And I believe it not, but, still, as shown,
I thwart each *possibility* I can,)
Such danger lurks, and creeps, and shuns the light ;
Would take the shape of accident—chance-bolt
Of chance-directed bow—and have its fiends
Some season'd, well-paid desperadoes, plac'd
In ambush, not in public, for *my life*,
On which so much might hang—such ruffian-knaves
As spill your blood for greatness, and forget,
Greatness, to save itself, may spill their own.
Now, when your road is known to men you hate,
It may be known to those such men set on.
Once more—I had no fears—suspensions—none—
Self-confident and vigilant at once.
But, when my enemies prescribe my path,
I ne'er adopt it of my own free-will.

CAVALIER.

I did not chide your caution, but I fear
Its exigence may trench upon your peace.

PEDRO.

And if it should, my Ignez is a gem
 Worthy ten misers' tremors to secure.—
 Come, gentlemen and followers, on, this way;
 Ev'ning advances; time is none to spare.

[*They go off toward.*]

SCENE II.—*The back passage of the Palace. The interior illumination seen through the windows. Music is heard, at intervals, issuing from within. Giraldo alone.*

GIRALDO.

There, there they flock; the daws in borrow'd plumes!

[*Looking up street.*]

How swagg'ringly they swim the corners round!
 The frontage, surely, will be scant of room
 To let such towers of consequence pass through.
 I once had plumes; but they were pluck'd betimes,
 And after-feath'ring ne'er hath serv'd like then.
 I must devise resources, or I starve;
 For those who fleec'd me would not give the orts
 They waste upon their kennels; and their dogs,
 Who bark at me, have better fare than I.
 In my first flush, I held distinctions cheap,
 And emptied some, till others emptied me.
 Then came a change; the lust of play remain'd,
 Without the means; the means must still be had;
 I schem'd, and dar'd, nor scrupled; means return'd;
 But, fitfully! and so my lot was cast
 With lower company, and I was mark'd
 An outcast from the higher—such as these
 Who congregate within, where I have stalk'd
 Ere now, and scorn'd the portals; just as proud
 As yonder peacocks; may they wry their necks,
 Or moult beyond repair, the whole like me!
 Earth's plagues upon this mock'ry of my state!
 A larder empty; only memory full,
 To drive me mad, and kill me 'twixt the two.
 Those who have fed me for my table-jokes,
 (Men of the court, scarce better plac'd than grooms,
 And dignitaries of the serving-craft,)
 Seem cold and satiated—all the crew.
 Not one, at these back entrances, struts in;
 Nor one, for these carousals, will strut out.
 So, within reek of plenty, I may faint,
 And shouts of merriment perform my dirge.

[*Pauses.*]

'Tis curs'd to haunt the butt'ries when one's place
Hath been, and should be still, the halls of state.
I shall grow desp'rate! Foot it, featly, knaves!
Music distract ye, as it doth mine ears,
In which it rings exclusion, and the past.
Now, may the richest of ye fall to broil,
And rush to blows, where I may give my aid,
With luck to serve the victor who'll pay best.
I have had jobs before, some dark and strange,
And hire, all soldiers have, both high and low.
Gonçaves must do penance for the worst,
His conscience, it is tough to serve for both!

[A SERVING MAN *enters*.]

SERVING MAN.

What! in the backways, when the public square
Is quite alive with torches, and the crowds
Are riotous to see their betters pass?

GIRALDO.

Yourself are here!

SERVING MAN.

Most true, my owl of night!

But, then, I have the entry. [*Pointing to a doorway*.]

GIRALDO.

Some have theirs

'Midst files of smug attendants, pages, guards;
And some 'midst herds of scullions—since we meet
At the back entrances, twin owls of night,
I rank you with the herd.

SERVING MAN.

Pray who is he

Who talks so largely?

GIRALDO.

You are new in place,

Or you'd salute Giraldo.

SERVING MAN.

I have heard

The chief cook, and the keeper of the wines,
A falc'ner, and the warder of the stores,
Discuss a boon companion of their cups,
A gentleman, I hope I am not rude,
Who had seen better days.

GIRALDO.

Now grasp my hand:

The deference you evince is undeserv'd,
But, therefore, not less grateful.

SERVING MAN.

No offence

To ask how I can serve you ?

GIRALDO.

You are right ;

I have a purpose here. Tell those within,
Whom you have nam'd, and see you reach them all,
Giraldo, 'midst the flood of gen'ral joy,
Might claim a thought, at least, if not their time.
They have to waste, 'tis hard, just now, to starve.

SERVING MAN [*to himself*].

Now, if these busy bones refuse, ere long
I'll steal away, and bring a flagon back :
I pity this poor gentleman—I do !
The risk, to night, is small—the warder comes.

*[Serving Man goes through doorway. The Warder
passes hurriedly towards the doorway, without
noticing Giraldo.]*

GIRALDO.

One word, friend Bounteous !

WARDER.

Not for fifty lords !

I have been round to look upon the square.
I long'd to see how Sobersides, our prince,
Would show without his leading-strings : alas,
Our Knight of Mistress Ignez, for my pains,
Hath not arriv'd as yet ; but, since I felt
Nothing could stir without me, lo, I left ;—
The scene, without, is splendid—what, within ?

[*Offering to go.*]

GIRALDO.

One word !

WARDER.

You're troublesome.

GIRALDO.

Indeed ?

WARDER.

Indeed !

Bethink how indispensable I am.

GIRALDO [*produces a dice-box.*]

Will't try a throw ?

WARDER.

Your stakes ?

GIRALDO.

'Throw first, and win.

WARDER.

I am too keen ; when coins are in your purse,
 They are forthcoming ever ; now, you've none.
 I will not throw,—to win, and not be paid ;
 Or lose, and pay, as *you* will not, young man !

GIRALDO.

If I had coins, you'd tarry ; as I've none,
 Bethink how indispensable you are.

[*Waving him forward ; Warder goes in.*]

Our Sobersides, indeed ! what other heir
 But would find work for gentlemen like me,
 To ruffle for him, and promote his sports,
 And make his crownward years one age of joy.
 I will draw off beneath yon gloomy porch,
 And watch till this man's man redeem his word.
 So, I am pauperis'd to such extreme,
 I'm spurn'd on this hand, pitied upon that—
 To stamp the degradation more complete,
 Pitied—of poverty ! 'twere ill—of wealth !
 Oh, curse the dice ! and that seductive fiend
 Who taught them to the world, to drive men mad.
 This fellow's sluggish ; would he were come back :
 The night is raw—I'm cold, both mind and limbs.

[*Retires by the side opposite to that at which he had
 been watching the distant throng.*]

SCENE III.—*A grand court-festival and ball. The KING and
 the QUEEN seated on thrones, under a canopy, surmounted
 with the arms of Portugal. A place vacant for Pedro, the heir
 apparent. King's Chamberlain, gentlemen-halberdiers, guards
 of the body, pages, and others, at their respective posts.
 Groups of native nobles, and ladies of quality, mixed with a
 few Spanish hidalgos, and other foreigners of distinction,
 promenading the illuminated halls. Some being presented, and
 doing homage. A music loft, or gallery, overlooking the scene.
 A flourish of trumpets and music, without.*

[*The Ambassadors of France, and their train, enter.
 They are received with a salute of music from
 within, while being ushered to the steps of the
 throne. The KING rises, and descends one step,
 to receive and greet them.*]

KING.

Here, in her representatives, we greet
 The Majesty of France ; and, by our Queer,

Assign their post of honour ; while ourselves,
Like them, unbending from the cares of state,
Hold festival, and celebrate their stay.

QUEEN.

Fair France is uppermost in all our thoughts,
Whose proxies show so goodly in our sight.
As we are royal, royally, we trust
To entertain, in you, our great ally.

AMBASSADOR.

Your great ally, so honourably nam'd,
Through us, accepts these greetings, and returns.

KING.

Let music add new pinions to our joy,
Some strain of that sweet country these adorn.

QUEEN.

A strain of France la Belle !

ALL.

A strain, a strain !

[A French air of the middle of the fourteenth century is played.]

COURTIERS.

Long live the King !

KING *[rising]*.

Now fill the pledge-cup high,
We drink to John of France.

QUEEN *[pledging the cup]*.

To John the Good !

COURTIERS.

Long live King John of France !

ALL.

King John the Good !

AMBASSADOR.

France, by her mission, drinks a meet reply
To King Affonso, and his bounteous Queen.
We would include the Infante, whom we—miss—

[Looking around.]

But that his rank demands a sep'rate pledge.

KING.

His chair is here, and he will grace it, soon ;
He's us'd to keep his time less strict than we.

AMBASSADOR.

Tariffa's victor, and the dark Moor's scourge,
Our host—our sov'reign's faithfullest ally—
'Twould gratify thy guests would'st thou command
(Thy goodness pardon us if we presume)
Those strains, that stirring triumph of thy reign,
Which Music weds to Fame.

KING.

Ye flatter, lords !
Tariffa's vict'ry be the echoing theme !
Now, worthily of us, and list'ning France,
Rout we, again, the Moors.

COURTIERS.

Long live the king !
[*A martial triumph played.*]

KING.

Some years are sped (they cannot be recall'd)
Since, sword in hand, amid that battle's roar,
I hew'd a dozen infidels to earth.

AMBASSADOR.

A throne befits a Hero.

KING.

France hath skill

In compliment.

AMBASSADOR.

When Conq'rors are her praise.

KING.

The spirit of the hour is on our heart;
We will descend, and triumph with the throng.

[*KING hands QUEEN down the steps of the throne,
and transfers her to the attendance of the chief
Ambassador.*]

Come, ladies all, a measure of our land,
To tempt these younger Frenchmen to the dance.

[*KING, attended by Gonçalves and three or four
Nobles, ranges up and down amidst the scene.
Neither King nor Queen dance.*]

[*A group of Nobles come forward.*]

FIRST NOBLE.

I judge th' ambassador would give his star
To be reliev'd his bargain, tho' it be
A queen !

SECOND NOBLE.

And she's no flitter ; it is sport
 To watch old Volatile, how mock-resign'd
 He simpers in her leading-strings ; observe
 The bantring Countess, bless her for the joke,
 Is ogling him to madness ; fret your fill,
 Old Gadabout, you dare not quit the Queen.

THIRD NOBLE.

As queens are never aged, happy man ! *[Sarcastically.]*

SECOND NOBLE.

The rest are nimble-legs, these seigneurs, see,
 They tread our stately measures half afrisk.

THIRD NOBLE.

What brought them here ?

SECOND NOBLE.

Stout galleys.

THIRD NOBLE.

That's not wit.

SECOND NOBLE.

The next shall be.

THIRD NOBLE.

Unless it mar our talk.

Let Mar-talk answer me, what brought these here ?
 If he guess rightly, that shall pass for sense.

FIRST NOBLE.

O Solon, are you wroth ?

THIRD NOBLE.

I may be, soon.

SECOND NOBLE.

You shall not be, for I will curb my vein.

THIRD NOBLE.

They came so unexpectedly.

FIRST NOBLE.

By *us*,—

Gonçalves was not startled when they came !

SECOND NOBLE.

Nor was the King !

THIRD NOBLE.

Ye know not ?

FIRST NOBLE.

We know more.

THIRD NOBLE.

Ye are grown wise.

SECOND NOBLE.

Thou slanderer of my wit!

FIRST NOBLE.

I will be *wise*, and, thus *my* wisdom kens,
They have some salic lumber they would vend,
And Pedro is their price.

THIRD NOBLE.

The blood of France
Will never tempt him while his Ignez lives.
He wed again? An angel ripe from heav'n
Ne'er could put Ignez out of his conceit.

FIRST NOBLE.

Better the blood of France, far distant France,
Than her's, or any of too neighb'ring Spain.

SECOND NOBLE.

Spain rul'd us once, and she would rule once more.

FIRST NOBLE.

And will, if Ignez live till Pedro reign.
Her kin are num'rous, subtle, apt to climb.

THIRD NOBLE.

They are the Spain you dread!

SECOND NOBLE.

Upon our heels,
And thrusting us aside, to clear them room.

FIRST NOBLE.

I would the witch were dead.

SECOND NOBLE.

'Twere best for all.

FIRST NOBLE.

Now, by my glove, the Countess steers this way.

THIRD NOBLE.

Sailing majestically!

SECOND NOBLE.

Sail we off?

THIRD NOBLE.

And set at nought her signals?

SECOND NOBLE.

Be her prey! [Morosely.

FIRST NOBLE.

Our gallantry's at stake.

THIRD NOBLE.

And, if you fly
In face of her attempts to bring you to,
You fly at your own peril.

SECOND NOBLE.

What will ye ?

FIRST NOBLE.

Play Job, as help is none—her yoke, one night,
Were better than her tongue, henceforth, our scourge.

THIRD NOBLE.

Old Volatile's in leading-strings! [Taunting.

SECOND NOBLE.

Be dumb! [Angrily.

[Countess, and her sister, an aged lady of quality, come
up to the nobles.]

COUNTESS.

My jewels of the court, and dearest friends,
How joy'd we are to find you; for our Lord,
Lumbagoed on his couch, hath launch'd us forth
To do a twofold homage—his—our own.
Our sister here, (this venerated maid,) [whispered.
Will grace *your* tendance.

[Handing her sister to second Noble, who, just before,
was chuckling at the Ambassador's being restricted
to attend on the Queen.

While ourself, assail'd

By yonder aged henchman of the Queen,
Will fortify our virtue on each hand,
[Placing herself between the other two.
And drive our foreign rover jealous-mad.

FIRST NOBLE.

The honour is supreme.

THIRD NOBLE.

Ye saints, be deaf! [Aside.

COUNTESS.

A goodly couple!—True, the lady's years
[Quizzing second Noble and her Sister.
Are somewhat more autumnal than her knight's;
But, then, the fadeless beauties of her mind!
He'll need no preacher else, while she is nigh.

FIRST NOBLE.

It were no flatt'ry, be it no offence,
To say ourselves are happier than our friend.

COUNTESS.

Oh! I am unimpressible: say on;
My sister's very well; pray, what am I?

FIRST NOBLE.

Charming.

COUNTESS.

That's tame!

THIRD NOBLE.

Surpassing all your sex.

COUNTESS.

In what?

FIRST NOBLE.

In beauty.

COUNTESS.

Sir, you're out of grace:

My champion was to speak, whom you'd forestall.
In what do I surpass?

THIRD NOBLE.

In wit.

COUNTESS.

Enough!

Our penitent this side, bestows me, *charms*.

[*"charms" pronounced with a drawl.*]

Coo on, Idolaters! the Frenchman sees;

Coo on, and let us near him—this way, beaux!

[*As the Nobles go up the stage, the King's party,
with Gonçalves, come down.*]

KING.

Where is our son? he lives, it would appear,
To train us his apologists; e'en now,
I mark'd, and lik'd it not, that France was keen
To note he was not punctual.

GONÇALVES.

Gracious Sire,
Your autograph-despatch, (he ne'er will stir
Without it, reckless how your strength's o'ertask'd)
Commanding him to honour this great feast,
Reach'd him, at Coimbra, three full days ago;
Th' expresses are return'd, and on the road,
Saddled the relays ready for your son.
I fear this Ignez stays him.

KING.

'Gainst *our* will?

GONÇALVES.

Her will, with *him*, is royal more than *thine*.

KING.

It must be so no longer. These of France,
 As we have conn'd, are very opportune.
 Since Spain's so monster-rul'd, and England's strange,
 To knit, to our advantage, as their own,
 The best alliance of these troublous times
 Which we may win, and use. 'Tis very clear
 Our policy's with France; and France, in him,
 Woos us, and our successor. We were mad
 To humour him and Ignez, at the cost
 Of state-security, and strengthen'd power.
 His private will *must* yield, and ought, and *shall*,
 So Pedro weds this Princess they propose.

[*Pedro enters above, with Attendants, but without parade.*]

GONÇALVES.

If he refuse.

KING.

No ifs in such a cause.

Am I not father to him, and his king!

You must seek Ignez.

GONÇALVES.

From yourself?

KING.

Betimes;

And warn her she must part; but let her learn,
 Her dowry shall be royal; her retreat
 Self-chosen, and kept sacred by ourself.
 Ha! do I see our Mule?—and come by stealth,
 When shouts, and trumpets should proclaim our heir?
 We should be ceremonious, when a state
 So haught as France observes us in our best.

GONÇALVES.

It is his way.

KING.

A way that shall be chang'd.

[*King, followed by Gonçalves and the party, goes up and joins Pedro's party.—King and Pedro converse earnestly, apart.—King introduces Pedro to Ambassadors.*]

[*The Dances proceed.*]

[*After a time, Pedro and his father draw off, in different directions, each attended by their immediate followers.—Pedro, saluted as he passes among the company, and coldly returning their salutes, comes forward, conversing with the Spanish cavalier.—Pedro's other friends, and pages, in the rear.*]

CAVALIER.

Will not your Highness dance?

PEDRO.

Not I; enough

To do mock-courtesies against the grain.—
My mother and th' ambassador may skip;
My father, if he list, grow lithe again;
I will not dance to please him.

CAVALIER.

You are ill?

PEDRO.

I am offended! I was summon'd here,
By letters manual, just like those of old,
To celebrate my name-day; nothing more!
I should enjoy the day far best at home,
But that long usage drags me thus abroad.
I come reluctantly, and, lo, I find
A trap is baited for the *needful* heir.
Ambassadors are planted in my path,
To tempt me, on the spot, to match with France.
As if I were the fool for sudden freaks
To vantage any body but myself.
My father measures me, both wits and will,
As ignorantly as his tools could wish.
My *soul* is wed, at least, ev'n he would grant!
My body's faith is mine, not his to guide.

CAVALIER.

So little was the Ambassage foreseen,
It took the Court by start.

PEDRO.

The gen'ral Court;

Not so, the Cabinet; the move is theirs
And France is witch'd to follow.

CAVALIER.

France will chafe.

PEDRO.

Let her; she chafes at nothing half her days;
It will be new to have a real cause.

CAVALIER.

It may embroil the realm.

PEDRO.

My idol's peace
Is dear beyond all kingdoms of the earth.

CAVALIER.

Well vow'd for Spain's sweet Ignez.

PEDRO.

She 's a pearl
Surpassing price, I've won, and will not lose.
I'll cut these rude negotiations short;
Who thought to *catch* us, let them catch—the air!
Come hither, boy—[*To Page*]—our party ride, e'er dawn;
We'll trot my father's horses for his grooms,
Who are behaz'd already with their cheer; [*To Cavalier.*]
A morning's search, some leagues upon the road,
Will cool the rogues, and give them back the steeds.
Where the last relay waits to bring us here,
Be it first changing-post to speed us hence.
Our serving men are trusty, and apart,
A caution I have found to serve me oft.
Go unobserv'd—[*To Page*]—tell Dias, no one else,—
He will arrange it. [*Page goes out.*]

When our sire retires,

[*To Cavalier.*]

We may quit, too, and give offence to none.

Then, then, to horse—the moon to cheer our race,

The gate of Ignez e'er we check our rein!

[*Pedro and suite go up. They pass the Countess, and two Nobles, in the act of meeting her Sister and the other Noble as they come down the stage—Pedro coldly returns their salute.*]

COUNTESS.

We've found you, then, at last—a pretty trick
To play at turtle-doves, and wing afar
From sage protectors like ourselves.

SISTER.

Indeed!

I am the party wrong'd. 'Twas you, Ma'am, you
Who slipp'd away, and smuggled in your train
These captive gallants—I *will* speak the truth—
To use them up in torturing their sex:
I pity the Ambassador.

COUNTESS.

Not *me*?

SISTER.

A pretty case for pity—sigh'd for, *there*;

[*Pointing to French Ambassador.*

Twin-champion'd *here*, and humour'd:

[*Pointing to two Nobles.*

COUNTESS.

What are you?

How strange a maiden lady should regret

Her worshipper's a unit, and this same

Single, not singular! my dearest lord,

Are you not happy?

SECOND NOBLE.

Happy! (as an owl.)

[*Aside.*

SISTER.

He has not spoken once, except to drawl,

Or ay, or no, in answer to remarks

He left me all to manage.

[*Aside.*

COUNTESS.

You have been

High eloquent, no doubt?

[*To Second Noble.*

SECOND NOBLE.

Your Sister's tongue

Must claim the eloquence, and I the bliss

To drink, in mute enravishment, the whole.

[*Winking to one of the Nobles.*

SISTER.

Oh, why not speak so while we were alone!

[*Aside.*

He's voluble enough whene'er he please.

Now Sister, do not boast.

SECOND NOBLE.

The Frenchman's eyes

Are fascinated, still.

COUNTESS.

Although his steps

Are duty-chain'd to grandeur. By my fan,

He wears the leash, as puppies undertrain'd,

Who tug against it stoutly. Noble hearts,

Do you not pity from your inmost souls

A male in leading-strings?

[*Glancing at Second Noble.*

THIRD NOBLE.

Like his?

FIRST NOBLE.

Sweet Dame,
Service is joyous, when the serv'd is fair;
We bow to thee, and criticize none else.

SISTER.

For fear you should be criticiz'd.

COUNTESS.

None else?

Not your own Queen?

THIRD NOBLE.

Forbid it!

COUNTESS.

Truant Sir,
Who stole away to win my Sister's sighs?
Do you not pity France? were France less sly,
The Queen would catch him casting looks at me.

SISTER.

What would she do?

COUNTESS.

Philosophize, and laugh.

SISTER.

Endure his misallegiance?

COUNTESS.

Perhaps, promote!

SISTER.

Perhaps! because you're the object.

COUNTESS.

Tattler, fie!

You'll need your champion to protect you yet.
Bid him refurbish all his wits, at once;
And harness to come forth in beauty's fight.

SISTER.

Dear, Lord, we'll walk apart; my sister's craz'd,
The Frenchman's homage turns her flippant brain.
Now, he might stare at *me* till staring blind,
He should not have *my* arm—so old a fright!

[Retiring with Second Noble up the Stage.]

COUNTESS.

To twit my sister for her crabbed ways,
I had o'erlook'd, how sour Dom Ignez seem'd.

FIRST NOBLE.

Dom Ignez?

COUNTESS.

Ay, the man that's lost, like him,
For ever purring round his malkin's feet,
Name him—his she-pet's name, and not his own.

THIRD NOBLE.

Dom Ignez must not hear us.

COUNTESS.

If he did,
I'd face him, and maintain, the Kingdom's heir
Should prove the Court's best life.

FIRST NOBLE.

And smile on

COUNTESS.

All!

FIRST NOBLE.

If Ignez heard!

COUNTESS.

The Dona, or the Dom?

FIRST NOBLE.

The Dona.

COUNTESS.

If! [*contemptuously*]

THIRD NOBLE.

He's not the fool to wed!

COUNTESS.

Why, if he were, let aliens hold her train.

FIRST NOBLE.

Not sparklers like yourself?

COUNTESS.

I were craz'd.

[*A trumpet-call.*]

FIRST NOBLE.

The dances flag, and more substantial claims
Summon their votaries—to eat and drink!

COUNTESS.

The trumpets challenge royally!

FIRST NOBLE.

They ought,

When halls of banquet—

COUNTESS.

Sneerer, hold your peace !
 You have not seen as I have—if you had,
 You cannot paint as I can—so, be dumb.
 The board's ablaze with gold and jewell'd plate,
 And ornaments of filagree ; and cups,
 Translucent, or of silver, boss'd, or plain.
 Above—amidst—in flaming bright array,
 Pensile, and standard lights o'erbranch the scene ;
 While chrystal sconces stretch along the walls,
 In rainbow-rich refractions ; and, from shapes
 Fantastical, curl forth the censer's streams.
 The interspaces glow with burnish'd arms,
 A panoply of breast-plates—helms—and spears—
 Gauntlets—and battle-axes—greaves—and spurs—
 And swords—and shields, like mirrors in the sun.
 Gigantic fans of peacocks' plumes, aloft,
 At either end, are wav'd by subtle means,
 And stir the air, and much refresh the eyes.
 The roof's festoon'd with evergreens ; beneath,
 Vases with flowers look fragrant as the morn.
 In six recesses, ceaseless fountains jet,
 Rose-scented showers, and sparkling—plac'd on high,
 Minstrels, with thrilling harp, and glorious verse,
 Exalt the festival : below, a band
 Of youths and maids, now dancing, now at rest,
 Shed poetry on motion—group—and form.
 I'm rapt to say they do so, ere 'tis done.
 Let's in, and help all forward ! Knights, lead on.
 One grand resource for pause of step, or song,
 Our martial music takes unusual place,
 Where Moorish standards, droop'd above his chair,
 Record our Sovereign's feats, and Lusian fame.
 All was illuminated ere we met ;
 I have the privilege ; the display's superb.
 Let us not lag, to be the last behind ;
 I sit between my heroes—not next, France !

THIRD NOBLE.

No fault of his.

FIRST NOBLE.

But we may thank the Queen. [*Aside.*

[*The company retire, by degrees, through the upper doorways.*

END OF ACT I.

THE PROVIDENT CLERKS' BENEFIT-ASSOCIATION, AND BENEVOLENT FUND.

HAVING (we trust) profoundly at heart the well-doing of our species, and their advancement, moral and material, towards the highest attainable state of social development, and individual happiness, and comfort,—we hold it as a part of our purpose, and our duty, to bestow our mite of encouragement upon all Associations, Societies, or projects, which, manifestly, have a bearing upon, and tend to, the peaceful expansion, and progress, which we hope to be in store for mankind. These mites, in the conduct of a Magazine like ours, must be offered as the objects of them, either occupy the chief notice of the day, or as our attention is called to them by philanthropic individuals, and parties having no mere self-seeking interests to serve. We cannot, amidst the pressure of the calls upon our time and space, undertake a systematic selection, in the exact order of the importance of the host of Societies having claims upon our attention; but must deal with such as cross our observation at the moment, be they of first-rate, or of subordinate consequence, in the scale of beneficial agencies. Having said this much to guard our readers from expecting more from us than a Miscellany, which only appears once a month, can be required to provide, we proceed at once to give our meed of commendation in behalf of the meritorious, and most useful Association, whose title forms the text-head of these comments. Its purposes, and its means of fulfilling such purposes, cannot be better, or more fully described than in the following selected portion of its general Prospectus. “It affords to *Clerks*—and *others*—the means of making provision for themselves, in old age: for their families, at their decease: and, of an Endowment for their children:” it subdivides into the “LIFE ASSURANCE AND BENEFIT DEPARTMENT,” the business of which *is not confined to Clerks* exclusively, but embraces,

The Benefits of *Mutual Life Assurance*, in all its branches, on a safe Scale of Rates.

Annuities to commence at a specified age.

Division of two-thirds of the *Profits* every *Five Years*.

Right to nominate any party to receive the Amount of a Life-Policy, without Expense.

Economical Management.

Payment of Policies secured by a separate, *Guaranteed Capital*, in addition to the invested *Accumulations*.

No Entrance Fee.

And The “BENEVOLENT DEPARTMENT,” the Fund of which,

now, amounts to £10,600 Stock, and is applicable for the following purposes, to *Clerks and their Families*, viz.—

Annuities to distressed Members of *Three Years'* standing, of £25 each; and to the *Widows* of such Members, of £15 each. *Annuities increase according to the length of Membership.*

Loans—Gratuities, and Allowances to Members, and Orphan Children of deceased Members.

Use of the "*Situation Book*" to Members out of Employ!

Medical advice, gratis, by the *Officers of the Association*, to the *Members*. No *Entrance Fee*.

CLERKS *assuring* their Lives (the Annual Premium varying from £1 11s. 11d. per Cent., according to Age, and which may be paid *quarterly*, half-yearly, or annually) or purchasing an Annuity, &c., under the Life Assurance and Benefit branch, *become Members*, and participate in *all* the above advantages of *both departments*.

CLERKS, *not assuring*, become Members, and participate in all the privileges of the *Benevolent Fund*, by subscribing One Guinea, or upwards, annually thereto, and which may be paid *half-yearly*, or annually.

Under the denomination of Clerk, every individual to whom the appellation is applicable is included, be he in the Bank—or any government office—or with any of the banking, or mercantile firms—or a solitary individual in a barrister's, or solicitor's chambers, or offices—or in a trader's shop, or counting-house. Such individual, by payment of a solitary £1. 1s. in *half-yearly* payments, can entitle himself to all the advantages of the *Benevolent Department*, including medical advice, when ill, and access to the *Situations'-Book*, when out of employ; but, by increasing this payment in a very small amount, he will not only retain all these enumerated advantages, but have insured his life, in addition, for £100, to be paid to his wife, or assigns, in case of his decease. Supposing him to be a young man just of age, his payment, to combine *both* these benefits, will not deduct out of his earnings more than about 10d. a week!! Need we add another word to induce all *Clerks* who read these remarks to send to 42 *Moorgate Street*, for the printed Rules of the Association, in order to their taking immediate measures to join its ranks? Yes; one word or two more. The Trustees of its rapidly accumulating Benevolent Fund of £10,000 and upwards, are men of no less wealth, and standing in society, than, one of *The Barings*; one of *The Hankeys*; *Prescott*, of the House of Grote and others; and Baron Lionel de *Rothschild*. Add to this, that all the leading banking, and mercantile firms, in the city, not merely patronise, but subscribe to the Benevolent Fund; and that, at each anniversary dinner, something like £1000 has been contributed to increase the accumulated capital;

and we think that no *Clerk* (at least) who is not already on its lists, both for possibly-needed aid, or benevolence, as well as for assurance of life, can hesitate one moment, after perusing our explanations of its very many, and most unusual advantages, to become a Member of THE CLERKS' MUTUAL BENEFIT, AND BENEVOLENT FUND ASSOCIATION.

MRS. CAUDLE SMELLS TINDER.

An incident in her Career, most unaccountably overlooked by the Modern Froissart, who, hath immortalized her Curtain Lectures, in "Punch."

[BY THE LATE J. H. J., SON OF THE AUTHOR OF "RURAL SONNETS."]

Rise, Caudle, arise ! I smell tinder a-burning—
 You'd never forsake me, my Caudle, at need ?
 Oh ! Caudle, my precious ! do move, I implore you ;
Do'nt worry you so, and You're sleepy, indeed !

Mister Caudle, you're just like the rest of your sex,
 A brute—there's the tinder !—who always contrives
 To study the comfort of none but himself ;
 Men care not a dump for their *dutiful* wives.

Help, the house is on fire !—so you're moving, at last ;
 Condescending to save your own substance, you go :
 As for me, I might broil, ere you'd be so obliging
 To do as *I* wish'd you—decidedly, no.

Well, if that is not impudence, I am a gander ;
 The notion of coolly beginning to dress !
Go down in your Night-shirt—why not, you old sinner ?
 You're vastly particular, let me confess.

Now, Caudle, you know that I ne'er want to quarrel ;
 But, coolly to dress ! and because you feel cold :—
I am dying with heat, and the house is consuming ;
 Tho' Patience herself, can you wonder I scold ?

Lord ! Lord ! what a fool was I e'er to get married—
 That tinder will choke me—the fellow's possess'd !
You cannot go faster—what ! not to preserve me,
 The lamb of your bosom, the dove of your nest ?

[A pause—during which, the reader must imagine Mrs. Caudle, in the dark, listening tremulously, yet intently ; and her best beloved going over the house, somewhat sleepily, and stumblingly.]

You have been mighty quick in your search, Mr. Careless!
 I doubt that you stirr'd from the landing-place door:
On your honour you search'd all the house—in three minutes?
 Your honour indeed! "never name it no more."

You have'nt pok'd up all the chimneys, and down them;
 And rummag'd the loft where the bacon is cur'd;
 And seen if the shavings have caught in the laundry;
 O Caudle, remember we are not insur'd.

Have you peep'd thro' the trap at the roof, and below, Sir?
 Explor'd the stairs' cupboards, the lumber-vaults, all?
 If you don't go again, and search thoroughly, Caudle,
 There's the window!—myself for the Engines will bawl.

Ay! growl on the stairs—I can hear you, you Monster!—
 Tho' you know that my hair is on end with my fright:
 Gad a' mercy! he's toppled right down to the bottom!
 Cau—Caudle, my life, what's become of the light?

Lisp, lisp but one word thro' the dark, if you're living!
The devil take wives who smell tinder—Heyday!
 Is that my reward for my watchfulness?—nothing
 But curses, you ingrate! Get up as you may.

The smell seems gone off. Find the candle, you Villain!—
 I'll cuddle to sleep, ere my rascal's return'd
 To bully (according to custom) his victim,
 Because, smelling tinder, she fear'd to be burn'd.

IMPROMPTU,

On observing that the Vestry Clerk of St. Andrew's, Holborn, is named Pontifex.

THE *Pontifex* of ancient Rome,
 For ages, called "the dark,"
 Ere yet St. Peter's rear'd its dome,
 Was a *High Priest*—in London-town
 (Where Holborn's steeps throw horses down;
 Quake, Lambert Jones, for thy renown,
 Unless they're bridg'd from crown to crown):
 He's only—*Vestry Clerk!*

COMICUS.

SONNETS FOR THE TIMES.

NO. III.

PICTORIAL SERIES.

THE PHOSPHORESCENCE OF THE OCEAN.

*By the author of "Rural Sonnets," "Sunlight and Moonlight on the Waters,"
"Longinus;" and other Tragedies.*

THE good Ship swims along the heaving tides;
 The limitless All-highway, where the Ocean
 Types the Perpetual with its ceaseless motion;
 And, like some lithe, enormous serpent, glides;
 Some palpitating monster, in its girth,
 Voluminously circling round the earth.
 The breezes stiffen as the ship careers,
 Instinct with speed and beauty, o'er the deep;
 A myst'ry of volition it appears,
 And onward, of its innate force, to sweep;
 Its mighty pinions o'er th' abyss extended,
 Their rushing strange yet musical to hear,
 As, with the piping of the winds, 'tis blended,
 And rolling of the World of Waters far and near.
 Lo, Fancy giveth chase—and Moonbeams, round her,
 Wrap, in a glitt'ring halo, and serene,
 The sea-swift Barque the Nautilus hath found her,
 By magic amplified to waft the Queen,
 Who, with her clear kaleidoscopic vision,
 Adjusts the seeming rugged into grace;
 And, in the Beauteous, with divine precision,
 More beauty than is obvious loves to trace.
 The vessel's deck is scal'd—upon it stand
 Some stalwart Hearts of oak, to quaff the breeze,
 And gaze refreshingly upon the seas,
 And bask in light, unknown on "lubber land."
 Friends, too, who voyage forth, are summon'd there,
 Beauty and Manhood, both, the brilliant scene to share.
 Drink deeply, while ye may, the skydown flood
 Of argent splendor, and its mirror'd lustre;
 The clouds, before the windy currents, scud,
 Huge, as Leviathans in shoals, they muster;
 Spreading a thunder-pall across the skies,
 Evoking Darkness o'er the depths to rise.

But, blacker as it scowls, a Brightness groweth
 Beside them, and behind, how brightly cast,
 Where the wing'd Rider of the billows showeth
 Its imprint—passing, or where it hath pass'd—
 As tho' the Galaxy, from yonder sphere,
 When curtain'd out, were wave-attracted here.
 For, as its rapid course the vessel cleaveth,
 Innum'rous round the prow, the foam-jets leap,
 Then, towards the track the fleet Ondasher leaveth,
 Shelf'd by its sides, in coruscations sweep :
 Looks it not like some Sea-volcano's spume
 Mantling, with glassy sheen, the wat'ry waste ?
 Or Lava of Quicksilver, 'midst the gloom,
 Black'ning around, self-luminously trac'd ?
 See, as its length outstretcheth, to the eye,
 Tho' we fly from it—it appears to fly.
 Now, gorg'd with scatt'ring shot, a Gun, made tight,
 Is levell'd from the sternchase—slop'd to rake
 The kindled surface of the War-ship's wake—
 Boom !—from its phosphor'd crest, fly myriad splinters bright ;
 As stars were struck to atoms, lightning-swift,
 E'en as they scintillate, to flash away :
 When ever was the Poet with the gift
 To paint in full, what Truth would have him say ?
 These, on the sternward view ! But now, around,
 On ev'ry side, the Thunder-drops let fall,
 In globules all luceolent rebound,
 As, quarrelling, the Winds bring on a Squall,
 Which into foam the Water-gems doth blow,
 And calls the dagger'd Lightnings to the fray,
 Beneath Night's ebon pall their part to play,
 And drives the Lady-voyagers below,
 Where, snug in cabin'd berths, asleep from harm,
 They shall renew the scene, unmix'd with all alarm.

AT one period, the best orator of a debating society, which,
 many years ago, used to meet at the West-end of Town, under
 the title (if we mistake not) of "The British Forum," was a
 Journeyman Wheelwright. When this anecdote was first related
 to our friend *Comicus*, he remarked, on the instant, "And pray
 what is there to wonder at in the fact that a Journeyman
 Wheelwright should turn out an excellent *Spokesman* ?"

THE WHITE CLOUD.

A TALE OF FLORIDA.

BY PERCY ST. JOHN.

AUTHOR OF THE "ENCHANTED ROCK," "TRAPPER'S BRIDE," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

SORROW.

A SAD and mournful meeting was that of the morrow's breakfast at the house of Captain Williams. The usual tempting luxuries which nature scatters so profusely in the American wilds were there—the delicious coffee and cream, the buttered Indian cakes, the stewed venison, the hissing tea-urn; but she who had once presided over all, and whose gentle spirit had poured its benign influence in unseen showers upon all who came near her—she was gone. In saddened, heart-breaking silence, they sat through the form of the wonted meal—untouched in reality. Captain Williams was, perhaps, the greatest sufferer. A few hours had so changed him, it was piteous to gaze upon his grey hair, his furrowed cheek, and his half vacant eye, which appeared looking inward, rather than gazing on the outward world.

Etty and Harry had the comfort of feeling that they were restored to each other, though this was but poor satisfaction, when they, too, missed the beloved one. Etty mourned a mother, and Harry an aunt, who had been to him a second parent. Like the bereaved husband, they sat, as it were, crushed beneath the weight of woe.

The breakfast-table was placed near an open window. On one side sat Captain Williams, while near to him were the lovers. On the other was an empty chair. At this the husband and father gazed for some time in silence, as if his eyes were fixed on utter vacancy. His look was half wild, half sorrowful. At length he spoke.

"Where, where is she?" he cried; "why is the seat there?" pointing to the chair usually occupied by her. "Oh, child, nephew, tell me, where is my wife—your mother?"

Etty and Harry were horror-struck; the former, however, finding some relief in a flood of tears. It was clear that the strong man's intellect was shaken, that he was in part ignorant of what was passing around him. Fortunate for him, perhaps,

would this have been, had not the leading idea of his temporarily darkened mind been the very cause of his derangement.

"Father! Father!" cried Etty, scarcely less distracted than himself, "we are not alone in our misery. See the Indian girl there, how she bears up against her sorrow."

The appeal, which Etty herself understood not the force of, was disregarded, but it served to call her own attention, and that of Henry, to the forlorn Indian wife. When the White Cloud was taken prisoner, with the startling announcement that his life as a Seminole rebel was forfeit to the laws of the United States, the energies of his devoted and lovely partner became, as it were, paralyzed. Unconscious of what she was about, she suffered herself to be led away by the considerate Green Foresters, and to be placed beneath the shelter of a white man's roof—the last spot she would have willingly tenanted in other and more happy moments. Many feelings combined to cast down and overcome her spirit. It was while engaged in the service of another, and one ardently loved, that her husband became amenable to the American troops; and now she was sheltered, protected, fed, by that very woman who had, unconsciously, caused all her misery. That Etty was quite ignorant of the Indian warrior's feelings towards herself, the young wife saw plainly enough. This was some comfort; for the quick eye of the sex had at once seen through the reciprocal feelings of Harry and Etty.

"Child of the forest," exclaimed Captain Williams, suddenly turning towards the Indian girl, "you have no right to grieve. Your husband lives—death has not snatched him from you. But I—I—am alone in the world!"

"Not alone, father," cried Etty, passionately; "you have still a daughter."

"Those are her very tones, her eyes, her cheek, her hair—all as she was some twenty years ago, when first I wooed her. Child, thy mother was then more beautiful than even thyself; and now—where is the negro dog, that I may slay him?"

With these words, Captain Williams rose to his feet, and gazed with vacant eye around. The effort was too much for his frame, wrung and enfeebled by mental agony, and he fainted.

"Let us place him near the window," said Harry, "'tis better thus: when he recovers he will surely be calmer."

The three, for the Indian girl silently and efficaciously lent her aid, bore the suffering sailor to the open window, where the fresh air, after coursing over lawn and meadow of silvery green, and kissing the very lip of the current, came cool and

soft to the heated brows of the grieving husband, who—and no shame to him—did not, under his affliction, stand

“As some rude tower of old :
Its massive trunk rearing its rugged form,
With limbs of giant mould,
To battle sternly with the winter storm.”

His native constitution, however, did him good service, and he soon opened his eyes, to look around with something more of composure. They rested first upon the glorious sky, which, blue and silent, shed unseen calm into his agitated bosom; then descending from heaven to earth, upon the changeful stream, coasted by cedar and tamarac, while from the same came

“The drowsy tune
Of the bright leaping waters, as they pass
Laughingly on amid the flowing grass.”

And so akin were these to the bosom of the sailor, that his soul was at once lifted up in thoughtfulness to the great Giver of good; and instead of being only regretful and sorrowful for what he had lost, found some heart-stirring influence, which made him send up an unspoken vow of thankfulness for what God had left him. There are silent prayers—prayers which were never clothed in language, even in thought, which are more powerful than all, because they are the aspirations of the soul.

“Thanks, my children, and you, good girl,” said the father, “I am better, much better now; but why is she here alone? where is our brave friend White Cloud?”

“The White Cloud is a great warrior,” said the young wife, with flashing eye; “he saw that the black men were wicked, and had robbed his friend of his child, and he went in search of the singing-bird of the Whites. He met the black men; his warriors fell in the fight, like the autumn leaves of the forest, but the fair-haired girl was saved to her friends. Then came the pale-face braves, and took White Cloud, and to-morrow he must die.”

Richly musical and plaintive were the tones of the lovely Indian girl, and not a word of reproach passed her lips. But there was a deep sorrow in her attitude of utter hopelessness, which deeply affected all who heard her.

“How is this, Harry?” said the Captain, recovering rapidly before the prospect of his energies being required; “this must not be; this gallant Indian must be saved.”

“I fear me, Uncle, it will be a rude task,” said Harry, gloomily; “White Cloud was one of those concerned in the night attack on Pionville, and you know that unexpected outrage made the State very determined. Every leader in that night’s business is condemned to instant death as soon as caught.

Major —— has only delayed until the morrow at my earnest request."

"Until to-morrow, when?"

"At break of day—he, with Nero and four of the blacks, tried by a court-martial, will be shot."

"Nero," said the Captain, a shudder convulsing his frame, "and his gang, may die. They have earned their fate, but this gallant Indian must be saved. Harry, my lad, could you not ride to the camp of General Rusk, and back, in that time?"

"I will try, Uncle," said Harry, rising with animation, "but of what avail?"

"He is an old friend of mine, one whom I have served. I will write to him; I will detail the services, the generous devotion of White Cloud; and surely he will hearken to my voice."

"Thank God, then, there is hope," cried Harry, with animation; "write, Uncle. In five minutes I will be ready to start."

"Harry," said Etty, turning pale, "be cautious, be careful; some of these horrid Blacks are yet abroad."

"Fear not," replied the young man, "I will go armed, and on a good horse—White Cloud must be saved!"

"The pale-face is a great chief—he is a true brother," said the Indian girl, with majesty, "and a red-skin girl would go with him, but her place is by her husband."

Captain Williams seized pen, ink, and paper, and though not much accustomed to their use, soon filled a sheet. His words were rough, but they were stamped with the eloquence of the heart, worth a whole waggon-load of fine phrases, which, in like instances, make us rather wonder "where you stole them," than feel affected by them. He had scarcely concluded, ere Harry, booted and spurred, stood before him. The letter was then taken; and after a hasty farewell to the father and the young wife, the Captain of the Green Foresters, accompanied by Etty, hurried to the verandah, where he had ordered his horse to be led.

"Cousin Harry," said Etty, mournfully, "this gallant Indian youth must be saved, even if General Rusk be not moved. When do you expect to return?"

"An hour before dawn, my beloved!"

"Then, Harry, if you be not—I will myself unloose the fastenings of his prison, and set him free."

"Be careful, Etty," said Harry; "misery enough, God knows, has visited this family, without your braving danger."

"I will be careful now, Harry, if even only that my father shall not be alone."

"And for my sake!"

"Always, Harry," said she, while tears stood in her eyes: "be so for mine. Soon we shall be alone in the world."

Next moment the young man was galloping over the sward in the direction of the camp of General Rusk.

CHAPTER VII.

THE INDIAN AND HIS WIFE.

THE Major who commanded the detachment of United States infantry which had surprised the rebel negroes, having been directed to remain in the neighbourhood, had made Captain Williams's house his head quarters; and, the better to secure his prisoners, had divided them into squads, and placed them in the various out-houses which surrounded the principal building. Respecting the misfortune and character of White Cloud, he had assigned to him a prison apart from the blacks; and, what was quite as complimentary, because shewing how much more he was to be feared, two sentinels were placed over him. The shed in which he lay was one usually tenanted by the overseer of the slaves, and was so placed as to be commanded by the several sentries which the Major thought it necessary to station round the house. Built of heavy logs, and made all the stronger, in that it formed the corner of the palisadoes, there was no fear of the Indian's escape by destroying the walls.

Nero occupied a stable near at hand, being chained like a dog to the wall.

White Cloud sat with his back against a log—calm, dignified, but sad. His thoughts were evidently troubled. He could not but reflect how deeply he had grieved his fond young wife. Her innocent and devoted affection, which had never swerved, and which had borne up unchanged against the consciousness that she had heard him pour forth his feelings towards another with greater warmth than ever she heard before, now came reproachfully to his mind; and the stern Indian warrior, careless of death, perfectly prepared for the worst fate which might befall him, felt miserable while reflecting on this wrong.

Nero, brave only when surrounded by his fellows and flushed with power, crouched in his den, in the most abject state of terror. His teeth chattered, his eyes were haggard and sunken, all the worst features of a wicked slave were shewn in the ex-general of the rebels. He knew that he must die, and for him there was, he was quite conscious, no hope, no pity, no mercy. At length, however, a sudden light seemed to dawn upon him, and, for a moment shaking off his abject fear, he rose. The hut

occupied by the Indian, and the stable in which Nero was imprisoned, were contiguous.

"White Cloud," said Nero, in a low voice, "him Nero spik wid great chief."

No answer.

"Oh injun," said the Negro, in a still louder voice, "they tell negro die. Him no die, him join wid injun and him get free."

"A great chief has nothing to say to a creeping dog," replied the Seminole calmly, his voice being heard with difficulty through the heavy logs, which had few interstices.

"Massa White Cloud," shrieked the slave, "take pity on a nigger; say someting to gib him some consebblation, or him nigger die."

The Indian either made no reply, or at all events the thickness of the walls prevented any from being heard. Nero, in despair, again threw himself on the ground and wept like a child, not tears of penitence, such as angels might weep, but tears of fire and blood, the raging tears of impotent fury and rage.

It was drawing towards evening, and about ten minutes before sun-down, one of the sentries entered the Indians' hut, bringing a savoury meal, provided by the thoughtful care of Ety. Having set this down before the unmoved Indian, the soldier informed the prisoner that the Major had given permission to his wife to pass one hour with him alone that evening, to bid one another an eternal adieu.

"A chief hears: the squaw may come," said the Indian coldly.

But whoever should have judged him from these cold and quiet words, would have done him injustice. No sooner was the soldier's back turned, than a smile of pleasure, a smile that made his stern and manly face beautiful for the moment, passed across his features. His eye, before half dimmed, grew bright and sparkling,—telling, that whatever might have been his feelings with regard to the Singing-bird of the Whites, there was now, in this moment of peril and misfortune, but one emotion capable of moving him, and that was love for his Indian wife. After a few moments the warrior rose, and taking some mats of rushes which had formed part of a bed, made, near his own feet, a comfortable seat for his squaw, and then returning to his former position, calmly awaited her approach.

He waited not long, for soon he heard the bolts and locks of his prison again removed; a gliding form passed, and White Cloud and his girl were alone. For some moments neither spoke, the chief drawing round him his buffalo robe, and waiting for the usual period of dignified silence to elapse. It would have been unwomanlike for the Seminole girl to have betrayed her eager desire to speak.

"A chief waits: what has his squaw for his ear?" said White Cloud, in quiet but affectionate tones. There was a softness and self-reproach in his manner, which made the wife's heart leap.

"The pale face has said a great chief must die, and his Indian girl has come to ask him to kill her."

"Why?" said the Seminole quickly.

"Because a great chief has taken his eyes from her—a black cloud is before them—he cannot see her."

"Daughter of the Seminoles," said the chief calmly, "live—you have a little bird must nestle in your bosom. He will be a great warrior."

"His fathers are blind; he sees but the singing bird of the Whites. A Seminole girl will die."

"Daughter of the Seminoles," said the warrior, much moved, "a cloud was before my eyes. Some great medicine of the Whites must have charmed me; I could not see straight. But a wind from the hills has swept the cloud away, and a great chief sees only his wife and the Little Lion. He is all eyes, and they are for her."

"Good!" exclaimed the wife, a calm joy suffusing her face; "a word of a warrior is great. It is passed, the medicine of the Whites is gone, and Monea is no longer sad. But the pale face has said a great chief must die. Monea's heart will break if his child looks not on his father again."

"Monea," said the Indian, overcoming all his native reserve, and clasping his wife to his bosom, "the warrior must die; but his spirit would go in peace to the happy hunting grounds, if he saw the face of the Little Lion once more."

"Monea left the child with her people—it is far off."

"Two suns," said the warrior.

"Two suns!" exclaimed the mother joyously; "then let a great chief go. Monea will stay here, he can come back to die. He will have seen his little one."

"When the sun rises, the White Cloud is to die," said the warrior, shaking his head.

"No," replied the mother anxiously: "the pale-face chief Williams send the Forester to great Father Chief, ask for White Cloud life. White Cloud is safe until the messengers come from the forest."

"A warrior listens," said White Cloud.

"See, an Indian girl thought of this; she thought the great chief would like to see his little one, and she dressed herself like a white girl," continued the wife, rising and shewing her borrowed finery: "let the warrior disguise himself as a squaw and go; the Little Lion will cry until he comes."

The White Cloud looked admiringly at his wife, and then continued the conversation.

"Monea loves her husband, she is a good wife; the White Cloud would die easier if he could see his little one. But does a Seminole girl say true?"

"Can a Seminole girl lie?" asked the Indian squaw proudly.

"Hugh!" was the reply of the warrior—"Monea is right. A great chief will go presently."

"Not yet," said the young wife eagerly; "it is not yet time. Monea has much to say to her husband."

"Her voice is like the song of the birds, it fills the soul with music. Speak."

"A great warrior has said, that he loves an Indian girl, the mother of the Little Lion. An Indian girl is jealous, she wishes to hear it again."

White Cloud smiled, and, parting the long black hair of the Seminole beauty, kissed her on the forehead.

"Monea is a foolish girl—the heart of White Cloud is large—but it is full of Monea."

"And the beautiful Singing-bird of the Whites?" said Monea now, archly.

"A dream, a vision—it is gone."

"And if a great chief were not to die—and Monea were gone to the land of spirits?"

"The White Cloud would turn squaw, and nurse his little one. It should never call another woman mother."

Could the warrior have seen the radiant beauty of his wife at the sound of this declaration, he would have been strangely puzzled to have explained to himself the motives which influenced his speech and conduct. But the dusk of evening had turned to night, and nothing but the tones of voice indicated the extent of her feelings.

"Death is very great, it often weakens the memory," she said, half inadvertently.

"Would Monea choose another warrior, when death has made her forget White Cloud?" said the husband, speaking in tones of gentle and most soothing reproach.

"The sea is deep," replied the girl warmly; "before Monea will call another warrior, husband, she will lay her bones in the beautiful waters of the great lake." This was said with an earnest dignity, which carried truth on its face.

"Hugh! good!" said the chief; "but he will go—he is anxious to see the Little Lion. It is two suns' journey, and a chief must be back to die, or a Seminole girl will be slain."

"No! no!" cried the wife, clinging convulsively to him—"not yet, not yet; a great chief will have time enough. Monea must not be left yet."

"The White Cloud will stay," replied the chief, tenderly

embracing her; "but if he is to be back in two suns, he must go directly. The sun has been down an hour."

Monea made no further opposition, and the change of costume took place. Monea herself wore the European dress so awkwardly, that the additional stoutness of the chief was the less likely to be remarked. In height they closely resembled each other; and, as it was a dark night, the masquerade was not very difficult to be carried out.

"The White Cloud is ready," said the chief; and then he added proudly, "when the pale-face warriors come, let them see how brave is an Indian girl. But the chief will be back to take her place."

"Manitou! Manitou!" said the wife, sobbing and clinging to her husband, half in desperation—"God! God! save him. Monea is a woman, and very weak."

The chief hesitated—an idea crossed his mind, but the words "Can a Seminole girl lie?" still rang in his ears.

"I go to see the Little Lion—I will take a curl from his brow, and his mother shall keep it for the sake of his father when he is in the great land of spirits."

"My child! my child!" cried the agonized mother; "go! son of Utica, the Little Lion calls you."

Monea now wrapped herself in the buffalo robe of the Indian chief, and seated herself, assuming his customary erect and rigid posture; while the White Cloud, concealing his face in the cloak, which formed the principal part of his wife's civilized clothing, passed hurriedly out, and, following the minute directions which his wife had given him, stood in a few minutes beneath the portico of the house. Here he was to meet Etty, he had been told, but no Etty was there. The chief paused to reconnoitre, without one shadow of emotion in connexion with the white girl. He had truly said that the clouds had vanished, and no other image, save his wife and child, now were visible to his mind's eye. The Singing-bird of the Whites had been to him a day-dream—he had worshipped her as something above himself; but even this worship, which never had obscured his love for Monea, had now vanished before the stern duties of the parent.

"Monea," said the gentle voice of Etty, next minute by his side.

"Hugh!" exclaimed the startled chief.

"White Cloud," said Etty, delighted; "it is you—you are then free?"

"The White Cloud is free as the wind above the pine-tree tops."

"Quick, then, follow me," said Etty; "you see yon wood pile. Near that is a gate; of which this is the key. When

you are outside, throw it over the palisades. I will find it in the morning."

The Seminole chief briefly thanked his fair guide, and then, following her direction, disappeared the next minute behind the object she had pointed out. Etty watched his motions with deep interest; and it was only when he had quite gained the forest that she left her part of watcher, and went in to rejoin her father. By gentle persuasion she soon induced him to retire to bed; and having done so, another duty remaining, she wrapped herself in a hood and cloak, and again ventured into the open air.

The night was mild and still. The wind had died away with the setting of the sun, and nought was heard but the always audible breathing of night. Darkness is never silent. A brooding spirit seems ever abroad; sounds strange and gentle come clearly to the ear, as if it were the rocking of nature to sleep, the lullaby of heaven, the music of the spheres, in regret for the departure of the glorious light. Etty felt the delicious influence of the hour, and paused to drink in the full flood of sad and terrible recollections which crowded in contrast upon her. Fortunate that circumstances required action, and thus prevented her giving way to the rushing tide of sorrow which otherwise would have overwhelmed her. After sending up to Heaven a brief prayer, she hurried towards the hut which now, she supposed, contained the Indian girl. Ere she reached it, a groan of anguish caught her attention. She paused and looked around her. The sentinels had deserted their post, and were conversing together in a knot near at hand, but had not noticed the advent of the young girl.

"Oh, Miss Etty," whispered the discordant voice of Nero, "spare him nigger life; him never hurt you—tink of dat."

Horror-struck at her near contact with the murderer of her mother, Etty brushed past, and gained the entrance of the other prison.

"Monea! Monea!" she whispered. "Monea! Monea!" she repeated as she received no reply, speaking in a louder tone. But in vain, all was still as death. "She has escaped," she added; "thank God, then, my duty is performed, and I can go to rest."

The sad consciousness that no mother would now give a nightly blessing on her sleep, came forth upon her as she spoke; and gliding back to the house, she sought her chamber, not to rest, but to weep.

Meanwhile Monea had heard her call, but self-devotion had prevented her reply. Monea had deceived her husband, and Etty! Resolved to save his life at any risk and cost, the noble Indian girl had persuaded the chief that the hour of execution

was altered. What it cost this glorious creature to look steadily in her husband's face and say, "Can a Seminole girl lie?" who can tell! The most self-denying devotion—the resolve that at all costs her child should not be fatherless,—that the White Cloud should not perish—alone supported her. Etty she had persuaded to join her, under the arrangement that as soon as the chief had escaped, she was to come and free her, if she fled not in the meantime. But Monea had not executed half her task. Her great object was to gain time, and to enable the chief to advance so far that pursuit would be useless; trusting to his returning with a sufficient band of warriors to protect him against the Whites. Yes! Monea had determined that word of hers should not hurry the pursuit, and that in the grey of dawn she would die for him rather than betray his flight. It was this feeling—the fear that they were parting for ever—that had during the last moments of their interview unnerved the noble girl.

POLAND.

Polonia non est finita.

She droops—she is not dead.

ON the 8th current, the annual ball in behalf of the Poles (to attend which, we exhort all who have the opportunity) takes place at Willis's Rooms, in King Street, St. James's; and, during the month which has just expired, two very important movements in behalf of unfortunate Poland have taken place: one, the annual meeting of the Association, which is, as it were, in England at least, the ark of Polish nationality; and the other, the presentation, at a festival in honour of his efforts to comfort the Polish exiles, and to keep alive the prestige of their cause, of a piece of tapestry, consecrated by Polish ladies, to the foremost champion of Poland, in Great Britain, Lord Dudley Stuart.

We call these movements very important, relatively; because, in the face of events, and of the crushed efforts of those on the spot to reassert, by force of arms, their guaranteed, and indisputable rights, the unshaken spirit of hope, and confidence, as to the future destiny of Poland, which predominated at both gatherings, is an undeniable measure of the sympathy which the cause of the Poles is propagating, and the ultimate support, springing out of that sympathy, which it will speedily command for an eventual, and complete triumph. Amid the march of civilization, which is extending its borders to the end of the earth,

Poland cannot be extinguished. God doth not will it ; therefore, man will not tolerate that it should be so.

Freedom's battle, once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding Sire to Son,
Tho' often lost, is ever won.

We are of those who thank the Poles for their late outbreak—we admire its heroism, and mourn for its present failure ; for, where the canker-worm of oppression is eating into a nation's vitals, and is fain to paralyse all its remaining energies—where the torpor of despair is threatening to supervene in aid of the diabolical inflictions, and caprices of unbridled tyranny, we thank God that men are left to vindicate our common manhood—to draw the sword against the mightiest, and throw away the scabbard—to cast their lives, so precious to all human beings, gloriously, heroically, into the scale—and to go forth, to conquest, or to martyrdom. Such martyrdom is the seed of future success ; it sows the dragon's teeth, from which spring armed men—ultimate avengers.

They never fail who die
In a great cause. The block may soak their gore—
Their heads may sodden in the sun—their limbs
Be strung to city gates, and garden walls—
But, still, their spirit walks abroad. Though years
Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
Which overpower all others, and conduct
The world, at last, to Freedom.

Away with the cold-blooded cant, which can find a heart to expostulate with, and, thereby, exasperate, failure ; but has no thrilling “ God speed ye ” for the hour of onset—the unfurling-time of the Flag of justice and freedom—

Oh, where's the slave so lowly,
Condemn'd to chains unholy,
Who, could he burst
His bonds at first,
Would pine beneath them slowly ?
What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,
Would wait till time decay'd it ?

Who, in comfortable England, in his snug library, or money-making counting-house, is likely to know, or entitled to measure, the exact amount of provocation which is, or is not, to justify the physical resistance of a people, into whose soul the iron enters daily, hourly, minutely ;—whose very language is being weeded up, before their eyes, by their implacable oppressors—whose profoundest convictions, and holiest reverences, are being scouted, scorned, and trampled under foot—who are

spies-haunted in all their doings; circumscribed in all their movements; and who stalk upon the soil that was once

"Their fathers' fee;"

the slaves—let us ever hope, the recusant slaves—of those who, with fire and sword, amidst murders, and ravishments, and plunders, and exterminations, purloined, and, yet, to the shame of Europe, are permitted to retain it. But, if we are indignant with those, who, in commenting on *the late Heroic outbreak in Poland*, measure it, simply, by its failure, with what terms of contempt and scorn shall we encounter the economical-with-a-vengeance grumblers, who begrudge the few pounds that England's Parliament, and her wealthier classes, bestow, annually, upon *the Polish exiles*? Who, if one of these harassed, and often broken-hearted beings, in the least misconducts himself, instantly attempt to represent him as the type of the whole noble-hearted emigration? Who cannot, or will not see, that by honouring bravery under misfortune, in its living and breathing models, and exemplars, we are showing ourselves wise, as well as proving ourselves just—that we do so of an indis severable sympathy, as being ourselves both brave and free—that, in practising the virtue of untiring hospitality, in such a case, we are asserting a principle of right against all oppressors, and all would-be exterminators, both for our own benefit, and that of the world at large. *The Polish Remnant* is an incarnation, at our very doors, of a mighty principle; the representative of a sacrifice, *undergone*, not only for the benefit of the individuals who made it, but, through them, for the universal family of Man. As such, were the Poles of which it consists endowed with the vitality of Methuselah, they would be entitled, from us, and our successors, our

Posterī posterorum, et qui nascentur ab illis,

to a life-long asylum, untiring sympathy, and unstinted support.

OXALIC ACID.—Is there no bill before Parliament into which (for the sake of human agonies, and human life) a clause could be introduced, making it highly penal, and contraband, to sell *Oxalic Acid*, unless it be coloured with some striking colour, which should for ever prevent its being mistaken (as it has so often, and so fatally been) for Epsom Salts??

Only some four or five weeks ago, no less than three individuals partook, at one time, of this frightful poison, but, not being killed outright by it, we lost sight of the newspaper-bulletins of their ultimate fate. If there be no such bill, as we would fain hope there is, then let some philanthropic M.P. introduce a special Act of one or two clauses, on the subject.

NELL GWYNNE, OR THE COURT OF THE STUARTS.

An Historical Romance.

CHAPTER XIV.

DISCOURSES OF HAROLD'S RETURN TO SHEPHERD'S, AND WHAT BEFEL
HIM THERE.

HAROLD returned to the metropolis, pursuant to his somewhat hasty resolution, a sadder and a wiser man. As he drew nearer and nearer London, his confidence in the safety of Agatha, described at the conclusion of our preceding chapter, began to waver, and, with the fickleness of a lover, he gradually fell back on his original fears. There was certainly something wrong. He felt, too, on quiet and deliberate reflection, that there might be something wrong in his own actions, and that, however becoming it might be in another, his parting from Colonel Mowbray itself was excessively rash, precipitate, and imprudent.

But, in the scenes and events to which he was hurrying, he was soon to find additional cause for dejection. In the brief period occupied by his expedition to Hereford, the metropolis had been the theatre of more memorable occurrences. Exasperated by the discovery of Dangerfield's plot, in which the Countess of Powis, and other leading Catholics, by whom it had been concocted, had hoped to implicate the Duke of Monmouth, the populace had broken out into open tumult, and the sovereign, glad of a pretext for extending his prerogative, had made their outbreak a plea for rescinding the City charter. The City authorities, supported by the popular voice, had resisted this proceeding, and, in order to awe them into submission, Sir Patience Ward, and Goodenough, the Sheriff, who were its most strenuous opponents, were arrested, and committed to confinement in Newgate.

Harold heard of these events long before he reached his lodging. There, however, a new revelation awaited him, and, in addition to the concern which he felt for his friends, he became affected by a personal solicitude. Scarcely had he set foot in his lodging, when the porter, whom he employed also as his own immediate attendant, presented him with a letter, which, on inspection, he found to be in the writing of the Marquess of Halifax. Hastily tearing it open, he read as follows :—

"The hand that offers you this warning is your good friend's. Should you return soon, hold yourself aloof a while, and leave London with your most convenient dispatch."

It was an age in which, unhappily for England, it was sufficient to accuse a man of an offence to secure his condemnation—in which, by falsehoods which would have been ridiculous, if they had not been diabolical, any unscrupulous villain might batten on the blood of the innocent—in which the Courts of Justice were really no more than absolute shambles; and, such being the case, it was no wonder that, as he read over the Marquess's billet, Harold gave way to the liveliest apprehension. What danger was he threatened with? How, in his ignorance of this particular, was he to act? His first thought would have led him at once to the Marquess; but reflection suggested to him, with some show of reason, that such a course would be disagreeable to that personage, or, instead of communicating with him in writing, he would have invited him to a personal interview. What was to be done? He was still deliberating, when the door of his chamber was hastily opened, and, to his great satisfaction, he found himself confronted by the Duke of Monmouth.

"Gresham!" cried the Duke, springing forward, and offering him his hand, "I am right glad to see you home again. How is it with you?"

Harold, reassured by his presence, made a suitable reply, and then communicated to him the Marquess's billet.

"'Tis but too well founded," observed the Duke; "for, though I gave it no credit heretofore, I have myself heard a whisper of it. Just now, I can, as you know, ill spare such a ready friend, but you must fly."

"Not so, your Grace!" answered Harold, "but rather let me fall, if fall I must, in your service. I am innocent; and wherefore should I flee?"

The Duke smiled. "One reason is, because, in simple verity, you are not innocent," he returned. "But, now I bethink me, you may retreat, and yet do me a good service. Shaftesbury, like yourself, has received a friendly warning, and has fled to Holland. We have occasion to send him a trusty messenger."

"And your Grace, to reconcile me to flight, would impose the enterprise on me?" remarked Harold, with a smile.

"We will so settle it," said Monmouth. "Have all ready; and when that villain Schuyp, who is now in the river, resolves himself to sail, I will myself bring you your commission. But meanwhile, if you care not to risk your life, you must lodge in the panel."

"Where?" asked Harold.

"I will show you," returned Monmouth. "But first, to give you more heart, let me tell you of our new alliance. Madam Quarrel is playing the King against us, and, by her false reports, has robbed me of his Majesty's favour. But, though it should cost me my life"—and a glow of enthusiasm mounted to his face—"I will stand up for the freedom and faith of my country."

"'Tis well said, your Grace!" remarked Harold.

"The King has taken up with a new Miss," pursued Monmouth—"one Nell Gwynne, a player; and, to balance the influence of Madam, we have won her to our side. With her help, we hope to pull Madam down."

Harold, unversed in the practices of the Court, by which alone such an anomalous alliance could be justified, made no remark on this intelligence; and, after a moment's pause, his patron recurred to the original subject of their conversation.

"But let me bestow you within the panel," he said. "I know not what you are charged withal; but be assured of this, that if you are once captured, not all the nobles of England can save your life. Follow, now, in silence!"

Having thus delivered himself, he turned to the door; and Harold, conformably to his injunction, passed hastily after him. Descending the stairs without, they proceeded down a long lobby, or passage, to the back of the house, which brought them to a rearward office. A short, thin, elderly man clad in close, short-cut habits, of the strict Geneva School, and whom Harold immediately recognised as his landlord, Shepherd, was within the office, and, as they made their appearance, stepped forward to meet them.

"See to the panel, Master Shepherd!" said Monmouth.

Shepherd, without making a reply, turned to one corner of the office, which was crossed by several shelves, furnished, according to the mercantile custom, with what seemed to be large account-books, or ledgers. These he quickly pulled down, and, with equal dexterity, then removed one of the shelves, leaving free access to the wainscot. That done, he drew his hand, with a slight pressure inward, across the top of one of the panels, and, yielding to the impulse, the panel flew open.

"There!" cried Monmouth to Harold, pointing at the aperture—"I will now bid you farewell. I almost fear, indeed, on reflection, that you may have been watched."

Harold, too, for the first time, now felt impressed with a similar apprehension. But still perfectly self-possessed, he took a cordial leave of Monmouth, and passed deliberately through the aperture.

On gaining the interior, he found himself in a small recess, about six feet square. There was no window; but a large

chimney, which occupied one breadth of the recess, admitted a free supply of air, and, to break the effect of darkness, Shepherd furnished him with a lighted lamp. By the direction of Monmouth, who still remained without, the panel was then closed; the shelf and books were restored to their original position; and Harold, glowing with life, health, and vigour, was voluntarily immured in the recess.

He continued in durance till near midnight. Then, through the interposition of Shepherd, he was allowed an hour's exercise in the adjoining room; and, returning to his covert, was afterwards supplied with a substantial supper. He followed the same course for several successive days, keeping perdue through the day, and, with the cognizance and assistance of Shepherd, sallying forth at night. Incurring no confirmation, his alarm was wearing off, when, on the fourth night of his imprisonment, as he was taking his customary walk, a knock at the street-door alarmed both him and Shepherd.

"'Tis no friend!" observed Shepherd, in answer to his look of inquiry; "for we have, as you know, a fixed knock. Get you within."

Harold, but too sensible of its expediency, hastily complied with his injunction; and, though apparently far from being collected, he proceeded to make all secure. Harold waited the issue with the utmost impatience.

The partition being slight, and the stillness otherwise unbroken, he could still hear the knocking at the door; and, after a brief interval, this was succeeded by the sound of footsteps. The premises were evidently undergoing a thorough search. In a short time, voices and footsteps, intimating that there was more than one inquisitor, approached nearer and nearer; and, in a few minutes he could distinguish them in the adjoining room. Stools, ledgers, and tables, as they happened to attract attention, were now thrown recklessly about; and everything indicated that the officers were pursuing their object with the utmost zeal. It was possible that, if they had not been previously informed of it (which was far from improbable), they might overlook the recess; but it was just as likely that they might discover it,—and, moved by this reflection, Harold looked round for a second hiding-place. His glance fell on the chimney, and, prompt in his decisions, he hastily extinguished the lamp, and proceeded to bestow himself in the mouth of the chimney.

He now ventured to take a deep breath; and though, if the chimney should be examined, he knew that it would be difficult to escape detection, felt comparatively reassured. But his confidence was but short-lived. Whether from accident or from collusion, the inquisitors soon discovered the false wainscot,

which constituted the partition between the office and the recess; and, removing the shelves and books, opened the secret panel. Harold, pent up in the chimney, where he maintained his position with the greatest difficulty, distinguished them entering the recess.

"Soh! soh!" remarked a voice: "what have we here?"

Another voice, which, though it was slightly agitated, Harold quickly recognised as that of Shepherd, rendered a hesitating reply. "No matter! 'twill not fulfil your fool's errand."

There was a brief pause.

"The knave deals in secret cupboards," resumed the first speaker. "But look up the chimney, lads!"

There was a quick footstep, and a gleam of light, marking the proximity of a lamp, flashed up the chimney. But though the obscurity in the chimney was broken at the mouth, and, if Harold's position had admitted of his looking down, thus made apparent the figure of the inquisitor, it revealed no object above; and Harold escaped observation.

"No findings!" said the officer of the law, addressing the first speaker. "We're tricked!"

There was a short conference; and Harold, expecting a more jealous scrutiny of the chimney, held in his breath. The chimney, though it had originally been constructed for a hiding-place, was incommodious in the extreme, and he expected to fall every moment. Fortunately, however, the baffled officials shortly retired, and he was again left to himself.

But he did not deem himself safe till he heard them depart from the premises. Even then, indeed, he waited anxiously for the appearance of Shepherd.

That worthy individual, once rid of his visitors, who had so shaken his house from its propriety, lost no time in joining him.

"Save you!" he said: "Where did you hide?"

Harold pointed at the chimney.

"'Twas well done!" remarked Shepherd. "Yet, in sober verity (which should be the guide of all discourse), they looked not for you: they were making search for smuggled brandy."

Harold, thus relieved from apprehension, was about to render a light reply, when another knock at the door induced him to pause.

Though he was himself taken by surprise, Shepherd, whatever he might feel, made no remark on this occurrence, but hastened to inquire who their visitor was. Quick in his movements, he shortly reappeared; and, to Harold's great satisfaction, ushered in the Duke of Monmouth.

A few words sufficed to relate what had passed. Monmouth, who listened to the narrative with the liveliest interest, then congratulated Harold on his escape, and proceeded to take

measures for his future safety. Schuyp's ship, which was to convey him to Holland, was now ready to sail; everything had been prepared for his immediate embarkation; and Monmouth had brought him the packet which he was to carry to Shaftesbury. Having announced these particulars, he further stated, in conclusion, that he would himself see him safe on board.

It required but little time to make up Harold's personal preparations. These dispatched, they ascertained, through the vigilance of Shepherd, that no overlookers were at hand, and then sallied forth. They incurred no molestation; but, in their progress onward, they expected to be interrupted every moment, and, consequently, it was with no slight pleasure that they finally drew up at St. Katherine's stairs. Here, conformably to a previous arrangement, a boat waited their coming, and, on the delivery of a concerted pass-word, bore them alongside of Schuyp's ship.

They mounted to the deck in silence; and then, after a cordial farewell, which made a deep impression on the susceptible Schuyp, they parted. Another hour, which Harold passed in melancholy cogitation—and the ship was under weigh. Unavowed by the authors of his being, ignorant of the situation of his mistress, and unacquainted with his offence against the State—disappointed in his ambition, tortured in his affections, blasted in his prospects, Harold left the shores of his native land, under the cover and protection of night, a fugitive, an exile, and a felon!

CHAPTER XV.

HAROLD, RETURNING TO ENGLAND, ATTENDS NELL GWYNNE TO COURT.

THOUGH he speedily transacted the business entrusted to him by the Duke of Monmouth, several months expired before Harold returned to England. In the mean time, his solicitude respecting Agatha, and the probable issue of their attachment, which now threatened to be so eminently unfortunate, sustained no abatement, but daily became more and more decided. He thought of her continually; but though he resolved, with the ardour and enthusiasm of youth, to strain every nerve in his pursuit of her, the uncertainty that hung over his origin—his failure to discover any clue of his father's faithful domestic (which was the object of his expedition to Hereford)—and the danger he had incurred by his adherence to Monmouth—rendered his prospect of obtaining her hand very chimerical indeed.

In this forlorn situation, he received with pleasure, not unmingled with hope, a letter from the Duke of Monmouth,

inviting him to return to England. The letter informed him, that though there was still reason to believe that a warrant had been issued for his apprehension, the writer and the Marquess of Halifax had taken effective measures for his security. Their plan, it appeared, was—that immediately on his arrival in London, Monmouth should present him to the King, as an officer who had greatly distinguished himself in the Scottish war, and that this recommendation, itself important, should be more decidedly turned to his advantage by the Marquess of Halifax. Thus, by a sort of *coup d'état*, they hoped to win him the favour of the King, and, under this influence, shield him from the vengeance of the Popish cabal.

On the receipt of this intelligence, Harold, full of hope, took a hasty leave of Holland, and hastened to support the designs of his friends. Once more lodged at Shepherd's, he again bestowed himself in the secret recess; and there, unconscious of the danger that was hanging over him, yet not free from apprehension, awaited a further communication from his patrons.

The interval, though it was very short, was a trying one, and kept alive his worst fears. But a letter arrived at last, directing him, though at the hazard of incurring arrest, to appear in public on the following day, at the levee of the Duke of Monmouth; and afterwards to accompany that person to the presence of the King.

The day opened auspiciously. It was a fine autumnal morning, towards the end of August; and the whole metropolis, from one end to the other, seemed to have turned out for a holiday. The line of road leading to Whitehall was particularly animated, but in all the crowd of spectators, and throng of courtiers, few hearts beat with the same excitement as Harold's. Among those who were repairing to the Court, however, there was one no less agitated. At one corner of St. James's Square, on the left hand, adjoining Pall Mall, and in front of a large and handsome mansion, a coach was observed in waiting, the dashing appearance of which had collected around a crowd of idlers. After a short interval, a lady emerged from the house, through the principal doorway, and took her place in the carriage. She was splendidly, and even gorgeously attired, in a frock of white satin, made sufficiently short to show a very pretty and graceful ankle, and falling behind into a long train. The sleeves, which were full, long, and very wide, were gathered and looped up high in front, with clasps of pearls, and shewed beneath another sleeve, of fine cambric, embroidered with lace. Over her bust she wore a pale blue bodice, open down the front, and fastened with *creves*, and her small waist was circled by a white zone, also clasped with pearls. But neither the lustre of her jewels,

nor the splendour of her apparel, admirably as they were assimilated, could divert attention from the greater attractions of her person. Her fair bosom, of which her dress offered too full a revelation, shamed the complexion of her laced chemisette; and, though they were evidently of the rarest quality, the pearls on her sleeve were far less dazzling than the fervid brightness of her arms. Her face was absolutely the *beau ideal* of beauty; and, on its either cheek, wore that charming expression of feeling and sensibility, which, in a woman, is even more fascinating than the impress of thought. Its beautiful colouring, varied by the warm red of her lips, and by the laughing azure of her eyes, derived a further harmony from her flaxen hair, which, in accordance with the prevailing fashion, was curled to the middle of her head. Her carriage, which the length of her dress no way impeded, was the very perfection of grace; and, as she took her seat in the coach, she looked more like a messenger and minister of light, than a mortal and frail woman.

Though they were obviously far from being her friends, the group of idlers around, in spite of their prepossessions against her, could not but view her with admiration, and, instead of saluting her with murmurs, they hailed her with a buzz of applause. As the carriage moved away, however, their enmity revived, and they broke into a shrill hissing. This increased as the carriage entered Pall Mall. Here, as it was the main approach to the Palace, and the thoroughfare was excessively crowded, the vehicle could move only very slowly; and, being thus impeded, the lady began to apprehend violence. Loud cries of "shame" now saluted her, and, from the increasing density of the crowd, the route of the carriage, all along difficult, became almost blocked up. Moreover, the insolence of the multitude became every moment more decided, and, where they originally contented themselves with hissing her, they now broke into cries of "Get home, you baggage! how now, wanton! set the beggar on horseback." In vain the coachman urged on his horses; the crowd seized the reins—others, still more daring, mounted on the wheels to the coach-windows, and, at last, the carriage was brought to a dead halt.

While, in this dilemma, the lady was considering what should be done, the coach-door was wrenched open, and a tall sweep presented himself at the aperture.

But before he could offer her any indignity, the coach suddenly moved forward, and he was thrown to the ground. At the same moment, Nell, to her great satisfaction, became assured of the presence of friends. Still, however, she was not free from alarm, as cries of "Down with the dogs! down with them, Cavaliers!" mingled with groans and hootings from the

crowd, seemed to threaten a *mêlée*. While she was thus embarrassed, Lord Buckhurst, now created Earl of Dorset, presented himself at the coach-window, and sought to soothe her fears. Nevertheless, it was with the greatest difficulty, and at the risk of imminent peril, that he and his friends could keep back the mob, and they were in momentary expectation of more vigorous opposition. At last, the mob made a simultaneous rush on the coach, and Dorset and his friends, who were only four in number, were driven off.

"Drag her out!" cried several voices.

"Wash her painted face! Tear off her satins!" exclaimed divers fastidious youths.

The coach was again arrested; the door was forced open; and Nell, as she supposed, was on the point of being dragged out, when another cavalier interposed. It was Harold Gresham.

Spurring his horse to the coach-door, he seized one of the assailants, who was in the act of forcing his way in, by his throat, and, with an almost superhuman strength, flung him back among the mob. For a moment, the latter, staggered by his heroism, gave way, but quickly resuming their original attitude, they soon prepared to revenge his interference. As they were rushing forward, however, they again fell back; their yells subsided into a solemn silence; and then, seized with one resistless purpose, they all broke into a thrilling shout of "God save you! God save your noble Grace!"

The Cavalier who was thus hailed, and whose arrival was so opportune, paid his first attention to Nell Gwynne. As he presented himself at the coach-window, cap in hand, and with his long curls streaming over his shoulders, Nell thought that she had never seen so beautiful a person. Mounted on a milk-white horse, and dressed in a superb suit of gold tissue, with the collar of the Garter round his neck, everything, it is true, combined to exhibit him to advantage; but in his face he wore a look of such marked gentleness, that he seemed to be applauded less for the attractions of his person, than for the qualities of his heart.

"Fair Mistress Gwynne, I hope all is well with you!" he said. "May I, as a surety of your favour, have the honour to attend you to Court."

"Oddsfish!" said Nell, with a smile, "thou knowest, now, in thy heart, I will be well content to give thee the honour, so that I may have the profit. But, prithee, let us on!"

The coach, by the Duke's direction, immediately moved forward, there being now no opposition from the crowd, except that which arose, every now and then, from their pressing round Monmouth, whom, to speak without exaggeration, they abso-

lutely deafened with their continued plaudits. Indeed, as he moved along, he realized the description of the poet—

“ Mounted on a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seemed to know,
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course,
Whilst all tongues cried—‘ God save thee, Bolingbroke.’

Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed’s neck,
Bespoke them thus—‘ I thank you, Countrymen!’ ”

Thus progressing, they finally arrived at Whitehall. Here, though from different causes, Nell and Harold were respectively seized with the most painful diffidence. The latter, aware that he was in danger, yet ignorant of his precise situation, felt that he was about to take a step of the utmost importance, and that, if the intercession of his friends should prove unavailing, he was likely to make his egress from the palace in the custody of a gaoler. Nell knew that she was to be presented to a Queen, whom her presence, though sanctioned by the custom of the Court, insulted. She knew, too, that she was about to face a host of rivals, and a swarm of parasites; and, like Harold’s, her heart beat with anxious expectation. As the coach drew up, her eye, in looking round, was again encountered by that of Harold.

“ We have met before, Cavalier!” she said.

Harold, aroused by her words, surveyed her more attentively.

“ I must, perforce, place faith in your lips,” he said; “ but had I once seen your face, I could never have forgotten it.”

Nell murmured a low reply, intended only for his own ear, and Harold, thus prompted, recalled her to remembrance.

“ You have served me to-day,” pursued Nell; “ the time may come when I may serve you.”

And as if conscious of the great interests depending on her—as if she were no longer disposed to shrink from the emergency, or to fear the issue—she recalled her self-possession, and passed with a bold step into the palace.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE COURT OF CHARLES THE SECOND.

THE Asiatic Court, as that of Charles the Second has been not inaptly denominated, had broken into a second generation. The stars of Rochester and Buckingham had set; the stately Clarendon had been succeeded by his son; the beauties of the Restoration—the Countesses of Ossory, Chesterfield, and De Grammont, La Belle Hamilton, and La Belle Stewart, with

many other popular toasts, had passed from the stage; and De Grammont himself had made way for St. Evremond. But, though it was thus shorn of its fair proportions, the saloon of the regal residence was still threaded by a brilliant assemblage. The tall and elegant, though yielding form of Sir Charles Sedley—the grave but imposing figure of Sir William Temple—the herculean frame of Dick Talbot—the slight and courtly figure of Dick Jones, Lord Ranelagh, could yet be distinguished in the throng; and, on looking narrowly round, it was not difficult to recognize the unfading charms of Le Petit Jermyn, the frank, open countenance of John Evelyn, the expansive brow of St. Evremond (now disfigured, alas! with an odious wen), and the imperfect outlines of Godfrey Kneller. There, too, was the doting Sandwich, who, at seventy years of age, learned to play the guitar—the courtly Milfort, the intriguing Sunderland, and the crafty Rochester; and, last not least, there still could be seen the great and noble Ormonde.

In this circle, and its attendant train of beauties, presided over by the King and Queen, all was now eager expectation—it being well known that the new favourite of the King, who shared his heart with the haughty Duchess of Portsmouth, and who had just been assigned a lodging in Whitehall, and appointed a lady of the Queen's Bed-chamber, was about to make her first appearance at Court. The submissive Catherine herself, insensible to the affront that it offered to her, looked forward to her arrival with the liveliest interest; and her youthful sister-in-law, the beautiful and amiable Maria of Modena, Duchess of York, was similarly influenced. Envy, too, was on the *qui vive*; and the infamous but still fascinating Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, though long dethroned from her empire, looked for Nell's advent with all the chagrin of a mortified rival. Something of this feeling, perhaps, also agitated the Duchess of Portsmouth, who, half naked, with her arms bare to the elbow, and her bosom exposed to the waist, waited anxiously and impatiently for the same event.

A buzz of surprise marked Nell's entry. Indeed, her surpassing loveliness, which rags could not have marred, and which her rich apparel served to adorn, had never appeared to such great advantage; and attended by a train of courtly gallants—with Monmouth on her right, and Dorset on her left, she already seemed to have become an idol of the Court. The Duchess of Cleveland was almost choked with rage.

"Flowers from Dorset-Garden," she said, turning to Le Petit Jermyn. "I should like, if I had my will, to see such flowers hanged."

Le Petit Jermyn smiled; and a general titter, the tone and

meaning of which could not be mistaken, ran through the Court. Nell was up in a moment.

"Madam," she said, turning to the Duchess, and assuming her most engaging smile, "how can you wish to shorten their existence? For my part, I am glad to see you have lived to be *old*."

The Court was silent for a moment, as if taken by surprise, when a half-suppressed laugh arose: and the quondam termagant, thus easily abashed, hung down her head.

"*Diable!*" exclaimed the Duchess of Portsmouth—for ladies of the Court, like heady Hotspur, then dealt in "good, mouth-filling oaths:"—"Diable!" she exclaimed, irritated at Nell's triumph, "Mademoiselle is very open!"

"Very, your ladyship," answered Nell, with a curtsy. "I show the world my heart, as your ladyship shows it your bosom."

"Oh, fie, Mademoiselle!" exclaimed a slight, languishing beauty, who, indeed, was no other than the lovely Hortense Manzini, Duchess of Mazarin:—"that arrow, methinks, would have better suited Cupid's hand. Here comes the best marksman!"

Indeed, Charles himself, aroused by the collision of his favourites, and alarmed for the consequences, had left the top of the saloon, where he and the Queen had been seated, and now presented himself at Nell's side.

"Welcome, Mistress Gwynne!" he said. "Her Majesty, as Queen of all our hearts, commands your immediate attendance."

"Oh! if you should blush, now!" observed the lovely though declining Bellasys, who, having buried two husbands, and, in her last widowhood, maintained a tender *liaison* with the Duke of York, now thought it time to be on terms with *rouge*.

"Indeed, I cannot!" answered Nell. "Could your Ladyship spare me a little *paint*?"

There was a slight titter, and Lady Bellasys, having no answer ready, turned for consolation to La Belle Jennings. That charming creature, now married to Dick Talbot, yet retained her original attractions, though the day was long past since she had accompanied Miss Price, the Maid of Honour, on a clandestine visit to Rochester, disguised as an orange-girl. In turning round her nose exhibited that defect, if such it might be called, *de la dernière délicatesse*, by which she was distinguished; but it was so slight, that it might almost be said to be invisible.

Meanwhile, Nell, supported by Charles, gracefully advanced, and passed towards the seat of Catherine. That august per-

sonage saw her approach without the least discomposure. Indeed, her temperament, being naturally cold, was not often influenced by jealousy; and though she possessed all the indecision of her brother, Don Alphonso, she inherited a portion of the dignity of her mother. Moreover, though she was on the downhill of life, her charms were yet unimpaired, and, in her face, she still answered that description of her husband—"her eyes are excellent good; and there is nothing in her features absolutely to shock me."

She received Nell, according to the established etiquette, sitting, but with a look of the utmost benignity. Nell's heart bled for her.

"I have seen you before, Mistress Gwynne?" said the Queen.

"Yes, your Majesty," answered Nell. "When I was a player, I had the honour to attend you, by your special command, several times, at your palace of Somerset-House."

Before the Queen could reply, the Duchess of Portsmouth, who had followed Nell up the room, insolently interposed. Smarting under Nell's rebuff, and indifferent to the presence of her outraged sovereign, she resolved to make one more effort to strike her with confusion.

"How many times did you say?" she demanded.

"I received her Majesty's commands six times," rejoined Nell. "I need not remind your Ladyship of the SEVENTH commandment."

The courtiers, who had crowded up to witness the reception, were confounded: it seemed that the empire of Portsmouth was tottering; and the Duke of York, who had just formed a compact with her, (and, with her connivance, sold the kingdom to Louis the Fourteenth), cast an earnest glance at Nell's train. As he was thus engaged, his eye met that of the Duke of Monmouth.

"The boy will undermine us," he said, turning to the Marquess of Halifax.

It so happened, that at this moment, Charles, who was equally disconcerted, also discerned Monmouth. Glad of such an opening for a diversion, he eagerly called him forward.

"Ah, *mon fils*!" he said—his affection for the Duke reviving at his presence: "art thou, too, a follower of Venus?"

Monmouth, with a dutiful and graceful bow, accepted his proffered hand, and raised it to his lips.

"I am, like your Majesty," he said, "an admirer of merit."

And, while his eye turned on Nell, he extended his free hand to Harold, and drew him forward.

"This young soldier," he said, "served with me in Scotland,

as a volunteer; and I would humbly commend him to your Majesty."

The King's brow darkened.

"Will you, then, never commend to me any but soldiers?" he said. "Peace--peace, Monmouth, is what I like best, and those that seek it."

"His Grace, it must be owned, hath a marvellous good-will towards the army," observed the Duke of York.

The King changed colour.

"Look around, sir," he said to Harold; "and tell me who else, among those present, has any knowledge of you."

"I observe the Duke of Ormond, your Majesty," replied Harold. "If his noble son, my Lord of Ossory, were living, I should not lack his testimony to your Majesty. I am known also to the Marquess of Halifax."

"Enough!" returned the King, who, under the irritation of the passing occurrences, forgot his customary and habitual urbanity. "We will speak of you further to his Lordship."

Harold, thus abruptly dismissed, dropped a low and modest bow, and turned away.

In receding from the King, he jostled, by accident, against Lord Montagu, whose insidious-looking countenance was flushed with triumph. Meeting Harold's eye, he turned away, and addressed himself to St. Evremond.

"Ah, *mon ami*!" he said, in a low tone, "how slippery are the paths of intrigue!"

St. Evremond, who had no love for politics, but passed most of his time at the Duchess of Mazarin's, at Chelsea, in company with Ladies Rochester, Arlington, and Derby, and the Duchess of Grafton, playing at basset, whilst their lovely hostess amused herself by throwing handfuls of gold out of the window—St. Evremond replied with a "*Oui, Monseigneur*," and broke away.

In wheeling round, he joined Evelyn and Sir William Temple, who, undisturbed by the proceedings of the Court, were quietly conversing on their favourite topic of trees—Evelyn, with an amiable simplicity, expatiating on the beauties of his seat at Sayes-Court, and Sir William describing to him his new plantation at Sheen.

"Ah, *mes enfants*!" exclaimed St. Evremond, "your desires, like your trees, are rooted in a good soil, and your thoughts are an ever-flourishing and verdant foliage. Let me sit under their shade."

"Nay," smiled Evelyn, "an' you will come down to Sayes-Court, Monsieur, you shall quaff a tankard with me at my holly-table."

"And, in my garden at Sheen," said Sir William Temple,

"I will, at your convenient leisure, show you the spot I have marked for my grave."

While the three philosophers, with a happy and winning *naïveté*, thus gracefully conversed, Harold wended his way to the street. Overwhelmed with disappointment—mortified at the behaviour of the King—and disgusted with the profligacy of the Court—swelling with all the indignation of a patriot, and smarting under the infliction of a public affront, it was only by a great effort that he could maintain his self-command. His laudable and noble ambition, though supported by a series of gallant services, and by the countenance and favour of the King's son, had been ignominiously repulsed; his pretensions had been publicly slighted, and, by implication, even his motives misrepresented. Nay, he felt that, without knowing how he had offended, he was threatened with the loss of his liberty, and that his very life depended on a mere thread.

He was so distracted that, on gaining the street, he stood staring about him; and several minutes intervened before he mounted his horse. As he rode off, he was clandestinely followed by two men, one of whom, if he had not been somewhat disguised, might have been recognised as Master Graves, the emissary of the Lord Chief Justice.

CHAPTER XVII.

RELATIVE TO THE CONSPIRACY AT MASTER WEST'S, AND HAROLD'S IMPLICATION THEREIN.

HAROLD reached his lodging without sustaining any interruption. In the seclusion of his chamber he hoped to recover, in some measure, if not altogether, his wonted equanimity; but, struggle with them as he might, his thoughts continued gloomy; and he knew not where to turn for consolation or protection.

He thought of Agatha—of her gentleness, her modesty, and her beauty. He had been unable to learn anything of her situation; but, in his heart, he entertained an instinctive conviction, which he could by no means shake off, that it was far from being a happy one. Was it possible that, in his absence, she could have withdrawn her affection from him? Might she not conceive him to be faithless, and imagine, from his long but unavoidable silence, that the consuming passion she had inspired him with, and which embraced his every hope, had been merely the pastime of an hour? Yet, how could he communicate with her? Bitterly did he repent, now that it was too late, his abrupt rupture with her grandfather; but, dwell on the matter

as he might, he was still unable to account for that person's behaviour. Sometimes, indeed, he thought that he might have discovered his love for her; and, as he had not openly avowed it, might suppose that he intended to pursue it clandestinely; but more deliberate reflection, by reminding him that his passion had been revealed to Agatha only, negatived this idea. In short, he completely failed, by the utmost stretch of conjecture, again and again renewed, to penetrate or unravel the problem, or to strike out the least hope for his all-absorbing attachment.

If he tore himself from the image of Agatha, he was no less distracted, on consideration, by the intricacy of his personal difficulties. Honestly and honourably born, heir to an ancient family and a princely estate, he stood in the world unowned; and had not only been robbed of his birthright, but was positively denied his very name. Sometimes the dreadful thought occurred to him, after long reflection, that he might never recover that name, and that the evidence of his legitimacy had been destroyed. It might be so; but, happen what might, he was at least resolved, in his own mind, that he would keep up the pursuit, and spare no effort to establish his pretensions.

His repulse at Court offered him the least painful reflections. Indeed, he looked upon the government of the country, and upon their measures, which were everywhere exciting so much discontent, with a feeling akin to abhorrence. He had no wish to propitiate their favour. The profligacy of the King, the bigotry and vindictiveness of the heir presumptive, and the ribaldry of the courtiers, which had become offensive to public decency, alike elicited his disgust; and, instead of desiring to make himself their dependent, he longed to encounter them as an adversary. The moment was opportune for such a project. The arbitrary and unconstitutional proceedings which the King had instituted against the city, and a report that, at the instigation of the Duchess of Portsmouth, he had since become a pensioner of Louis XIV.—in short, that England had been degraded into a French province (which was really no more than the truth) had prepared the national mind for a great demonstration, which, if it were properly and skilfully directed, might fully realize his views. The King, as will be imagined, was universally detested; and the only question was, if he should be deposed, who could be put in his place? The Duke of York was equally obnoxious; his son-in-law, the Prince of Orange, who stood next in succession, had yet formed no party in the country; and, in the absence of more legitimate pretenders, all eyes were turned on the Duke of Monmouth.

As Harold sat in his chamber, revolving these thoughts in his mind, with those other fugitive reflections, already briefly noticed, which arose out of his own embarrassments, he was called to a more direct consideration of them. The porter presented him with a letter, which, on tearing it open, he found to be in the handwriting of the Duke of Monmouth. It ran thus:—

“Midnight, at West's. Advertise me of what passes.

“M.”

Though Harold was fully informed of all Monmouth's proceedings, it required some thought, and no slight effort of penetration, such as he had been long accustomed to exercise, before he could make out the meaning of this billet; and even then it struck him very imperfectly. He rightly conjectured, however, that it referred to a meeting of the Duke's friends—that the Duke would be unable to attend it, and that he wished him, in whom he most confided, to take a note of what transpired, and communicate it to him apart. Satisfied of this, he did not pause, as was his custom, to consider how he should act, but eagerly awaited the moment fixed for the secret meeting.

As the appointed time drew nigh, he hastily equipped himself, and sallied forth—unconscious, in his freedom from actual molestation, that a strict watch had been set upon him, and that his every movement was overlooked. Thus, by a mysterious and inscrutable Providence, we often boldly approach the verge of destruction, without seeing the pit that yawns at our feet.

It was a fine, moonlight night, and, pushing briskly forward, he soon reached the Inner Temple, where the Duke's agent, West, resided. All seemed secure; the surrounding houses, barricaded with shutters, unbroken by the least trace of any light, displayed no sign of being inhabited; and everything was wrapped in repose. After one glance around, which was too rapid and careless to be effective, he made directly for West's, and inflicted a knock on the door. There was a brief pause, when a voice, subdued to a whisper, hailed him through the keyhole. Speaking in the same tone, he gave a satisfactory account of himself; the door was then opened, and he was suffered to pass in.

The person who admitted him was West himself. He was a short, thin man, with a sharp, insidious-looking countenance, which, on a cursory survey, was very far from inspiring confidence. He received Harold with a profound bow.

“They are all here, Monsieur,” he said. “Will it please you to attend them?”

"At your pleasure, Master West," replied Harold.

But West, from whatever cause, seemed to hesitate.

"There will, mayhap, be a proposal made," he said—"a somewhat bold one; but what matter? You are his Grace's friend!"

As he spoke, his eyes, which had been turned on the floor, suddenly looked up, and peered into Harold's face. The expression was so significant, and, at the same time, so murderous, that Harold was alarmed; and, for the first time, he began to regard him with suspicion.

"I am both the Duke's friend and my country's," he returned. "But we waste words here."

Thus briefly admonished, his interlocutor, no longer desirous of a parley, shook off his air of hesitation, and led the way to an inner chamber.

The chamber, which was large and roomy, was amply lighted, and set out for the purpose in hand. Round a large table, in the middle of the room, and extending its whole length, sat the principal of Monmouth's adherents; amongst whom could be distinguished the haughty and irresolute Lord Grey, the gloomy though high-minded Earl of Essex, the dashing Sir Thomas Armstrong, and the stern, Cromwell-looking Captain Trenchard. There, too, Harold espied the frank countenance of young John Hampden, the grandson of the patriot—the aristocratic and expansive features of Algernon Sidney, brother of the Earl of Leicester—the lofty, pensive face of Lord William Russell—and, in marked contrast with these, the ill-turned, crafty-looking profile of the dissipated Lord Howard. With these were seated, at the lower end of the table, Ramsey and Rumbold, who had been officers of Cromwell—Leg, an Anabaptist, and a relative of Lord Dartmouth—Wildman, a noted preacher—and other accredited, if not zealous representatives of the suppressed factions of the Commonwealth.

Though they were engaged in an earnest and animated conversation, several of the company, hearing some one enter, now looked round, and rendered Harold a bow of recognition. Lord William Russell and Sidney, who were seated together, drew their chairs apart, and, as they turned to salute him, invited him to sit between them.

"You have been in hiding, I hear," whispered Russell.

"How were you advised of that, my Lord?" smiled Harold.

"I met his Grace yesterday, at Spring-Gardens," answered Russell; "and I heard it from him."

"I can tell you more," observed Sidney. "To-day, about the hour of noon, you were repulsed at Court. Dorset's new lampoon has some way avenged you."

Harold coloured.

"When, from mere caprice, kings put honesty out of countenance," observed Sidney, in a louder tone, "'tis time to put down kings."

"*Vive la Republique!*" cried West, interposing. "Yet your worship must own, in your heart, that monarchy is not a bad form of Government. How happy would England be, if her King's title, derived from the people's will, rested on the people's word!"

"I am with you there!" cried Sidney, eagerly.

"And I!" cried several voices.

"My Lord Russell says nothing," remarked Lord Howard.

"My opinions, I believe, are not unknown," observed Russell. "I think such a king, though he may have an imperfect title, the best of all."

"We might find such a one in his Grace of Monmouth," returned West.

There was a buzz of applause.

"Let us be explicit!" pursued the politician. Our country, once the terror of Europe, has been sold to France; the King is a profligate and traitor; the heir presumptive is a papist. Parliament has been permanently prorogued; and the City, where liberty still lingered, has been deprived of its charter. The land is full of violence and murder; and, thus provoked, the avenger must be stirring."

He paused; and the fixed and attentive gaze of his auditory, every way directed towards him, seemed to render a response to his sentiments.

"There is only one obstacle to a successful revolution," resumed West; "and that, as we all know, is the King. In a fortnight he goes to Newmarket. On his way home, we propose, as he passes Rye-House, at Hampstead, for a party of us to sally forth, and bring him to a stand. The carriage will be overturned, and, in the confusion, the King will be killed."

"Murdered, you mean?" exclaimed Harold, rising.

The majority of the company, however, hailed the proposal with applause; and only Lord William Russell, Sidney, Hampden, and the Earl of Essex, who were actuated solely by motives of patriotism, shared the indignation of Harold. Like him, they all arose.

"I denounce this proposal," cried Sidney, with all the impetuosity of his enthusiastic nature, "as murderous and diabolical!"

"If it be not instantly relinquished, I will reveal it to the Government," said Russell.

The supporters of the proposition, exasperated by his menace, began to whisper apart, and several of them moved towards the door. Sidney changed colour.

"Make way, there!" he cried, drawing his sword, "or I'll deal some of you the St. Evremond pass!"

"Hush, hush, cavaliers!" interposed West. "Are ye all mad? Sit down—sit down, I pray you!"

"Not with murderers!" exclaimed the Earl of Essex.

"Peace, peace, my Lord!" said West. "This proposal, of course, though supported by many, can only be carried by the concurrence of all. I withdraw it!"

Softened by his submission, Russell, Hampden, and Essex, with the less scrupulous conspirators, who had risen to oppose their egress, resumed their seats; but Harold and Sidney made for the door. No one interrupted their passage, and, descending to the lower floor, they passed straight from the house. They walked in company through the Temple, and then, with many protestations of regard, bade each other a cordial farewell. The next time they met—alas for human foresight!—they stood at the foot of the scaffold!

Harold turned to the Eastward, while Sydney, who resided at the mansion of his brother, in the Strand, directed his steps towards the West. They each were harassed with the most distressing reflections, but those of Harold, which were the more distracting, were speedily and abruptly interrupted. As he was passing the mouth of a dark court, near Ludgate-Hill, he felt himself seized behind, and, before he could turn round, he was rendered completely powerless.

"Harold Gresham, you are my prisoner!" said a voice.

The speaker, who now came to the front, was Master Graves.

"Prisoner!" exclaimed Harold.

"Even so, Monsieur!" answered Graves. "I arrest you, in the King's name, of high treason!"

To be continued.

Voices from the Past.

As, with our present Number, we commence placing before the Public the entire unpublished "Tragedy of Inez de Castro," by the Author of "Rural Sonnets;" the "Vision" from which appeared in our April-pages, we think we cannot better inaugurate OUR VOICES FROM THE PAST than by presenting to our readers the exquisite Lyrics of the late accomplished FELICIA HEMANS, descriptive of a portion of the same subject as that on which the Play, about to occupy our columns, is founded.

THE CORONATION OF INEZ DE CASTRO.

THERE was music on the midnight;
From a royal fane it roll'd;
And a mighty bell, each pause between,
Sternly and slowly toll'd.

Strange was their mingling in the sky ;
It hush'd the list'ner's breath ;
For the music spoke of triumph high ;
The lonely bell, of death !
There was hurrying through the midnight ;
A sound of many feet ;
But they fell, with a muffled fearfulness,
Along the shadowy street :
And softer, fainter, grew their tread,
As it near'd the Minster-gate,
Whence a broad and solemn light was shed
From a scene of royal state.
Full glow'd the strong red radiance,
In the centre of the nave,
Where the folds of a purple canopy
Swept down, in many a wave,
Loading the marble pavement old
With a weight of gorgeous gloom,
For something lay 'mid'st their fretted gold,
Like a shadow of the tomb.
And within that rich pavilion,
High on a glittering throne,
A woman's form sat, silently,
'Midst the glare of light, alone.
Her jewell'd robes fell strangely still ;
The drapery on her breast
Seem'd with no pulse beneath to thrill,
So stonelike was its rest.
But a peal of lordly music
Shook e'en the dust below,
When the burning gold of the diadem
Was set on her pallid brow.
Then died away that haughty sound,
And, from th' encircling band,
Stepp'd prince and chief, 'midst the hush profound,
With homage to her hand.
Why pass'd a faint, cold shuddering
Over each martial frame,
As, one by one, to touch that hand,
Noble and leader came ?
Was not the settled aspect fair ?
Did not a queenly grace,
Under the parted ebon hair,
Sit on the pale still face ?
Death ! Death ! canst thou be lovely
Unto the eye of Life ?

Is not the pulse of the quick high breast
 With thy cold mien at strife?
 It was a strange and fearful sight,—
 The crown upon that head,
 The glorious robes, and the blaze of light,
 All gather'd round the dead!
 And beside her stood, in silence,
 One, with a brow as pale,
 And white lips, rigidly compress'd,
 Lest the strong heart should fail;
 King Pedro, with a jealous eye,
 Watching the homage done,
 By the land's flower, and chivalry,
 To her, his martyr'd one.
 But on the face he look'd not,
 Which once his star had been;
 To every form his glance was turn'd
 Save of the breathless Queen.
 Though something, won from the grave's embrace,
 Of her beauty still was there,
 Its hues were all of that shadowy place,
 It was not for him to bear.
 Alas! the crown, the sceptre,
 The treasures of the earth,
 And the priceless love that pour'd those gifts,
 Alike, of wasted worth!
 The rites are clos'd:—bear back the dead
 Unto the chamber deep!
 Lay down again the royal head,
 Dust with the dust to sleep!
 There is music on the midnight;
 A requiem sad and slow,
 As the mourners, through the sounding aisle,
 In dark procession go;
 And the ring of state, and the starry crown,
 And all the rich array,
 Are borne, to the house of silence down,
 With her, that Queen of clay!
 And tearlessly, and firmly,
 King Pedro led the train;
 But his face was wrapt in his folding robe,
 When they lower'd the dust again.
 'Tis hush'd at last!—the tomb above,
 Hymns die, and steps depart:
 Who call'd thee strong as Death, O Love?
 Mightier thou wast, and art.

THE GRAVE OF TALIESIN.

How glorious is thy couch of heath,
 High Bard, amid thy native hills!
 While the green valley, low beneath,
 The sound of many waters fills;
 'The distant dying waves decay,
 Fearing to break on thy repose,
 Soft as a mother's ev'ning lay,
 To charm her sleeping infant, flows.

It is for thee a noble tomb:
 Let sages, statesmen, heroes lie,
 Twice buried in cathedral-gloom;
 Thine is a lighter canopy:
 The mountain vapours weave thy shroud,
 The turf-bed is thy funeral throne,
 Thy pall, the dark blue thunder-cloud,
 And winds, and waters, round thee moan.

Yes, where he lov'd, in life, to roam,
 Through pleasant vale, or forest wild,
 Be that the Poet's quiet home,
 In life and death, his country's child!
 Oh, Taliesin, Cambria's son!
 Thy footsteps lov'd thy mountains steep;
 And, when thy minstrel-race was run,
 Thou laid'st thee in their lap to sleep.

Thou dost not need a letter'd stone
 To mark thy last, rever'd retreat;
 To peasant child the spot is known,
 The baby guides the pilgrim's feet;
 And lo! th' eternal mourners there,
 Thy native rocks, around thee stand;
 And voices breathe upon the air
 The sweet songs of thy native land.

To live embalm'd, and unforget,—
 E'en from the tomb, the soul inspire,—
 If this the high-born poet's lot,
 Who would not bless, and love the lyre?
 Poet! behold, before thee lie
 The blessing, or the curse, to choose;
 Thou canst not, like a mortal, die,
 Nor immortality refuse.

Then, live as one who cannot find
 The common shelter of the grave:

Whose mem'ry lingers long behind,
 An influence to destroy, or save;
 The awful boon is thine alone,
 To shade, or light, our earthly sky,—
 Sing, like an angel, from thy throne;
 Or echo sin's eternal sigh.

These Stanzas appeared in a Volume of Poems, published by Rivington, entitled "*The Poetical Remains of a Clergyman's Wife.*" In this sweet Songstress, the Author of "*Rural Sonnets*" had, some time ago, to deplore the loss of a gifted sister, as, lately, he has had to bear up against the untimely death of a good, and gifted son.

The Whispering Gallery.

It is the singularity of a *Whispering Gallery* to circulate whispers of a peculiarly audible kind; and such, we trust, will be the nature of those which we purpose to send round in this especial Gallery of our own. Audible, however, as we hope our whispers may prove, we shall, at the same time, make it our study that they contain nothing offensive to the most delicate ears; nothing dogmatic, or dictatorial; but that those for whose more particular exhortation they are uttered, shall perceive that we are fain to suggest, with all possible courtesy and respect, the ameliorations, or embellishments, or reforms, within their respective provinces, or powers.

Commencing, then, with no less "potent, grave, and reverend Signiors" than *the Benchers of the Inner Temple*, we would whisper a hint in their ears, to take a leaf out of the Book of Improvements of their brethren of *Lincoln's Inn*, and (by "*a clearing*" of a truly laudable nature, viz., of the Esquimaux looking huts, severally labelled, *The Writ*—and *The Rule*—and *The Outlawry Office*—stretching across the area between King's Bench Walk and Paper Buildings,) not only to throw open another view of their beautiful gardens, and (Tasso's) "*Bel Tamigi*;" but to carry that garden itself over the Esquimaux ruins afore-condemned, up to a level with the line of public thoroughfare from Temple Street to Crown Office Row. In fact, to *twin* their gardens to the public gaze, and, thereby, bestow an additional beauty upon the spot, for the refreshment and, therefore, the benefit, not only of the dwellers within their confines, but, also, of the pilgrims thereunto, and the daily thorough-goers.

The number of visitors to the British Museum on Easter Monday was 29,896; being an increase of 14,580, as compared with Easter Monday last year, when the number was 15,316.

Our *May-Garland for May-Day*, in the last Number of HOOD'S MAGAZINE, commenced, as our readers will recollect, in something like the following words—"Ere yet the lark at heaven's gate sang, the Choristers of Magdalen College sent forth, over dreaming Oxford, and all her 'groves of Academe,' their chaunt of welcome to this morn of May." The following communication, from the fountain-head of this interesting ceremony, appeared in *The Daily News* of the 3rd of the past month.

"Oxford, May 1st.

"MAGADALEN COLLEGE.—This morning being the 1st of May, the Hymnus Eucharisticus was sung, at Five o'clock, by the choir of St. Mary Magdalen, on the top of the tower. As early as half-past three, crowds of people were to be seen wending their way to the neighbourhood of the College, to catch, if possible, the sound of this matin-song. Exactly as the clock struck five, the choir, habited in their surplices, commenced the 'Te Deum Patrem colimus.' The origin of this custom is a commemoration of King Henry the Seventh, the founder of the tower, who ordered, that a requiem for his soul should be, annually, said on this place; but, at the Reformation, this hymn was substituted. The Rectory of Slimbridge, Gloucestershire, is charged with the annual payment of 10*l.* for the performance of this service."

CHRISTMAS BOXES TO SUB-AGENTS OF GOVERNMENT.

THE old race of parochial watchmen used to expect, and to receive, Christmas Boxes, in hard cash. When Government, under the provisions of Sir R. Peel's bill, took in hand the organization and controul of the Police, among other reforms, for which there were substantial reasons, it forbade the Force to ask, or to have, Christmas Boxes. This principle, as far as Government is concerned, should be carried out immediately, and to its full extent, with respect to *the Postmen* in their employ:—but, inasmuch as a certain revenue has been relied upon, every Christmas, by these officials, we would have it *commuted*, on an average calculation, *for a fixed increase of salary* on the part of all who have hitherto had a beneficial (improper in its nature though it be, as far as Government-officials of any kind or degree are concerned) interest in such gratuities. As we have a *New Postmaster-General*, and as we hear that the subject of increased salaries to the employées of the Post-office is under consideration, we do trust, that our suggestion, proceeding from a right motive, and urged in a right spirit, will reach his ear, and from its mere intrinsic, and already precedented propriety, ensure his adoption.

THE BUSHRANGER OF VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

ANOTHER "DODGE."

THE constable who had charge of Brandon did not think it at all beneath his dignity to talk familiarly with his prisoner as he walked beside him. Indeed, it is questionable if those officers, many of whom had been themselves transported for various crimes, considered it as a personal degradation for a man to be in custody. It was a "misfortune;" he had tried his luck; he had thrown his chance, and had lost—that was all: and now he was going to be hanged—that was merely consequential; and they were so accustomed to see people hanged that they had ceased to regard it as anything more than a little episode in their career, which did not much matter either way. It was in the natural and regular order of events that the result should be so; and it was as idle for the hanged to complain of it, as it was useless for the hangers to pity them.

The functionary, therefore, who in this instance happened to be on the right side of the hedge, opened the conversation in a cheerful way, not supposing that his prisoner could harbour any malice against him for conveying him to gaol in order to be executed in the regular way:—

"Clever dodge, that, Mark, wasn't it, of that blackguard!—Glad you pitched him into the water:—too good for him, though:—but he didn't deserve to be hanged in a gentleman's company.—Old chum of yours?"

"I scarcely ever spoke to him," replied Mark, who was aware of the importance of seeming resigned to his fate, and of the expediency of adopting the free-and-easy style with his new friends; "he was a course, rough brute—no particular harm in him; but it would never have done to have let him get off scot free after betraying a comrade that way!"

"Certainly not; that is, of course it was wrong to do it; but it served him right—the dirty dog!—only it's murder; but of course you're booked without that, so one more or less is no odds; and there's one less rascal in the world, at any rate—and that's something.—Had fine weather since you were out?"

"Remarkably so, lately; but life in the bush is weary work

any way. For my part, I began to be heartily sick of it before you took me."

"I dare say; I never tried it; but it must be a wretched life to be hunted about like a wild animal, and never to be able to rest night or day!—Met with any natives?"

"Yes; we had a tussle with some of them. I got hit with a spear in this shoulder; but they can do nothing against our fire-arms."

"The Governor wants to civilise them, as he says; but, Lord! that will never do. Of course they will take all the blankets, and bread, and tea, and sugar that you give them; but what's the use of it? You can never make anything but savages of them; and the end will be that they will all be shot down, one after another, till there are none left. The Major that you took the brig from brought one of the native girls into camp the other day; and a fine fuss they are making with her! By-the-by, Mark, what is become of the Major's daughter that you marched off with? I say—that was a bold lark! How did the young lady like the bush, eh? Hope you wasn't rough with her?"

"Is the Major in camp now?" asked the Bushranger, who had a disinclination to talk about the girl, and who wished to parry the question.

"He had left before we came out. He is seeking for his daughter: but it's not easy to find people in the bush, Mark, as you know; lucky hit we made in lighting on you, wasn't it?"

"Perhaps it was; for the sooner an end comes to this sort of life the better."

"You're right, Mark. I never knew a man that took to the bush that wasn't tired of it at last, and that didn't say that hanging was a relief to him. For you see when a man takes to the bush, what with lying out at nights, and all sorts of hardships—with every man's hand against him—now in fear of the natives, and then in fear of the soldiers; and worst of all with the chance of being betrayed by his comrade as you have been; why, you see, he is always dying by inches, as one may say. But when his fate is once settled his mind is easy, and it's only a jump and a kick, and then all's over!—and he gets rest at last. I heard the parson say to the sheriff, just before the last three were turned off, that they all felt very comfortable!"

Mark's ideas did not exactly coincide with those of the constable in respect to the comfort of being hanged, but he did not care to contest the point at that moment; but he thought that he might venture to try how far his custodian was cajolable. Holding up his hands, he said in a peevish tone:—

"These things fret me a good deal."

"Darbies worry you? Sorry for that; but they are always

complained of;—it's unpleasant to have the hands confined, I know."

"What's the use of them?" said Mark, in a careless way.
"You are three to one—and I am without arms."

"It saves trouble, Mark; I would oblige you if I could, with all my heart: but you know, it's regular, and it wouldn't do to take 'em off—especially with you, Mark."

"What! are you afraid of me?" said the Bushranger tauntingly; "three to one, and afraid of an unarmed man!"

"Suppose we are? it's paying you a compliment. It's not every day in the week that we meet with such an out-and-out file as you! Excuse me, Mark; but duty's duty."

"Surely! but your first duty is to yourself; that's common sense all over the world," said Mark.

"What do you mean by that?"

"A hundred golden sovereigns are not to be earned easily!"

"What is that to me?"

"It may be a hundred pounds to you, if you like?"

"No go, Mark; duty's duty."

"I've got a plant," said Mark; "perhaps two hundred of the yellow boys could be found there at a pinch."

"Where?"

"In a secret place."

"But where is the secret place?" asked the constable:—

"Excuse me for asking."

"Excuse me," replied Brandon, "but if I was to tell you, don't you see that the place would no longer be secret?"

"It doesn't concern me; duty is duty.—Did you say that the two hundred pounds are all in gold?"

"All sovereigns; and they may be yours if you like."

"Can't, Mark—can't indeed; but if loosening them a little, just to ease you, out of humanity as the saying is, why I don't care if I go as far as that. But money first, you know, Mark; business is business, as the saying is; and there's nothing like the ready."

"What sort of fellows are the soldiers who are with you?" asked Brandon.

"Stupid as hounds; no use trying them. It's the Major this, and the Major that, all the way along; they have no idea but just obeying orders; they would slap at me as soon as you if they thought I was playing them false."

"You agree, then; two hundred, and the darbies off."

"I thought you said three hundred?"

"No: two hundred."

"I couldn't—I couldn't indeed; I have my duty to do, and if I was to lose my situation. . . ."

"Come," said Brandon, who did not like to lose the oppor-

tunity of taking the constable in the mind: "I will deal on the square with you. The truth is, there are three hundred sovereigns, and in one word they shall be yours."

"I mustn't take the darbies off,—that would be against duty; but I will loosen them for you if they are too tight and hurt you;—I may do that. But it's all very well, Mark, to talk of three hundred sovereigns. Where are they? That's the question!"

"Loosen the cuffs, and I promise you to leave them at a certain spot by a certain day, where you can take them."

"Don't doubt your word, Mark; every one says that you are a perfect gentleman, and, except murder and robbery and that, which I allow a gentleman is sometimes forced to do, that you never harmed a soul, and always were a man of your word. But duty's duty; and, as you say, Mark, the first duty of a man is to himself; and so the long and the short of it is—no offence to you—but it must be money down."

"Agreed: you have no objection to go round by the Bay to the Sound?"

"The Bay! where the brig was that you got possession of so cleverly?"

"The same."

"What's that for?"

"Because the money lies that way."

The constable objected that it was a long way round, and that such a departure from their direct way to camp would excite suspicion, and the two soldiers, he thought, might turn rusty. But Brandon invented an excuse, which was sufficient to blind them as to the real object. He pretended to give information of the Major's daughter, who, he said, had been confined by him in a cave near the southern coast of the island.

As the soldiers had received orders to look out for Miss Horton in their search for the Bushranger, they readily assented to the proposal for her release: and the more cheerfully, as they were aware that Mr. Trevor, who was one of their officers, was exceedingly anxious to recover the young lady.

They diverged from the straight course accordingly, keeping to the right, passing round the Sugar Loaf Hill, and by the gorge, through the tier of hills, till they reached the border of the Bay.

The constable was exceedingly assiduous in endeavouring to worm out from his prisoner where the treasure was "planted;" and it was not difficult for Brandon to penetrate that the official rogue would have no more scruple in betraying him than his late associate. He saw, therefore, that it was necessary for him to contrive some counterplot to out-manceuvre his pretended ally. Manacled, however, as he was, the difficulties against

which he would have to contend, he was aware, were almost insurmountable. However, he trusted to the fertility of his invention, and to his promptitude, to take advantage of all circumstances in his favour to recover his liberty.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE BUSHRANGER'S TRAP.

THE evening had drawn to a close; darkness was coming on, and they prepared to settle themselves for the night. For this the cave formed a convenient resting-place, and they took possession of it accordingly.

The civil power and the military kept watch by turns; the soldiers took the first two watches, the constable the last. The Bushranger lay handcuffed within; the constable reclined at the entrance. The time was now come when, in accordance with their plan, the Bushranger was to be allowed to effect his escape in return for the bribe of three hundred sovereigns.

When the two soldiers were sound asleep, the constable made a sign to the Bushranger, who, stepping lightly over the bodies of the sleeping men, came to the outside, and crept softly away, followed closely by the constable with his loaded musket. When they had got to a little distance the Bushranger stopped.

"Where is it?" said the constable.

"You must take off my handcuffs before you can get it."

"Let me see the money first."

They had now arrived at the foot of the tree in which Brandon had deposited the Major's money. He hesitated for a moment; but he wisely considered that if he was hanged the money would be a dead loss; whereas, it would be well bestowed, or that portion of it, at least, which he had bargained to give, in saving his neck from the halter. He made up his mind accordingly; not without weighing beforehand, however, the dilemma in which the constable would be placed when he became informed of the secret.

"The gold," said the Bushranger, "is within the hollow trunk of this tree."

"How is it to be got at?"

"Take off my handcuffs, and I will get it."

"It won't do, Mark; I'm too old a hand to be taken in that way."

"Then go down the hollow and get it yourself."

The constable did not like the looks of it. It was night; and if he lost sight of Mark, he might make off and elude all

pursuit; on the other hand, if he once took off the handcuffs? Mark was a powerful and a desperate man! That was too great a risk. What was he to do then? There was no time to be lost. An idea struck him: now that he was possessed of the secret, he might laugh at Mark!

"I will have no more to do with it," he said; "duty is duty, and I've changed my mind."

Mark had already foreseen that he might attempt to back out of the agreement that way, and so keep his prisoner, and secure the money another time. He was prepared, therefore, with an answer, which he made quietly and coolly:—

"If you shirk from our bargain, I will tell the soldiers where the treasure is, and they shall secure it; so that, you will be pleased to observe, you will not touch a single piece of the gold that way; besides, I may think it my duty to mention this little irregularity of yours to those you would not like to be made acquainted with it. Take your choice."

"You shall go down," said the constable, desperately, "and get them. I will help you up the tree, and let you down into the hollow, and when you are there I can unlock your cuffs and you can hand me up the money."

"Do it quickly, then," said Brandon.

The constable helped him up the tree. When he was at the bottom he kicked his foot against the bag of sovereigns; the jingle of the coin excited the constable's cupidity to the highest pitch.

"Hand 'em up, Mark! Look sharp!"

"I can't with my handcuffs on." He kicked his foot against the gold again; the sovereigns returned a rich mellow sound. The constable considered that he had his prisoner safe within the tree, like a rat in a trap. There could be no danger in loosening the handcuffs. Extending his arms down the hollow while the Bushranger held his wrists up, he unlocked them.

"Now, where's the money?"

"I will give it to you when I am out. The yellow boys are all safe in my pocket, but the weight is no joke. Lend me your hand to raise myself up."

"The money first, Mark; that will lighten you."

"Well then," said Mark, "take it; put your hands down, and catch hold of the bag."

The constable stretched down his hands; the Bushranger seized them with an iron grasp, and, with a sudden wrench, he dragged the constable head-foremost into the hollow, and, before he had time to struggle or cry out, making use of him as a step to raise himself from the bottom, he sprung up to the top, and let himself drop outside. The constable had placed his gun against the tree when he ascended; the Bushranger

found it under his hand as he reached the ground; he clutched it fiercely, and, without losing a moment, darted off into the recesses of the bush.

The unhappy constable, caught in his own trap, remained with his head downwards in a most unpleasant position within the empty trunk; but leaving him there to get out as he best may, our history follows the adventures of the ingenious Bush-ranger.

Brandon now found himself once more at liberty, and never before did liberty appear to him so sweet! He had escaped an almost certain and ignominious death; he had regained his treasure; and he had arms for his defence. Bounding along through the woods in his joy, full of life and hope, and rejoicing in his strength and cunning, he hastened on his way to place himself beyond discovery, before the daylight came to assist his enemies in their pursuit.

His first thought was to make for the sea-coast, as being a part of the country never traversed, and where he might remain undiscovered for a long time, as it abounded in rocks and ravines and defiles in which a fugitive could easily conceal himself. But he had not advanced many miles before he came on some fires, which he presently perceived were those of natives. On further examination, he ascertained that there were nearly a dozen huts or breakwinds, so disposed as to betoken that one of the native tribes had made it their temporary dwelling-place.

Being well acquainted with the wonderful sagacity of the blacks in tracking the faintest footstep in the bush, and guessing that his enemies would endeavour to avail themselves of such assistance in their pursuit of him, he felt that it was perilous to lurk in the vicinity of such dangerous neighbours; and he determined to stick to his original plan of gaining the remote and unfrequented district of the north-west part of the island, until the hotness of the pursuit should be abated, and himself partially forgotten.

To this course he was in some measure determined by his desire to discover the girl, whom he had lost at the fight of the Sugar-Loaf Hill; and as he had learned that she had not reached the town, he had no doubt that the natives had carried her off, and that the footmark which he had observed amidst their tracks was hers. He proceeded, therefore, in that direction, and rapidly traversed the country, with which he was now well acquainted, taking care to keep a good look-out, and to avoid passing over clear ground as much as possible, where his figure might be marked by an observer.

The weight of the gold and the dollars, however, embarrassed him greatly, and he found that it would be impossible for him to keep up his pace with such an inconvenient load. He buried

them therefore, in a secure place, the bearings of which he noted, reserving only fifty of the sovereigns, which he disposed about his person in separate pockets.

He was troubled, however, at one deficiency which rendered his fire-arms for the present useless—he had no ammunition. The constable, who, according to custom, had searched his pockets for concealed weapons, had taken everything from him, powder and bullets, and even his clasp-knife, which now would have been invaluable to him in the bush. He would willingly have exchanged, at that moment, half his treasure for powder and ball, knife, and compass, and such other necessities as are wanted in the wilderness.

But there was no help for it ; and cherishing the single charge which he had in his musket, which, fortunately, was loaded, and guarding the priming from all accident, he kept on his way.

He travelled for two days, in constant fear of the natives by day, and almost afraid to sleep at night from the fear of being surprised. At last he found that his present state of insecurity was too wearing to be endured, and he made up his mind to visit the nearest stock-hut that he could find, and endeavour to obtain a supply of powder and ball. He had plenty of money, and he had no doubt of being able to bribe one of the prisoners of the crown to procure for him what he wanted, as they were always ready to assist one another in that way, and especially when anything was to be got by it.

With this intention he endeavoured to guess his route to a certain part of the Big River, where he knew there was a stock-hut, and where it was likely that the stock-keepers would be provided with arms, and, of course, with powder, as they were liable in that out-station to be attacked by the natives. But he had not travelled more than a dozen miles, when, on gaining the summit of a low bare hill, he perceived three men on the plain below, who, he immediately perceived, were soldiers, and who, he had no doubt, were in pursuit of him.

He now felt forcibly the danger to which he was exposed. The Government, he had no doubt, had adopted the plan of sending out many small parties of two and three to spread themselves over the country, so as to keep him perpetually harassed, and to wear him out with continual fear and exhaustion. To attempt to approach the settlements, therefore, under such circumstances, was to run into the lion's mouth ; but, as ammunition was absolutely indispensable, for without it he was liable at any hour to be massacred by the natives, he conceived a project as novel as it was daring. He resolved to steal one of the soldiers' cartouche-boxes. He manœuvred accordingly.

He saw at once that the top of the hill where he was lying was directly in the soldiers' course ; and he felt sure that they

would ascend it for the convenience of looking about them. He instantly ran along the side of the rise till he gained a thick covert where it was easy to conceal himself, and which commanded a view of the opposite side of the hill to that on which the soldiers were advancing.

As he calculated, the soldiers ascended the hill and surveyed the country on all sides; their orders were to search in the direction of the west; but in an uninhabited country, where all the country is waste, they had not much hope of falling in with the two bushrangers, who were supposed to be out, according to Trevor's information; and if they had not been stimulated by the reward, they would not have taken any extraordinary trouble in a task which to them seemed almost hopeless.

But in general the military liked to be invested with a roving commission in the bush, as it relieved them from the tedium of barrack-drill, and allowed them to be masters, so far, of their own time and motions. Besides, they were always sure to be welcomed cordially by the settlers, and to be regaled with the best that could be set before them. But the duty of penetrating into an unsettled part of the interior was a different affair. There, nothing was to be met with but natives; and there was nothing to cheer or direct them in their wanderings.

In the present case they beheld a wild and uncultivated country, presenting an appearance of the most romantic beauty. Green hill and green dale, for it was the spring-time of the year, the only season in which the dusky brown aspect of an Australian landscape is divested of its usual autumnal tint, met the eye on every side. Stately trees, mingling their fresh green leaves with their brown and yellow winter foliage interspersed with pink, and but sparingly scattered over a magnificent plain, gave to the scenery a magnificent park-like air, which induced the spectator to expect that there must be some princely mansion near to correspond with the vastness of the unenclosed lands around; while the want of farm-houses or cottages, and the feeling of the absence of any inhabitant of these fertile spots, inspired a sensation of regret that such valuable domains should remain uncultivated and useless, and almost unknown, while there were so many able and willing hands in England, whose labour would soon turn the melancholy waste of the wilderness into smiling corn-fields and thriving villages.

The soldiers, however, to whom this scene was presented at that time, had their thoughts otherwise employed. Their only object was to discover the parties of whom they were in search. Seeing that they were in a good position to observe any moving thing for some distance round, they made a halt, and reposed themselves. Their leader looked at the compass which he

carried, and consulted with his comrades. After about two hours' rest, they moved on.

The Bushranger kept them in sight, and followed them. It was now towards the close of the day, and he guessed that the soldiers would seek for a convenient spot to rest for the night, near some spring or stream of water.

There was a small rivulet at the bottom of a hill about two miles distant, and it was there that they cast off their knapsacks, and set about making themselves comfortable for the night. They lighted a fire, for they had no care for being discovered, or fear of being mastered, and, producing some provisions, began their supper.

The Bushranger kept them in view, and observed all their proceedings; but as it was necessary for the dark to set in before he could put his design in execution, he waited patiently for the night.

Had the soldiers been aware of who was watching them so sedulously, they would not, perhaps, have eaten their supper so heartily, nor joked so merrily. But, soldier-like, they cared only for the present, and thought nothing of the morrow.

CHAPTER L.

THE FALSE FIRE.

WHILE his pursuers were enjoying their carouse of cold mutton and damper which they took from their knapsacks, and of fresh water which they drank from the rivulet, the Bushranger went on with his subtle stratagem. Knowing well that soon after dark, or, at all events, at some time during the night, the soldiers would look out for the fire of any wanderer in the bush, he contrived his plan accordingly.

About half a mile from the spot where the soldiers had established themselves for the night, he prepared some dry brushwood on which he heaped one or two large logs of dead timber, so as to furnish the materials for a prompt and considerable fire.

But here a difficulty occurred. He had no means of setting light to it! He had only one charge of powder, and if he burnt his priming for the purpose of igniting any dry material, it would involve the discharge of his musket; and not only would the report prematurely alarm his enemies, but would leave him without the defence of his shot. But as the case was desperate he was obliged to risk something.

Carefully removing the priming, he screwed it up in a little piece of paper which he placed in his waistcoat pocket. Then

covering the touch-hole and the pan securely with another piece of paper twice folded, he placed on it a piece of dry punk which he had previously gathered from a tree, and snapped his flint over it.

The sparks falling on the punk instantly ignited it without causing the discharge of his piece; and by this means, by carefully blowing on the tinder which he surrounded with dead leaves, he quickly raised a flame and set light to his fire. When he saw that it was fairly alight, having returned his priming to its proper place in the pan of the lock, he proceeded as quickly as he could, consistently with preserving silence in his movements, to a point where he could observe the proceedings of the soldiers.

They remained lying on the ground for some time by their fire, but at last what the Bushranger foresaw came to pass. One of them got up, and looking to his firelock to see that it was in good order, left the other two, with the intention, as the Bushranger did not doubt, and as was the custom in such expeditions, to look out for any fire which the runaway in the bush sometimes incautiously lights.—Mark dogged him; and when the escort got to the top of the low hill which was between the two fires, he observed that he stopped, peered about curiously, and advancing slowly with his musket ready, approached nearer to the strange fire to make his observation.

The scout was well on his guard as to what was before him, but he forgot that it was possible there might be danger also behind him.—The Bushranger followed him closely.

The soldier was a brave fellow, and had no fear about him; he was alone, in a strange part of the country; if it were the bushrangers who had lighted the fire, it was two to one,—and Mark Brandon was well known to be skilful and resolute; but he did not like to return to his comrades with the bare news of a fire; he wanted to know more—whether it was a fire made by the natives, or whom. With this view he descended the slope of the hill.

The hill was dotted with stunted trees and brushwood, and the soldier took care to avail himself of their shelter to cover his advance, which he did most adroitly: the Bushranger quite admired his address, at the same time that he took advantage of the same cover to conceal his own motions in the rear. When the soldier got within musket shot of the strange fire, he halted, and was surprised to see no one near it.

He concluded, at once, that this was the bushrangers' fire, and that they had sighted the fire of his own party, and had decamped without beat of drum.

He applauded his own sagacity in detecting this fact, although he was exceedingly disappointed that no bushranger

was near. Unhappily for him, there was one nearer than he supposed; for while he was in the act of turning to acquaint his comrades with the amount of his discovery, he found his firelock suddenly twisted out of his hands, and himself saluted the instant after with a stunning blow on the head, which laid him senseless on the grass.

The Bushranger threw himself on the body to stifle any cry of the prostrate man, but it was unnecessary;—the soldier lay without sense or motion; and Mark, without losing a moment's time, transferred the contents of his cartouche box to his own pockets, caring nothing for the box itself, which he knew was an encumbrance, and securing only the cartridges. But, elated with this exploit, he thought that he might be able to do better still.

He had no doubt that the soldiers' comrades, surprised and perhaps alarmed at their scout's continued absence, would leave their fire to seek him; and he waited for their coming, in order to put in execution the next part of his scheme. But after lying in ambush half an hour, and seeing no sign of them, he thought he would quicken their motions by another device.

He went back to the top of the hill and discharged his own musket. This, he had no doubt, would soon bring them upon him; and hastening down the slope to where the soldier was lying, he discharged the soldier's firelock a little while after. Then taking a little circuit, he hastened to the spot which the two soldiers had left on hearing, as they supposed, the report of their comrade's musket, who they guessed was engaged with an enemy, and wanted their immediate assistance.

In their haste, they left their knapsacks behind them, as unnecessary encumbrances in a rapid movement, and which the Bushranger quickly emptied of their contents, taking with him what he thought worth while to carry away, which he deposited in one of the knapsacks; and so provided, and rejoicing in the success of his plot, he made the best of his way off, directing his course, as well as he could judge by night, towards the western coast.

He travelled all night; and it was not until he had placed, as he reckoned, at least twenty miles between him and the soldiers, that he drew up. He feasted well upon the provisions which he had taken from the knapsacks, wrapped his precious cartridges, of which he counted twenty-nine, more carefully in separate parcels, so as to preserve them from being chafed, and prepared to pursue his way.

He felt a sense of loneliness, however, greater than he had ever experienced before; and the country seemed more dreary and melancholy than usual. But this he attributed to the great fatigue and mental anxiety to which he had been con-

stantly exposed; but he longed for some companion with whom he might interchange a few words. He dreaded a life of solitariness in the bush. He began seriously to consider whether he could join the natives, and become head of a tribe, so as to have some companions, or subjects at least.

But he recoiled from that sort of association; besides, he feared their treachery. One thing, however, he was resolved on; to endeavour to find the girl whom the natives had carried away. And perhaps she might entertain favourable feelings towards the man who should deliver her from their clutches—feelings of gratitude—of something more perhaps? Women were always grateful to their preservers! at any rate he was resolved to seek for her at any risk, and to attempt her deliverance at all hazards.

This resolution served to reanimate him. There was an object in view; something to hope for; something to live for—even in the bush. He continued his way more cheerfully.

He travelled fast and firmly all that day; but he began to be puzzled as to the right direction. His flight by night had led him astray considerably. He began to doubt if he had actually made any real progress, for the country in the evening seemed to have the same character as it had in the morning. His mind began to be a little confused; besides, he was faint and hungry, for he had eaten very little that day. He thought he might safely kill a kangaroo.

This he had no difficulty in doing, as there were plenty about. He kindled a fire and made a hearty meal. But thinking that possibly some one of the parties in pursuit of him might have observed the smoke, he removed to the distance of about a mile from the spot, and finding a convenient place for his purpose, he made the best shelter he could of boughs and leaves, and settled himself for the night. He had grave misgivings of having lost the "lie" of the country; but he determined to watch carefully the point at which the sun rose when the day broke, so as to start fair in the morning.

He passed the night very uncomfortably, for rain had come on, and the boughs under which he lay were not close enough to protect him from the wet. However, the lock of his musket had been kept dry, and his cartridges were all right, so he did not much care for the rest. But soon after daylight appeared, as he was standing before the thicket from which he had emerged, he was startled by the apparition of a huge kangaroo bounding past him, closely followed by two dogs!

He had hardly secreted himself behind the bushes, before a horseman galloped past, whom, at a glance, he recognised as Major Horton! The Bushranger saw that there was danger

abroad, and he began to look about him for the most favourable line of retreat. But before he could make up his mind, for he feared that his pursuers were close and round about him, the dogs killed the game in his sight, not above a hundred yards from the place of his concealment.

The Major immediately alighted, and throwing his horse's rein over the branch of a tree close by, advanced towards the dead kangaroo, while the dogs sat up panting by its side, waiting for the share of the game which it is usual for the sportsman to give them for their encouragement.

The Bushranger kept close to his covert, hardly venturing to hope that he should be undiscovered, and resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible. In the mean time, the dogs having been regaled with a slight snack, which on such occasions is moderated so as to whet their appetites without incapacitating them by a full meal for further running, began to hunt about again in circles, and one of them smelling at the thicket in which the Bushranger was concealed, made "a point," and set up a peculiar whine indicative of his having made some unusual discovery.

CHAPTER LI.

THE BUSHRANGER "A PENITENT."

THE Bushranger cursed the hound in his heart, and would willingly have strangled him if he could have got him within his reach; but the sagacious dog was too wary to be caught, and presently it began to bark. This excited the other, who began to bark also; and the Major's attention being attracted to the bush, he took a pair of pistols from the holsters of his saddle, and advanced towards it.

It was a dangerous moment for the Major, and the Bushranger was aware of his advantage; he might have shot him easily. But from some invincible repugnance to shoot the father of the girl whose recovery was the sole object of his thoughts, he could not bring his mind to resolve to pull the trigger. At the same time another means of escape occurred to him, which he forthwith put in practice. He suddenly left his hiding-place, and the Major, to his extreme astonishment, beheld the Bushranger standing before him! Before he had time to fire, if he had been so disposed, Mark came forward, and in a firm voice, said:—

"Major, I surrender myself your prisoner; you are a gentleman and a man of honour, and will not insult a prostrate enemy!"

The Major was a brave man, but he could not help being a little flurried for the moment, at the unexpected appearance of the formidable Mark Brandon, who, instead of resisting, as it seemed he might have done, voluntarily surrendered himself!—But quickly recovering his presence of mind, he commanded him—

“To lay down his arms.”

“Major,” said Brandon, “you must be aware that it was in my power, as you advanced towards this thicket, to shoot you down without danger to myself; but honestly, I will tell you that my hand refused to commit a murder on the father of the girl whom I now bitterly regret having taken from your protection. Sir—you see before you a sorrowful and repentant man!”

The Major was deceived by this address. It certainly had been in the Bushranger's power to take his life, and he had not done it. This argued sincerity. Besides, the sight of the Bushranger and the thought of his daughter troubled him. Brandon stood before him in an attitude of deep humiliation.

“What has happened to my daughter, and where is she?” asked the Major in a voice which betrayed the agitation which such questions excited.

“She is at hand,” replied the Bushranger meekly, and with his eyes cast on the ground.

“And, villain!” said the Major, as he reluctantly asked the fearful question; “have you respected her?”

“As God is my witness, she is as pure as when”

“Say no more, say no more,” said the Major; “lead me to her.”

“You would wish, doubtless, to see her alone?”

“Certainly, certainly. I have two constables and three soldiers with me; but I have outridden them.”

“Are they all on foot?” asked the Bushranger, in an humble tone.

“What matters it to you how they are? The constables are mounted as well as myself. But lead me, I say, at once to my daughter. My party will be up presently, and then they can take charge of you.”

“As you please, sir; I am weary of this wretched life, and I do not care how soon it is ended!”

“We will talk of that by-and-bye. First take me to my daughter; and your present repentance and atonement shall be duly considered in the proper quarter.”

“I place myself in your hands, sir; if you will now mount, I will take you to your daughter, who is not more than half a mile from hence. Allow me to place your pistols for you in the holsters.”

A shade of suspicion crossed the Major's mind for the first time, at this exceedingly polite offer, for the talk about his daughter had thrown him off his guard; but before he could bring his thoughts coolly to bear on the extraordinary conduct of the man, the Bushranger had reached his horse, as if with the intention of leading it to the Major. The Bushranger loosened the horse's bridle from the tree, looked back at the Major, and touched his hat respectfully. Then he coolly tightened the horse's girths; and in a moment, gathering up the reins, he sprang into the saddle, and kissing his hand to the Major—who was so astonished at the utter audacity of the stratagem, that he had not presence of mind to discharge his pistols at him—was off like the wind!

He was only just in time; for the constables now coming in sight, galloped up, and the Major explaining in half-a-dozen words what had taken place, they struck their spurs into their horses' flanks and started in pursuit. The Bushranger looking back saw the new and dangerous enemies that were behind him, and he, on his side, put his horse to his speed, and the race became hot and strong between the pursued and his pursuers.

The Major's horse was a good one; the Bushranger was a capital rider; he had his musket loaded in his hand; plenty of cartridges in his pockets; he knew the trick of bush-riding well—what gullies to shy, what hills to avoid, and how to take advantage of the ground. He pressed on his horse gallantly. He had the start by more than half a mile. The chances were in his favour. He felt confident in his seat; and the excitement of the ride raised his spirits and called up his courage.

The constables, too, were well mounted; the Major had taken care of that before he left camp. Their prize was in view; the reward was almost within their grasp; and their minds being undistracted by the thought of the course they should take, their whole energies were bent to follow on, and they did not lose an inch of ground. They, too, felt the excitement of the chase; they had often hunted wild cattle, but they never had hunted a bushranger before!

On went the Bushranger; leaping over dead trees; crashing through bushes; and continually bending his body parallel with his horse's back, to avoid the many overhanging branches which interrupted his course; and sometimes, stretching out his right arm, by the strength of his powerful bones and muscles, and aided by the momentum of his speed, wrenching off huge limbs of trees before him. On followed his pursuers, encouraging each other, and trusting that some accident, some trip, some obstacle, would turn the chances in their favour.

Our Cabinet of Gems and Curiosities.

A SUMMER-WREATH FOR SUMMER-TIDE.

“ Hinc ille avium concentus in agria,
Hinc lætæ pecudæ, et ovantes gutture corvi.”

JUNE, with its ripened charms, and its out-of-doors enchantments, having succeeded the

Bella madre di fiori
• D'erbe novelle, e di novelli amori;

We are now fairly launched upon Summer-tide, and may go forth, in the goodly company of our past and present Minstrel-bands,—basking in sun-beams—fanned by fragrance-wafting breezes—gazing, far and near, on glorious landscapes—inspired by melodious warblings—lulled by ever-murmuring sounds—and realising, if in a frame to do so, the bliss of present, and the antepast of future existence. Let us begin, then, by fancying ourselves on the very spot which *Chamberlayne* describes—

“ Where every bough
Maintain'd a feather'd chorister to sing
Soft panegyrics, and the rude winds bring
Into a murmuring slumber, whilst the calm
Morn on each leaf did hang her liquid balm.”

Or where the immortal *Bard of Avon* beheld

“ The gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet, mount up on high,
And wake the morning, from whose silver breast
The Sun ariseth in his majesty;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.”

Such sights as these, seen by such a divine interpreter of nature, are, again, before us, in these magnificent lines—

“ Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with golden alchymy.”

In a lighter, livelier strain, hear the Poet for all ages, exclaim, by the lips of one of his familiar spirits,—

“Merrily, merrily, shall I live, now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.”

Or, again,

“Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry throat
Unto the sweet bird's note.”

For, as our great Dramatist, elsewhere, sings,

“'Tis now
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim :”

And, in all their inexhaustible, and incense-breathing varieties,
“Do paint the meadows with delight.”

From Shakspeare, let us pass on to Milton, and enter with him the Summer “bower of bliss” in Paradise, that delightful transcript of some haunt the poet loved on earth :—

“Thus talking, hand in hand, alone they pass'd
On to their blissful bower : it was a place
Chos'n by the sovereign Planter, when he fram'd
All things to man's delightful use : the roof,
Of thickest covert, was inwoven shade,
Laurel and myrtle ; and what higher grew,
Of firm and fragrant leaf ; on either side,
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,
Fenc'd up the verdant wall ; each beauteous flower,
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,
Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and wrought
Mosaic.

Listen again to the enchanter, as he exchanges the stately measures of his immortal Epic for the quicker-beating pulses of the lyric ode :

“When the Sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves ;—
There, in close covert, by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flow'ry work doth sing,

And the waters murmuring
 With such concert as they keep,
 Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep :
 And let some strange mysterious dream
 Wave his wings, in airy stream
 Of lively portraiture display'd
 Softly on my eye-lids laid,
 And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
 Above, about, or underneath,
 Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
 Or th' unseen genius of the wood."

Fit dream to be protracted, while the young summer wind is
 a fanning the day, till the shades of evening hush most other
 sounds of life, and the waking minstrel covets, that

" Philomel will deign a song
 In her sweetest, saddest plight ; "

And, with a burst of melody, equal to the most exquisite jug
 of the night-warbler, as, in covert lone, she sings, darkling, he
 exclaims—

" Sweet bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,
 Most musical, most melancholy !
 Thee, chantress, oft, the woods among,
 I woo, to hear thy ev'ning song ;
 And, missing thee, I walk unseen
 On the dry smooth-shaven green,
 To behold the wand'ring moon,
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that had been led astray
 Thro' the heav'ns' wide pathless way ;
 And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud."

And now, having laid some of our Ancients of song under
 contribution, we must flit on, culling such sweets of the more
 modern Bards, as come in our way, and, appropriately, smack
 of summer scenes, and summer pleasures.

" Young Day pours in apace,
 And opens all the lawnly prospect wide.
 And, from the bladed field, the fearful hare
 Limpers awkward ; while, along the forest glade,
 The wild deer trip, and, often turning, gaze
 At early passenger. Music awakes
 The native voice of undissembled joy ;
 And thick around the woodland hymns arise.

Roused by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
His mossy cottage, where with peace he dwells ;
And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
His flock.

'Tis beauty all, and grateful song around,
Join'd to the low of kine ; and num'rous bleat
Of flocks, thick-nibbling thro' the clover'd vale.

Cheer'd by the milder beam, the sprightly youth
Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal depth
A sandy bottom shows. Awhile he stands
Gazing th' inverted landscape, half afraid
To meditate the blue profound below ;
Then plunges headlong down the circling flood ;
His ebon tresses, and his rosy cheeks,
Instant emerge."

THOMPSON'S *Seasons*.

" Sweet Nature's every sense,
The air salubrious of her lofty hills,
The cheering fragrance of her dewy vales,
And music of her woods.

The innocent are gay—the lark is gay,
That dries his feathers, saturate with dew,
Beneath the rosy cloud, while yet the beams
Of dayspring overshoot his humble nest.
The peasant too, a witness of his song,
Himself a songster, is as gay as he.

when Summer shines,
The bee transports the fertilizing meal
From flower to flower, and e'en the breathing air
Wafts the rich prize to its appointed use."

COWPER.

" Far beneath us woody peaks appear'd,
And knolls with cedars crested ; then, beyond,
And lower still, the herdsmen's cluster'd dwellings,
With pasture-slopes, and flocks just visible :
Then, further still, soft wavy wastes of forest,
In all the varied tints of sylvan verdure,
Descending to the plain ; then, wide and boundless,
The plain itself, with towns, and cultur'd tracts,
And its fair river gleaming in the light,
With all its sweepy windings, seen and lost,
And seen again."

"The lady in her early bower;
Is blest as bee in morning flower;
The lady's eye is flashing bright,
Like water in the morning light;
The lady's song is sweet and loud,
Like skylark in the morning cloud."

JOANNA BAILLIE.

"Soon as the morning wreaths had bound her hair,
While yet the wild deer trod in spangling dew,
While boatmen caroll'd to the fresh-blown air,
And woods a horizontal shadow threw,
And early fox appear'd in momentary view.

To kiss those curving banks of bloom,
That lent the windward air an exquisite perfume.

A valley from the river shore withdrawn,
Was Albert's home, two quiet woods between,
Whose lofty verdure overlook'd his lawn;
And waters to their resting place serene
Came fresh'ning, and reflecting all the scene.
A mirror in the depth of flowery shelves;
So sweet a spot of earth, you might, I ween,
Have guess'd some congregation of the elves,
To sport by Summer moons, had shap'd it for themselves!"
CAMPBELL'S "*Gertrude of Wyoming*."

"The flowers are Nature's jewels, with whose wealth
She decks her Summer beauty;—Primrose sweet,
With blossoms of pure gold; enchanting Rose,
That, like a virgin queen, salutes the Sun,
Dew-diadem'd; the perfum'd Pink, that studs
The earth with clustering ruby; Hyacinth,
The hue of Venus' tresses;—Myrtle green,
That maidens think a charm for constant love,
And give night-kisses to it, and, so, dream;
Fair Lily! woman's emblem, and oft twin'd
Round bosoms, where its silver is unseen,
Such is their whiteness."

CROLY.

"The Rose-enamour'd Nightingale is near
Breathing delicious Music in her bower.

The Glowworm lies
A living gem upon the grassy sward."

PRINCE.

" The Thrush's mate beside her sits
 And pipes a merry lay ;
 The Dove is in the evergreens ;
 And on the larch's spray
 The Fly-bird flutters up and down,
 To catch its tiny prey.

" The gentle Hind and dappled Fawn
 Are coming up the glade ;
 Each harmless furr'd and feather'd thing
 Is glad, and not afraid."

HOOD's *Poems*, (2nd Edition.)

" The warbling choir pour'd forth, from thickest screen,
 Mellifluous song, that fill'd the charm'd ear :
 Sweet odour-dropping flowers did twine, and lean
 Their lovely heads, in wild profusion near,
 And drank in nectar'd dew, that hung in pearl-drops clear.
 The sloping meadows, and the rippling rills ;
 The cheerful woodland pipe of joyous swain."

HARDY's "*Palace of Fantasy*." (1845.)

" The fragrant scent of meadows, and the sheen
 Of daisies, and the golden buttercups ;
 The shadow'd lane, whose quiet deeper grows
 From lulling melodies of happy birds ;
 The balm, and beauty of the clustering rose,
 That dear wild rose, which so profusely hangs,
 As Flora, on her gala-day, had cast
 A wreath to every bush."

MARSTON's "*Gerald*," a *Dramatic Poem*.

JUNE.

" The tender fruits unfolding to the Sun,
 To drink its beams, and hive their vital power ;
 Delightful May, her springtime mission done,
 Marries with June, and seeks their Summer bower.
 Now, the Laburnums flaunt their saffron locks ;
 The Broom and Gorze in tawny-gold are bright ;
 Itself, throughout the day, the Cuckoo mocks ;
 The Glow-worm lamps the Nightingale at night.
 The Bee is roving, humming as he goes
 O'er Pinks and Peonies in full-blown pride ;
 The Butterfly is smitten with the Rose
 Waving in white, or blushing like a bride.
 The clovers are in head—and, now, the heats
 Urge to the bubbling rills, and spread the new-mown sweets."

Rural Sonnets.

Miscellaneous Gems.

MRS. HEMANS.

"I CANNOT well conceive a more exquisitely beautiful creature than Mrs. Hemans was—none of the portraits, or busts, I have ever seen of her, do her justice; nor is it possible for words to convey to the reader any idea of the matchless, yet serene beauty of her expression. Her glossy waving hair was parted on her forehead, and terminated, on the sides, in rich and luxuriant auburn curls; there was a dove-like look in her eyes, and, yet, there was a chastened sadness in their expression. Her complexion was remarkably clear; and her high forehead looked as pure and spotless as Parian marble. A calm repose, not unmingled with melancholy, was the characteristic expression of the face; but, when she smiled, all traces of sorrow were lost, and she seemed but a "little lower than the angels"—fitting shrine for so pure a mind! Let me not be deemed a flatterer, or an enthusiast, in thus describing her, for I am only one of many who have been almost as much captivated by her personal beauty, as charmed by the sweetness and holiness of her productions. If ever poems were the reflex of the beauties, personal and mental, of their writers, they were indeed so, in the case of Mrs. Hemans."—*Pen and Ink Sketches*.

The Editor of *The Banbury Guardian* appends to the foregoing portrait, the following interesting confirmation of its authenticity:—

"For two or three years, those immediately succeeding the marriage of Mrs. Hemans, we resided in a house adjoining the one in which she lived; and had daily opportunities of seeing, and hearing her; and, to the description of her given above, we can bear our testimony. The cares of the world then sat lightly upon her; she was then an authoress; but she had neither acquired the fame, nor endured the sorrows, later years brought to her. Her first child, a boy, was born shortly after she became our neighbour; we well recollect how, as the wife of a soldier, she adorned his cradle with miniature Union Jacks; he was named Arthur, after 'the Duke,' under whom her husband, Captain Hemans, had served. She was a musician, as well as a poetess; and we have frequently had the delight of hearing her sing, accompanying herself upon the harp; the Captain was musical, also, and excelled upon the violoncello. We regard it as a privilege to have known Mrs. Hemans."

MORNING.

Then came the Morn, and, with her pearly showers,
 Wept on them like a mother, in whose eyes
 Tears are no grief; and, from his rosy bowers,
 The oriental Sun began to rise,
 Chasing the darksome shadows from the skies;
 Wherewith that sable serpent far away
 Fled like a part of night—delicious sighs,
 From waking blossoms, purified the day,
 And little birds were singing sweetly from each spray.
Hood's *Two Swans*.

MORNING.

FROM his blue chambers, lo! the waken'd Sun
 Looks forth;—again, he o'er the heathy mountains lifts
 His herald-radiance,—and the darkness drifts
 In massy flakes away; for stars have run
 Their watchlight rounds; and Cynthia, pale and wan,
 Slow wanes away between the cloudy rifts
 Of Heaven's high scenery: and Nature shifts
 Her sable garments; and with night are gone,
 From churchyard-revelries, the ghoules and ghosts;
 And clouds of brighter woof are seen to swim
 Upon the far horizon's dusky rim,
 Mantling with silver veil the heavenly hosts;
 Till, sailing up yon sea of light—behold!
 Within his rays he shines—a spirit mask'd in gold!
SAMUEL GOWER.

Mr. Gower is, now, practising as a surgeon, at Hampstead. It is from a volume of Poetry and Prose, extending to 264 pages, and entitled "A Monopolygraph, by Samuel Gower, of Holmfirth," published in 1841, that the above beautiful lines to *Morning* are selected. We are gratified to see a writer who has been a frequent contributor to medical literature, not altogether neglecting, for his professional pursuits, the Belles Lettres, and early poetical impressions.

ON A GREEN-HOUSE.

FRAGRANT and fresh, the tropical warm air
 Lures into life my "bright consummate" flowers
 That, newly bath'd in artificial showers,
 Show to the sun their thousand beauties rare:
 Here, in high pomp, the gorgeous Cactus flings
 Its Eastern tassel down the prickly stem;
 And Fuschias spread their tiny scarlet wings,
 Like hovering humming birds in emerald bowers:

There the tall Amaryll's pink diadem
 Above that lowlier Hyacinth queenly towers,
 While fair Camelias, mingling in the throng,
 With blushing Roses, and Geraniums bright,
 Pour forth an eloquent flood of silent song,
 And wrap the heart in dances and delight.

TUPPER, *Author of Proverbial Philosophy.*

SIR, you have yet to learn a woman's heart !
 She looks, perhaps, a weak, vain, flutt'ring thing ;
 But, call on her affections, she is strong,
 Constant, invincible, immovable ;
 And, sacrifice—a word without a meaning.

I grant her passing fair—
 Her voice a music, and her smile a spell ;
 Rich in attractions, talents, virtues, graces,
 In all that makes her sex a glitt'ring wonder.

I think I see
 A coil'd-up serpent in his half-clos'd eye.

When the question is of One, to be
 The partner of her life to its last breath ;
 The sharer of her heart's most sacred thoughts ;
 The breast in which her own should pour its joys ;
 Or rest its griefs—for grief will come to all—
 The altar of her home ; her other self ;
 The substitute for all the outer world,
 For which the outer world must be resign'd
 Without a sigh : in such a gift as this
 Shall my girl have no voice ?

LOVELL's *Love's Sacrifice.*

EVEN as the young Venetian lov'd the Moor,
 Pity refines to reverence in the pure.

COY as the Violet shrinking from the sun,
 The blush of virgin-youth first woo'd and won.

As watch-fires mark
 Some sleeping war, dim-tented in the dark.

She stood—the maiden-guest, the plighted bride,
 The victim's daughter, by the madman's side ;
 Her airy clasp upon the murderer's arm,
 Her pure eyes chaining with a solemn charm ;
 Like some blest thought of mercy, on a soul
 Brooding on blood, the holy image stole.

The New Timon. (Third Edition.)

Literature.

HOOD'S POEMS, VOL. II. (*Moxon.*)

As we propose to ourselves "a labour of love," for our July Number, in a lengthened review of HOOD'S POEMS, we merely, now, mention this SECOND EDITION of them, in order to refresh the memory of the intellectual, and *the benevolent*, as to the debt they still owe our departed Poet, and those who were dear to him, and whom he has left behind. These Poems are a treasury of thought, and melody—a well-head of beneficent inspiration, and picturesque outpourings. No public institution—no private family (with any pretensions to taste, and right feeling) should be without a copy of the beautifully printed EDITION which Mr. Moxon has just ushered into public notice. We have only, here, room for a short sample of the Poetry, on which we, next month, hope to descant at large. A Gem of the first water is

A HOME-SONNET.

The world is with me, and its many cares—
 Its woes—its wants—the anxious hopes and fears
 That wait on all terrestrial affairs—
 The shades of former and of future years—
 Foreboding fancies and prophetic tears,
 Quelling a spirit that was once elate.
 Heavens! what a wilderness the earth appears,
 Where youth, and mirth, and health, are out of date!
 But no—a laugh of innocence and joy
 Resounds, like music of the fairy race,
 And, gladly turning from the world's annoy,
 I gaze upon a little radiant face,
 And bless, internally, the merry boy
 Who makes a *son*-shine in a shady place.

JEFFREYS, A PLAY. (*Nichisson.*)

OF Mr. Spicer's two last plays, viz. *Jeffreys*, and *Honesty*, we, on the whole, prefer *Honesty*, which, besides a hero more essentially interwoven with its plot, presents us with a heroine far more distinctively drawn, more interestingly imperilled, and more rationally motivated, than the *Lady Grace* of his Sadler's Wells triumph.—*Mrs. Warner*, whom we saw, twice, in the part, did every thing for it of which it is susceptible; but the part itself did very little for her—it gave not sufficient scope for her fine,

and mature talents. The fiend-judge suited *Mr. Phelps*, ay, even to his very imperfections, which, if few, are remarkable, and utterly forbid the hope of his ever being able, like *Vandenhoff*, or *Macready*, to sustain the weight of a theatre, as its main prop, without the assistance, and most efficient support, of other props of at least equal calibre to himself—yet, this infatuated actor has just cut off the right arm of his hitherto strength, by *expelling*, it amounts to nothing else, *Mrs. Warner* from their late joint management. We never felt more profoundly convinced of anything, in all our career, than that he will rue the day he was guilty of such fatuity and ingratitude combined—we use the term ingratitude, advisedly, for he owes it, undividedly, to *Mrs. Warner* and her suggestions, that he ever acquired, and took up the position at *Sadler's Wells Theatre*, which he has just used to her unjust extrusion therefrom.

As *Jeffreys* has been so largely quoted from, and so carefully analysed, of late, we should only weary our readers by repeating the dicta, or the selections of those whose opportunities served them to give it an earlier notice; and therefore, objecting to the half title *Jeffreys*, in comparison with the more poetical, and dramatic, *Judge Jeffreys*, we commend the play to our friends, assuring them it will repay the perusal, and is to be obtained at a cost which, in compliance with the improvements of the age, is popularly moderate.

LUSITANIA ILLUSTRATA.—PART II.

WE received this handsomely printed book so late in the month, and when our matter was made up, that we have only room here to say, that this Part, treating of the *Minstrelsy of Portugal*, with specimens in the original language, and translations of them into our own, owes its publication (as did its predecessor) to one of the first Portuguese scholars in England—viz. *Mr. Adamson, of Newcastle on Tyne*. This gentleman is well qualified for the task of illustrating the annals of Portugal, since he possesses, perhaps, the best library of Portuguese works in the country—is a corresponding Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Lisbon—has translated into his mother-tongue, a tragedy, on the subject of *Ignex de Castro's* fate, by a native Portuguese—and, for his researches with respect to, and exertations in the lore and literature of our old ally, has been decorated with two royal orders of merit, by its ruling powers. We shall return to the subject of *Lusitania Illustrata*, Part II., on the *Minstrelsy of Portugal*, in our next.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.

LONDON is now full of visitors; and we trust none of them will return to their homes, without paying their respects to the venerable lady, to whom we owe one of the wonders—and a most instructive wonder it is too, preaching the folly of strife, and ambition, and hopes solely wedded to this world and its vanities—of this wonderful metropolis.

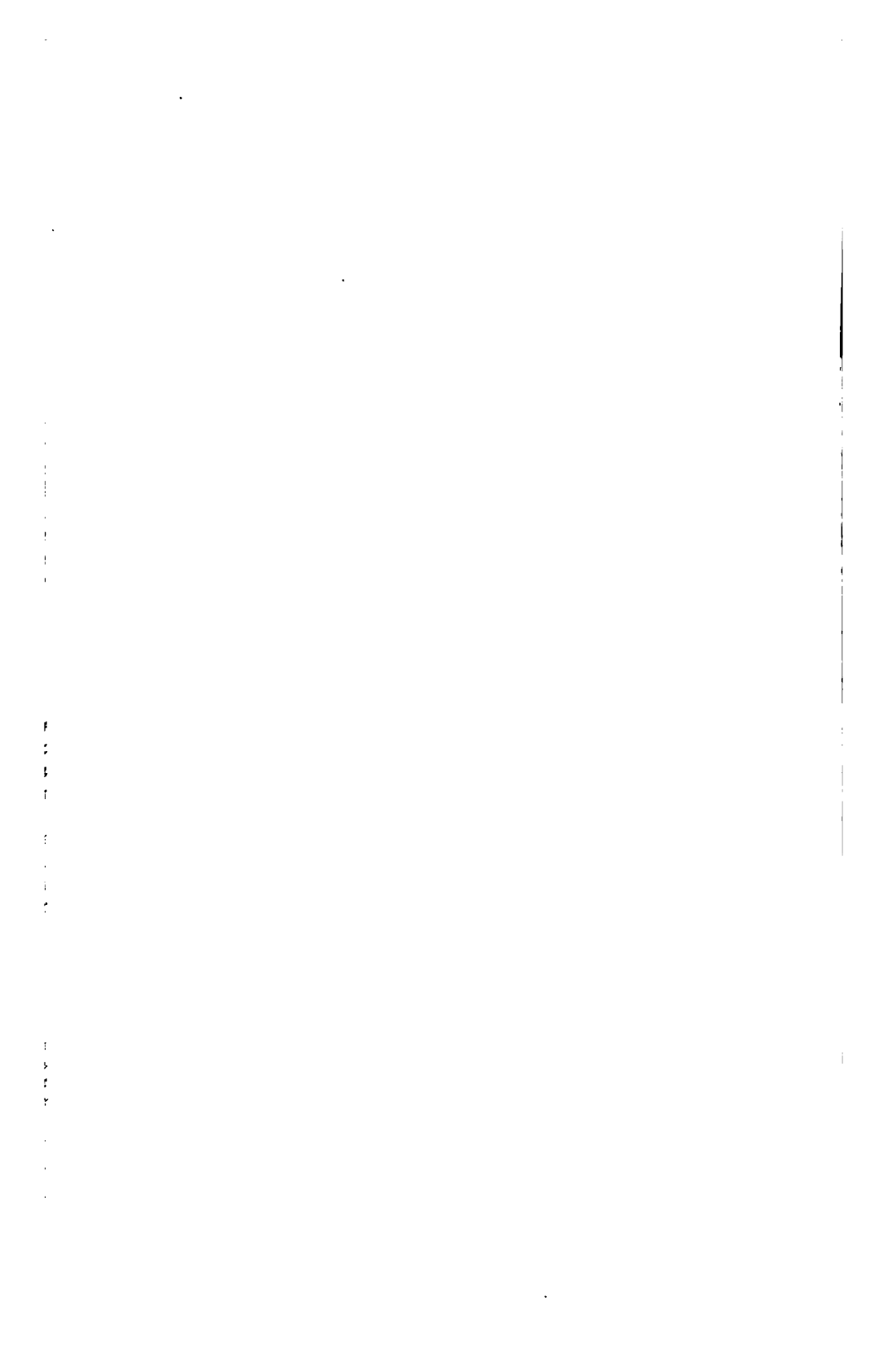
To us, who are somewhat imaginative, the waxen resemblances of the lately deceased great, garmented and made up as they appeared in life, seemed almost to live and move again before us, producing a solemn sadness, whose effects are, without doubt, useful to all who experience it. A sight of Napoleon's travelling carriage, sword, fragments of apparel, and other relics, is, to our mind, the best antidote for ill-regulated aspirations, and war-fever insanities, that the whole earth could afford. To visitors, then, as well as to dwellers within our metropolitan boundaries, we say again,—go and see Madame Tussaud's most striking, as well as most instructive, exhibition and relics.

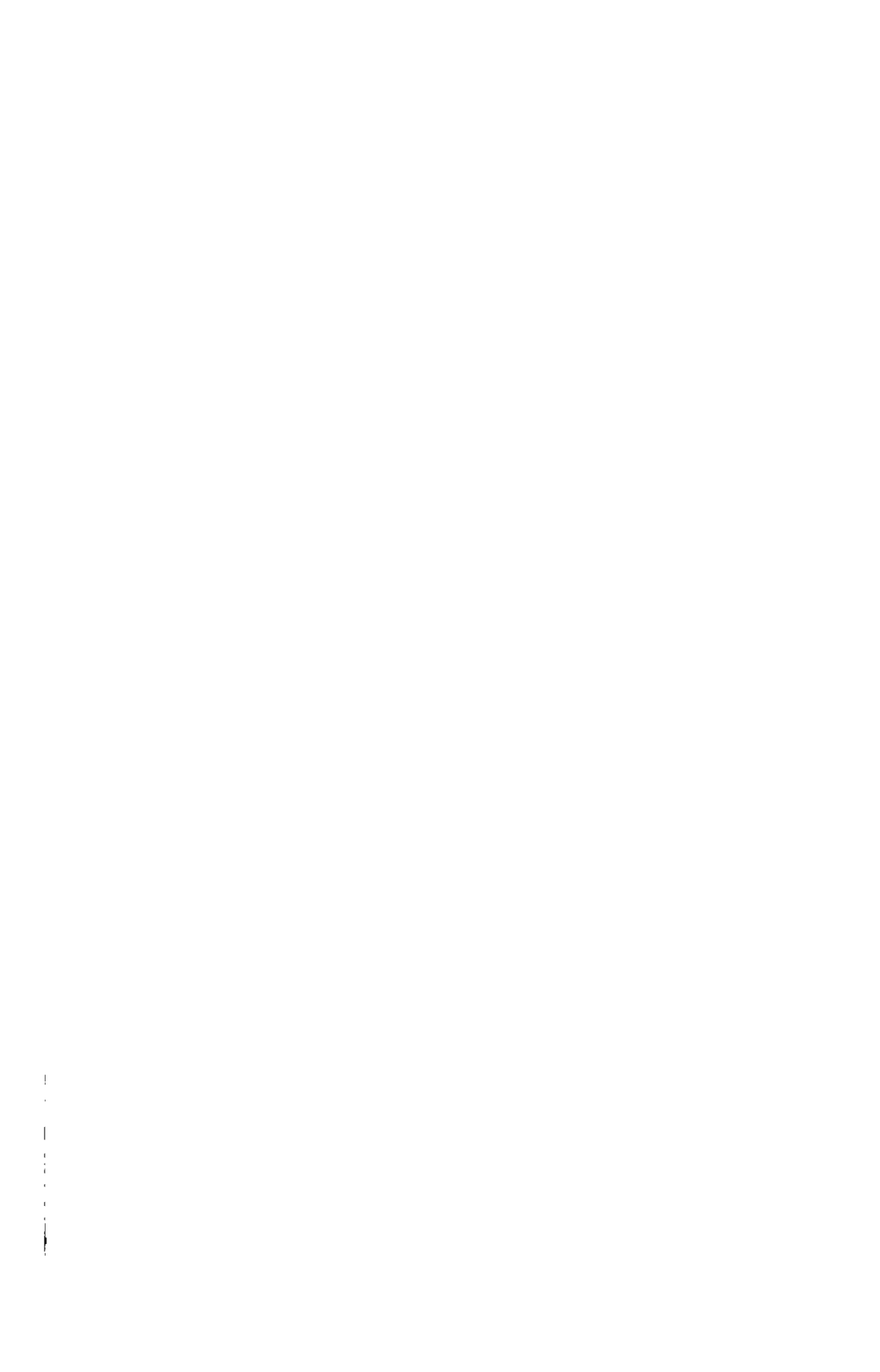
THE COLOSSEUM.

THIS is a scene of downright enchantment, from its cupola to its base; from its internal pictorial representation of this huge Babel, as seen from the top of St. Paul's, to its external bird's-eye view of as much of that same Babel as can come within the scope of actual vision; from its grottoes, to its stalactite caverns; its spiral, many-jetting fountains, in the front, to its Mont Blanc by moonlight, in the rear: it is, in fact, a scene that a dozen inspections cannot exhaust; and not to have revelled in which, is to have denied oneself a refined pleasure, and a very memorable enjoyment.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Address of the Pro-Polish Association: *Bliss not Riches (Colonization): The Connoisseur*, all the numbers from January (the Engraving in each number worth its entire cost): *The Palace of Fantasy*, and other poems: *Sam Sly's Journal*, Cape Town, Africa—2 Nos.: *Lusitania Illustrata*—Part II., on the Minstrelsy of Portugal: *Bells and Pomegranates*—Part 8, and last: *Four Letters on the Corn Laws*, by the late A. Mundell, Esq.: *Hood's Poems*—2 Vols., 2nd Edition: *Provident Clerks (Rules of Association)*: *Free Trade policy examined*, by a Liverpool merchant: *The Agricultural Magazine*, for April and May: *Poems* by Camilla Toulmin: *Poems*, by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell.





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